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ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
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on 15 June, 2016

TRAVELS

DURING

THE YEARS 1787, 1788 AND 1789,

Undertaken more particularly with a View of aſcertaining the

CULTIVATION, WEALTH, RESOURCES, AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY,

OF THE

60486 a.c.

KINGDOM OF FRANCE.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, THE

REGISTER OF A TOUR INTO SPAIN.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED FOR MESSRS. R. CROSS, P. WOGAN, L. WHITE,
P. BYRNE, A. GRUEBER, J. MOORE, J. JONES,
W. JONES, W. M'KENZIE, AND J. RICE.
1793.

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PREFACE.

IT is a queſtion whether modern hiſtory has any thing more curious to offer to the attention of the politician, than the progreſs and rivalſhip of the French and Engliſh empires, from the miniſtry of Colbert to the revolution in France. In the courſe of thoſe 130 years, both have figured with a degree of ſplendour that has attracted the admiration of mankind.

In proportion to the power, the wealth, and the reſources of theſe nations, is the intereſt which the world in general takes in the maxims of political œconomy by which they have been governed. To examine how far the ſyſtem of that œconomy has influenced agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and public felicity, is certainly an inquiry of no ſlight importance; and ſo many books have been compoſed on the *theory* of theſe, that the public can hardly think that time miſemployed which attempts to give THE PRACTICE.

The ſurvey which I made, ſome years paſt, of the agriculture of England and Ireland (the minutes of which I publiſhed under the title of *Tours*), was ſuch a ſtep towards underſtanding the ſtate of our huſbandry as I ſhall not preſume to characteriſe;

there are but few of the European nations that do not read theſe Tours in their own language; and, notwithſtanding all their faults and deficiencies, it has been often regretted, that no ſimilar deſcription of France could be reſorted to, either by the farmer or the politician. Indeed it could not but be lamented, that this vaſt kingdom, which has ſo much figured in hiſtory, were likely to remain another century unknown, with reſpect to thoſe circumſtances that are the objects of my enquiries. An hundred and thirty years have paſſed, including one of the moſt active and conſpicuous reigns upon record, in which the French power and reſources, though much overſtrained, were formidable to Europe. How far were that power and thoſe reſources founded on the permanent baſis of an enlightened agriculture? How far on the more inſecure ſupport of manufactures and commerce? How far have wealth and power and exterior ſplendour, from whatever cauſe they may have ariſen, reflected back upon the people the proſperity they implied? Very curious inquiries; yet reſolved inſufficiently by thoſe whoſe political reveries are ſpun by their fire-ſides, or caught flying as they are whirled through Europe in poſt-chaiſes. A man who is not practically acquainted with agriculture, knows not how to make thoſe inquiries; he ſcarcely knows how to diſcriminate the circumſtances productive of miſery, from thoſe which generate the felicity of a people; an aſſertion that will not appear paradoxical, to thoſe who have attended cloſely to theſe ſubjects. At the ſame time, the mere agriculturiſt, who makes ſuch journies, ſees little or nothing of the connection between the practice in the fields, and the reſources of the empire;

pire; of combinations that take place between operations apparently unimportant, and the general intereſt of the ſtate; combinations ſo curious, as to convert, in ſome caſes, well cultivated fields into ſcenes of miſery, and accuracy of huſbandry into the parent of national weakneſs. Theſe are ſubjects that never will be underſtood from the ſpeculations of the mere farmer, or the mere politician; they demand a mixture of both; and the inveſtigation of a mind free from prejudice, particularly national prejudice; from the love of ſyſtem, and of the vain theories that are to be found in the cloſets of ſpeculators alone. God forbid that I ſhould be guilty of the vanity of ſuppoſing myſelf thus endowed! I know too well the contrary; and have no other pretenſion to undertake ſo arduous a work, than that of having reported the agriculture of England with ſome little ſucceſs. Twenty years experience, ſince that attempt, may make me hope to be not leſs qualified for ſimilar exertions at preſent.

The clouds that, for four or five years paſt, have indicated a change in the political ſky of the French hemiſphere, and which have ſince gathered to ſo ſingular a ſtorm, have rendered it yet more intereſting, to know what France was previouſly to any change. It would indeed have been matter of aſtoniſhment, if monarchy had riſen, and had ſet in that region, without the kingdom having had any examination profeſſedly agricultural.

The candid reader will not expect, from the regiſters of a traveller, that minute analyſis of common practice, which a man is enabled to give, who reſides ſome months, or years, confined to one ſpot; twenty men, employed during twenty years, would not effect it; and ſuppoſing it done, not one thouſandth part of their labours would be worth a peruſal. Some ſingularly enlightened diſtricts merit ſuch attention; but the number of them, in any country, is inconſiderable; and the practices that deſerve ſuch a ſtudy, perhaps, ſtill fewer: to know that unenlightened practices exiſt, and want improvement, is the chief knowledge that is of uſe to convey; and this rather for the ſtateſman than the farmer. No reader, if he knows any thing of my ſituation, will expect, in this work, what the advantages of rank and fortune are neceſſary to produce—of ſuch I had none to exert, and could combat difficulties with no other arms than unremitted attention, and unabating induſtry. Had my aims been ſeconded by that ſucceſs in life, which gives to effort, and vigour to purſuit, the work would have been more worthy of the public eye; but ſuch ſucceſs muſt, in this kingdom, be ſooner looked for in any other path than in that of the plough; the *non ullus aratro dignus honos*, was not more applicable to a period of confuſion and bloodſhed at Rome, than to one of peace and luxury in England.

One circumſtance I may be allowed to mention, becauſe it will ſhew, that whatever faults the enſuing pages contain, they do not flow from any preſumptive expectation of ſucceſs: a feeling that belongs to writers only, much more popular than myſelf: when the publiſher agreed to run the hazard of printing theſe papers, and ſome progreſs being made in the journal, the whole MS. was put into the compoſitor's hand to be examined, if there were a ſufficiency for a volume of ſixty ſheets; he found enough prepared for the preſs to fill 140: and I aſſure the reader, that the ſucceſſive employment of ſtriking out and mutilating more than the half of what I had written, was executed with more indifference than regret, even though it obliged me to exclude ſeveral chapters. upon which I had taken conſiderable pains. The publiſher would have printed the whole; but whatever faults may be found with the author, he ought at leaſt to be exempted from the imputation of an undue confidence in the public favour; ſince, to expunge was undertaken as readily as to compoſe.—So much depended in the ſecond part of the work on accurate figures, that I did not care to truſt to myſelf, but employed a ſchoolmaſter, who has the reputation of being a good arithmetician, for examining the calculations, and I hope he has not let any material errors eſcape him.

The revolution in France was a hazardous and critical ſubject, but too important to be neglected; the details I have given, and the reflections I have ventured, will, I truſt, be received with candour, by thoſe who conſider how many authors, of no inconſiderable ability and reputation, have failed on that difficult theme: the courſe I have ſteered is ſo removed from extremes, that I can hardly hope for the approbation of more than a few; and I may apply to myſelf, in this inſtance, the words of Swift:—"I have the ambition, common with other reaſoners, to wiſh at leaſt that both parties may think me *in the right*; but if that is not to be hoped for, my next wiſh ſhould be, that both might think me *in the wrong*; which I would underſtand as an ample juſtification of myſelf, and a ſure ground to believe that I have proceeded at leaſt with impartiality, and perhaps with truth."

TRAVELS, &c.

THERE are two methods of writing travels; to regiſter the journey itſelf, or the reſult of it. In the former caſe, it is a diary, under which head are to be claſſed all thoſe books of travels written in the form of letters. The latter uſually falls into the ſhape of eſſays on diſtinct ſubjects. Of the former method of compoſing, almoſt every book of modern travels is an example. Of the latter, the admirable eſſays of my valuable friend Mr. Profeſſor Symonds, upon Italian agriculture, are the moſt perfect ſpecimens.

It is of very little importance what form is adopted by a man of real genius; he will make any form uſeful, and any information intereſting.

But for perſons of more moderate talents, it is of conſequence to conſider the circumſtances for and againſt both theſe modes.

The journal form hath the advantage of carrying with it a greater degree of credibility; and, of courſe, more weight. A traveller who thus regiſters his obſervations is detected the moment he writes of things he has not ſeen. He is precluded from giving ſtudied or elaborate remarks upon inſufficient foundations: If he ſees little, he muſt regiſter little: if he has few good opportunities, of being well informed, the reader is enabled to obſerve it, and will be induced to give no more credit to his relations than the ſources of them appear to deſerve: If he paſſes ſo rapidly through a country as neceſſarily to be no judge of what he ſees, the reader knows it: if he dwells long in places of little or no moment with private views or for private buſineſs, the circumſtance is ſeen; and thus the reader has the ſatisfaction of being as ſafe from impoſition either deſigned or involuntary, as the nature of the caſe will admit: all which advantages are wanted in the other method.

But to balance them, there are on the other hand ſome weighty inconveniences; among theſe the principal is, the prolixity to which a diary generally leads; the very mode of writing almoſt making it inevitable. It neceſſarily cauſes repetitions of the ſame ſubjects and the ſame ideas; and that ſurely muſt be deemed no inconſiderable

ble fault, when one employs many words to ſay what might be better ſaid in a few. Another capital objection is, that ſubjects of importance, inſtead of being treated *de ſuite* for illuſtration or compariſon, are given by ſcraps as received, without order, and without connection; a mode which leſſens the effect of writing, and deſtroys much of its utility.

In favour of compoſing eſſays on the principal objects that have been obſerved, that is, giving the reſult of travels and not the travels themſelves, there is this obvious and great advantage, that the ſubjects thus treated are in as complete a ſtate of combination and illuſtration as the a bilities of the author can make them; the matter comes with full force and effect. Another admirable circumſtance is brevity; for by the rejection of all uſeleſs details, the reader has nothing before him but what tends to the full explanation of the ſubject: of the diſadvantages, I need not ſpeak; they are ſufficiently noted by ſhewing the benefits of the diary form; for proportionably to the benefits of the one, will clearly be the diſadvantages of the other.

After weighing the *pour* and the *contre*, I think that it is not impracticable in my peculiar caſe to retain the benefits of both theſe plans.

With one leading and predominant object in view, namely agriculture, I have conceived that I might throw each ſubject of it into diſtinct chapters, retaining all the advantages which ariſe from compoſing the reſult only of my travels.

At the ſame time, that the reader may have whatever ſatisfaction flows from the diary form, the obſervations which I made upon the face of the countries through which I paſſed; and upon the manners, cuſtoms, amuſements, towns, roads, ſeats, &c. may, without injury, be given in a journal, and thus ſatisfy the reader in all thoſe points, with which he ought in candour to be made acquainted, for the reaſons above intimated.

It is upon this idea that I have reviewed my notes, and executed the work I now offer to the public.

But travelling upon paper, as well as moving amongſt rocks and rivers, hath its difficulties. When I had traced my plan, and begun to work upon it, I rejected, without mercy a variety of little circumſtances relating to myſelf only, and of converſations with various perſons which I had thrown upon paper for the amuſement of my family and intimate friends. For this I was remonſtrated with by a perſon, of whoſe judgment I think highly, as having abſolutely ſpoiled my diary, by expunging the very paſſages that would beſt pleaſe the maſs of common readers; in a word, that I muſt give up the journal plan entirely or let it go as it was written.—To treat the the public like a friend, let them ſee all, and truſt to their candour for forgiving trifles. He reaſoned thus: *Depend on it, Young, that thoſe notes you wrote at the moment, are more likely to pleaſe than what you will now produce coolly, with the idea of reputation in your head: whatever you ſtrike out will be what is moſt intereſting, for you will be guided by the importance of the ſubject; and believe me, it is not this conſideration that pleaſes ſo much as a careleſs and eaſy mode of thinking and writing, which every man exerciſes moſt when he does not compoſe for the preſs. That I am right in this opinion you yourſelf afford a proof. Your tour of Ireland* (he was pleaſed to ſay) *is one of the beſt accounts of a country I have read, yet it had no great ſucceſs. Why? Becauſe the chief part of it is a farming diary, which, however valuable it may be to conſult, nobody will read. If, therefore, you print your journal at all, print it ſo as to be read; or reject the method entirely, and confine yourſelf to ſet diſſertations. Remember the travels of Dr. —— and Mrs. ——, from which it would be difficult to gather one ſingle important idea, yet they were received with applauſe; nay, the bagatelles of Baretti, amongſt the Spaniſh muleteers, were read with avidity.*

The high opinion I have of the judgment of my friend, induced me to follow his advice; in conſequence of which, I venture to offer my itinerary to the public, juſt as it was written on the ſpot: requeſting my reader, if much ſhould be found of a trifling nature, to pardon it, from a reflection, that the chief object of my travels is to be found in another part of the work, to which he may at once have recourſe, if he wiſh to attend only to ſubjects of a more important character.

JOURNAL.

MAY 15, 1787.

THE ſtreight that ſeparates England, ſo fortunately for her, from all the reſt of the world, muſt be croſſed many times before a traveller ceaſes to be ſurpriſed at the ſudden and univerſal change that ſurrounds him on landing at Calais. The ſcene, the people, the language, every object is new; and in thoſe circumſtances in which there is moſt reſemblance, a diſcriminating eye finds little difficulty in diſcovering marks of diſtinctions.

The noble improvement of a ſalt marſh, worked by Monſ. Mouron of this town, occaſioned my acquaintance ſome time ago with that gentleman; and I had found him too well informed, upon various important objects, not to renew it with pleaſure. I ſpent an agreeable and inſtructive evening at his houſe.——165 miles.

The 17th. Nine hours rolling at anchor had ſo fatigued my mare, that I thought it neceſſary for her to reſt one day; but this morning I left Calais. For a few miles the country reſembles parts of Norfolk and Suffolk; gentle hills, with ſome incloſures around the houſes in the vales, and a diſtant range of wood. The country is the ſame to Boulogne. Towards that town, I was pleaſed to find many ſeats belonging to people who reſide there. How often are falſe ideas conceived from reading and report! I imagined that nobody but farmers and labourers in France lived in the country; and the firſt ride I take in that kingdom ſhews me a ſcore of country ſeats. The road excellent.

Boulogne is not an ugly town; and from the ramparts of the upper part the view is beautiful, though low water in the river would not let me ſee it to advantage. It is well known that this place has long been the reſort of great numbers of perſons from England, whoſe misfortunes in trade, or extravagance in life, have made a reſidence abroad more agreeable than at home. It is eaſy to ſuppoſe that they here find a *level* of ſociety that tempts them to herd in the ſame place. Certainly it is not cheapneſs, for it is rather dear. The mixture of French and Engliſh women makes an odd appearance in the ſtreets; the latter are dreſſed in their own faſhion; but the French heads are all without hats, with cloſe caps, and the body covered with a long cloak that reaches to the feet. The town has the appearance of being flouriſhing: the buildings good, and in repair, with ſome modern ones; perhaps as ſure a teſt of proſperity as any other. They are raiſing alſo a new church, on a large and expenſive ſcale. The place on the whole is chearful, and the environs pleaſing; and the ſea-ſhore is a flat ſtrand of firm ſand as far as the tide reaches. The high land adjoining is worth viewing by thoſe who have not already ſeen the petrification of clay; it is found in the ſtoney and argilaceous ſtate, juſt as what I deſcribed at Harwich. (*Annals of Agriculture*, vol. vi. p. 218.)—24 miles.

The 18th. The view of Boulogne from the other ſide, at the diſtance of a mile is a pleaſing landſcape; the river meanders in the vale, and ſpreads in a fine reach under the town, juſt before it falls into the ſea, which opens between two high lands, one of which backs the town.—The view wants only wood; for if the hills had more, fancy could ſcarcely paint a more agreeable ſcene. The country improves, more incloſed, and ſome parts ſtrongly reſembling England. Some fine meadows about Bonbrie, and ſeveral chateaus. I am not profeſſedly in this diary on huſbandry, but muſt juſt obſerve, that it is to the full as bad as the country is good; corn miſerable and yellow with weeds, yet all ſummer fallowed with loſt attention. On the hills, which are at no great diſtance from the ſea, the trees turn their heads from it, ſhorn of their foliage: it is not therefore to the S. W. alone that we ſhould attribute this effect.—If the French have not huſbandry to ſhew us, they have roads; nothing can be more beautiful, or kept in more garden order, if I may uſe the expreſſion, than that which paſſes through a fine wood of Monſ. Neuvillier's; and indeed for the whole way from Samer it is wonderfully formed: a vaſt cauſeway, with hills cut to level vales; which would fill me with admiration, if I had known nothing of the abominable *corveés*, that make me commiſerate the oppreſſed farmers, from whoſe extorted labour, this magnificence has been wrung. Women gathering graſs and weeds by hand in the woods for their cows is a trait of poverty.

Paſs *turberries*, near Montreuil, like thoſe at Newbury. The walk round the ramparts of that town is pretty: the little gardens in the baſtions below are ſingular. The place has many Engliſh; for what purpoſe not eaſy to conceive, for it is unenlivened by thoſe circumſtances that render towns pleaſant. In a ſhort converſation with an Engliſh family returning home, the lady, who is young, and I conjecture agreeable, aſſured me I ſhould find the court of Verſailles amazingly ſplendid. Oh! how ſhe loved France!—and ſhould regret going to England if ſhe did not expect ſoon to return. As ſhe had croſſed the kingdom of France, I aſked her what part of it pleaſed her beſt; the anſwer was, ſuch as a pair of pretty lips would be ſure to utter, "Oh! Paris and Verſailles." Her huſband, who is not ſo young, ſaid "Touraine." It is probable, that a farmer is much more likely to agree with the ſentiments of the huſband than of the lady, notwithſtanding her charms.——24 miles.

The 19th. Dined, or rather ſtarved, at Bernay, where for the firſt time I met with that wine of whoſe ill fame I had heard ſo much in England, that of being worſe than ſmall beer. No ſcattered farm-houſes in this part of Picardy, all being collected in villages which is as unfortunate for the beauty of a country, as it is inconvenient to its cultivation. To Abbeville, unpleaſant, nearly flat; and though there are many and great woods, yet they are unintereſting. Paſs the new chalk chateau of Monſ. St. Maritan, who, had he been in England, would not have built a good houſe in that ſituation, nor have projected his walls like thoſe of an alms-houſe.

Abbeville is ſaid to contain 22,000 ſouls; it is old, and diſagreeably built; many of the houſes of wood, with a greater air of antiquity than I remember to have ſeen; their brethern in England have been long ago demoliſhed. Viewed the manufacture of Van Robais, which was eſtabliſhed by Lewis XIV. and of which Voltaire and others have ſpoken ſo much. I had many enquiries concerning wool and woollens to make here; and, in converſation with the manufacturers, found them great politicians, condemning with violence the new commercial treaty with England.——30 miles.

The 21ſt. It is the ſame flat and unpleaſing country to Flixcourt.—15 miles.

The 22d. Poverty and poor crops to Amiens; women are now ploughing with a pair of horſes to ſow barley. The difference of the cuſtoms of the two nations is in nothing more ſtriking than in the labours of the ſex; in England, it is very little that they will do in the fields except to glean and make hay; the firſt is a party of pilfering, and the ſecond of pleaſure: in France, they plough and fill the dung-cart. Lombardy poplars ſeem to have been introduced here about the ſame time as in England.

Picquigny has been the ſcene of a remarkable tranſaction, that does great honour to the tolerating ſpirit of the French nation. Monſ. Colmar, a Jew, bought the ſeignory and eſtate, including the viſcounty of Amiens, of the Duke of Chaulnes, by virtue of which he appoints the canons of the cathedral of Amiens. The biſhop reſiſted his nomination, and it was carried by appeal to the parliament of Paris, whoſe decree was in favour of Monſ. Colmar. The immediate ſeignory of Picquigny, but without its dependences, is reſold to the Count d'Artois.

At Ameins, view the cathedral, ſaid to be built by the Engliſh; it is very large and beautifully light and decorated. They are fitting it up in black drapery, and a great canopy, with illuminations for the burial of the prince de Tingry, colonel of the regiment of cavalry, whoſe ſtation is here. To view this was an object among the people, and crouds were at each door. I was refuſed entrance, but ſome officers being admitted, gave orders that an Engliſh gentleman without ſhould be let in, and I was called back from ſome diſtance and deſired very politely to enter, as they did not know at firſt that I was an Engliſhman. Theſe are but trifles, but they ſhew liberality; and it is fair to report them. If an Engliſhman receives attentions in France, *becauſe he is an Engliſhman*, what return ought to be made to a Frenchman in England, is ſufficiently obvious. The chateau d'eau, or machine for ſupplying Amiens with water, is worth viewing; but plates only could give an idea of it. The town abounds with woollen manufactures. I converſed with ſeveral maſters, who united entirely with thoſe of Abbeville in condemning the treaty of commerce.——15 miles.

The 23d. To Breteuil the country is diverſified, woods every where in ſight the whole journey.——21 miles.

The 24th. A flat and unintereſting chalky country continues almoſt to Clermont: where it improves; is hilly and has wood. The view of the town, as ſoon as the dale is ſeen, with the Duke of Fitzjames's plantations, is pretty.——24 miles.

The 25th. The environs of Clermont are picturеſque. The hills about Liancourt are pretty; and ſpread with a ſort of cultivation I had never ſeen before, a mixture of vineyard (for here the vines firſt appear); garden, and corn. A piece of wheat; a ſcrap of lucerne; a patch of clover or vetches; a bit of vines; with cherry, and other fruit-trees ſcattered among all, and the whole cultivated with the ſpade: it makes a pretty appearance, but muſt form a poor ſyſtem of trifling.

Chantilly!—magnificence is its reigning character; it is never loſt. There is not taſte or beauty enough to ſoften it into milder features: all but the chateau is great; and there is ſomething impoſing in that, except the gallery of the Great Conde's battle, and the cabinet of natural hiſtory which is rich in very fine ſpecimens, moſt advantageouſly arranged, it contains nothing that demands particular notice; nor is there one room which in England would be called large. The ſtable is truly great, and exceeds very much indeed any thing of the kind I had ever ſeen. It is 580 feet long, and 40 broad, and is ſometimes filled with 240 Engliſh horſes. I had been ſo accuſtomed to the imitation in water, of the waving and irregular lines of nature, that I came to chantilly prepoſſeſſed againſt the idea of a canal; but the view of one here is ſtriking, and had the effect which magnificent ſcenes impreſs. It ariſes from extent, and from the right lines of the water uniting with the regularity of the objects in view. It is Lord Kaimes, I think, who ſays, the part of the garden contiguous to the houſe ſhould partake of the regularity of the building; with much magnificence about a place, this is almoſt unavoidable. The effect here, however, is leſſened by the parterre before the caſtle, in which the diviſions and the diminutive jets-d'eau are not of a ſize to correſpond with the magnificence of the canal. The menagerie is very pretty, and exhibits a prodigious variety of domeſtic poultry, from all parts of the world; one of the beſt objects to which a menagerie can be applied; theſe, and the Corſican ſtag, had all my attention. The *hameau* contains an imitation of an Engliſh garden; the taſte is but juſt introduced into France, ſo that it will not ſtand a critical examination. The moſt Engliſh idea I ſaw is the lawn in front of the ſtables; it is large, of a good verdure, and well kept; proving clearly that they may have as fine lawns in the north of France as in England. The labyrinth is the only complete one I have ſeen, and I have no inclination to ſee another: it is in gardening what a rebus is in poetry. In the Sylvae are many very fine and ſcarce plants. I wiſh thoſe perſons who view Chantilly, and are fond of fine trees would not forget to aſk for the great beech; this is the fineſt I ever ſaw; ſtrait as an arrow, and, as I gueſs, not leſs than 80 or 90 feet high; 40 feet to the firſt branch, and 12 feet diameter at five from the ground. It is in all reſpects one of the fineſt trees that can any where be met with. Two others are near it, but not equal to this ſuperb one. The foreſt around Chantilly, belonging to the Prince of Condé is immenſe, ſpreading far and wide; the Paris road croſſes it for ten miles, which is its leaſt extent. They ſay the capitainerie, or paramountſhip, is above 100 miles in circumference. That is to ſay, all the inhabitants for that extent are peſtered with game, without permiſſion to deſtroy it, in order to give one man diverſion. Ought not theſe capitaineries to be extirpated?

At Luzarch, I found that my mare, from illneſs, would travel no further; French ſtables, which are covered dung-hills, and the careleſſneſs, of *garcons d'ecures*, an execrable ſet of vermin, had given her cold. I therefore left her to ſend for from Paris, and went thither poſt; by which experiment I found that poſting in France is much worſe, and even, upon the whole, dearer than in England. Being in a poſt-chaiſe I travelled to Paris, as other travellers in poſt-chaiſes do, that is to ſay, knowing little or nothing. The laſt ten miles I was eagerly on the watch for that throng of carriages which near London impede the traveller. I watched in vain; for the road, quite to the gates, is, on compariſon, a perfect deſert. So many great roads join here, that I ſuppoſe this muſt be accidental. The entrance has nothing magnificent; ill built and dirty. To get to the Rue de Varenne Fauxbourg St. Germain, I had the whole city to croſs, and paſſed it by narrow, ugly, and crouded ſtreets.

At the hotel de la Rochefoucauld I found the Duke of Liancourt and his ſons, the Count de la Rochefoucauld, and the Count Alexander, with my excellent friend Monſieur de Lazowſki, all of whom I had the pleaſure of knowing in Suffolk. They introduced me to the Ducheſs D'Eſtiſſac, mother of the Duke of Liancourt, and to the Ducheſs of Liancourt. The agreeable reception and friendly attentions I met with from all this liberal family were well calculated to give me the moſt favourable impreſſion * * * *.——42 miles.

The 26th. So ſhort a time had I paſſed before in France, that the ſcene is totally new to me. Till we have been accuſtomed to travelling we have a propenſity to ſtare at and admire every thing—and to be on the ſearch for novelty, even in circumſtances in which it is ridiculous to look for it. I have been upon the full ſilly gape to find out things that I had not found before, as if a ſtreet in Paris could be compoſed of any thing but houſes, or houſes formed of any thing but brick or ſtone—or that the people in them, not being Engliſh, would be walking on their heads. I ſhall ſhake off this folly as faſt as I can, and bend my attention to mark the character and diſpoſition of the nation. Such views naturally lead us to catch the little circumſtances which ſometimes expreſs them; not an eaſy taſk, but ſubject to many errors.

I have only one day to paſs at Paris, and that is taken up with buying neceſſaries. At Calais, my abundant care produced the inconvenience it was meant to avoid; I was afraid of loſing my trunk, by leaving it at Deſſein's for the diligence; ſo I ſent it to M. Mouron's.—The conſequence is, that it is not to be found at Paris, and its contents are to be bought again before I can leave this city on our journey to the Pyrenees. I believe it may be received as a maxim, that a traveller ſhould always truſt his baggage to the common voitures of the country, without any extraordinary precautions.

After a rapid excurſion, with my friend Lazowſki, to ſee many things; but too haſtily to form any correct idea, ſpend the evening at his brother's, where I had the pleaſure of meeting Monſ. de Brouſſonet, ſecretary of the Royal Society of Agriculture, and Monſ. Deſmarets, both of the Academy of Sciences. As Monſ. Lazowſki is well informed in the manufactures of France, in the police of which he enjoys a poſt of conſideration, and as the other gentlemen have paid much attention to agriculture, the converſation was in no ſlight degree inſtructive, and I regretted that a very early departure from Paris would not let me promiſe myſelf a further enjoyment ſo congenial with my feelings, as the company of men, whoſe converſation ſhewed a marked attention to objects of national importance. On the breaking up of the party, went with count Alexander de la Rochefoucauld poſt to Verſailles, to be preſent at the fête of the day following; (whitſunday) ſlept at the duke de Liancourt's hotel.

The 27th. Breakfaſted with him at his apartments in the palace, which are annexed to his office of grand maſter of the wardrobe, one of the principal in the court of France.—Here I found the duke ſurrounded by a circle of noblemen, among whom was the duke de la Rochefoucauld. well known for his attention to natural hiſtory; I was introduced to him, as he is going to Bagnere de Luchon in the Pyrenees, where I am to have the honour of being in his party.

The ceremony of the day was, the King's inveſting the Duke of Berri, ſon of the count D'Artois, with the cordon blue. The Queen's band was in the chapel where the ceremony was performed, but the muſical effect was thin and weak. During the ſervice the King was ſeated between his two brothers, and ſeemed by his carriage and inattention to wiſh himſelf a hunting. He would certainly have been as well employed, as in hearing afterwards from his throne a feudal oath of chivalry, I ſuppoſe, or ſome ſuch nonſenſe, adminiſtered to a boy of ten years old. Seeing much pompous folly I imagined it was the dauphin, and aſked a lady of faſhion near me; at which ſhe laughed in my face, as if I had been guilty of the moſt egregious idiotiſm: nothing could be done in a worſe manner; for the ſtifling of her expreſſion only marked it the more. I applied to Monſ. de la Rochefoucauld to learn what groſs abſurdity I had been guilty of ſo unwittingly; when, forſooth, it was becauſe the dauphin, *as all the world knows in* France, has the cordon blue put around him as ſoon as he is born. So unpardonable was it for a foreigner to be ignorant of ſuch an important part of French hiſtory, as that of giving a babe a blue ſlobbering bib inſtead of a white one!

After this ceremony was finiſhed, the King and the knights walked in a ſort of proceſſion to a ſmall apartment in which he dined, ſaluting the Queen as they paſſed. There appeared to be more eaſe and familiarity than form in this part of the ceremony; her majeſty, who, by the way, is the moſt beautiful woman I ſaw to-day, received them with a variety of expreſſion. On ſome ſhe ſmiled; to others ſhe talked; a few ſeemed to have the honour of being more in her intimacy. Her return to ſome was formal, and to others diſtant. To the gallant Suffrein it was reſpectful and benign. The ceremony of the King's dining in public is more odd than ſplendid. The Queen ſat by him with a cover before her, but ate nothing; converſing with the duke of Orleans, and the duke of Liancourt, who ſtood behind her chair. To me it would have been a moſt uncomfortable meal, and were I a ſovereign, I would ſweep away three-fourths of theſe ſtupid forms; if Kings do not dine like other people, they loſe much of the pleaſure of life; their ſtation is very well calculated to deprive them of much, and they ſubmit to nonſenſical cuſtoms, the ſole tendency of which is to leſſen the remainder. The only comfortable or amuſing dinner is a table of ten or twelve covers for the people whom they like; travellers tell us that this was the mode of the late King of Pruſſia, who knew the value of life too well to ſacrifice it to empty forms on the one hand, or to a monaſtic reſerve on the other.

The palace of Verſailles, one of the objects of which report had given me the greateſt expectation, is not in the leaſt ſtriking: I view it without emotion: the impreſſion it makes is nothing. What can compenſate the want of unity? From whatever point viewed, it appears an aſſemblage of buildings; a ſplendid quarter of a town, but not a fine edifice; an objection from which the garden front is not free, though by far the moſt beautiful.—The great gallery is the fineſt room I have ſeen; the other apartments are nothing; but the pictures and ſtatues are well known to be a capital collection. The whole palace, except the chapel, ſeems to be open to all the world; we puſhed through an amazing croud of all ſorts of people to ſee the proceſſion, many of them not very well dreſſed, whence it appears, that no queſtions are aſked. But the officers at the door of the apartment in which the King dined, made a diſtinction, and would not permit all to enter promiſcuouſly.

Travellers ſpeak much, even very late ones, of the remarkable intereſt the French take in all that perſonally concerns their King, ſhewing by the eagerneſs of their attention not curioſity only, but love. Where, how, and in whom thoſe gentlemen diſcovered this I know not.—It is either miſrepreſentation, or the people are changed in a few years more than is credible. Dine at Paris, and in the evening the ducheſs of Liancourt, who ſeems to be one of the beſt of women, carried me to the opera at St. Cloud, where alſo we viewed the palace which the Queen is building; it is large, but there is much in the front that does not pleaſe me.——20 miles.

The 28th. Finding my mare ſufficiently recovered for a journey, a point of importance to a traveller ſo weak in cavalry as myſelf, I left Paris, accompanying the count de la Rochefoucauld and my friend Lazowſki, and commencing a journey that is to croſs the whole kingdom to the Pyrenees. The road to Orleans is one of the greateſt that leads from Paris, I expected, therefore, to have my former impreſſion of the little traffic near that city removed; but on the contrary it was confirmed; it is a deſert compared with thoſe around London. In ten miles we met not one ſtage or diligence; only two meſſageries, and very few chaiſes; not a tenth of what would have been met had we been leaving London at the ſame hour. Knowing how great, rich, and important a city Paris is, this circumſtance perplexes me much. Should it afterwards be confirmed, concluſions in abundance are to be drawn.

For a few miles, the ſcene is every where ſcattered with the ſhafts of quarries, the ſtone drawn up by lanthorn wheels of a great diameter. The country diverſified; and its greateſt want to pleaſe the eye is a river; woods generally in view;

the proportion of the French territory covered by this production for want of coals, muſt be prodigious, for it has been the ſame all the way from Calais. At Arpajon, the maréchal duke de Mouchy has a ſmall houſe, which has nothing to recommend it.———20 miles.

The 29th. To Eſtamps is partly through a flat country, the begining of the famous Pays de Beauce. To Toury, flat and diſagreeable, only two or three gentlemen's ſeats in ſight.——31 miles.

The 30th. One univerſal flat, unincloſed, unintereſting, and even tedious, though ſmall towns and villages are every where in ſight; the features that might compound a landſcape are not brought together. This Pays de Beauce contains, by reputation, the cream of French huſbandry; the ſoil excellent; but the management all fallow. Paſs through part of the foreſt of Orleans belonging to the duke of that name: it is one of the largeſt in France.

From the ſteeple of the cathedral at Orleans, the proſpect is very fine. The town large, and its ſuburbs, of ſingle ſtreets, extend near a league. The vaſt range of country, that ſpreads on every ſide, is an unbounded plain, through which the magnificent Loire bends his ſtately way, in ſight for 14 leagues; the whole ſcattered with rich meadows, vineyards, gardens, and foreſts. The population muſt be very great; for, beſide the city, which contains near 40,000 people, the number of ſmaller towns and villages ſtrewed thickly over the plain is ſuch as to render the whole ſcene animated. The cathedral, from which we had this noble proſpect is a fine building, the choir raiſed by Henry IV. The new church is a pleaſing edifice; the bridge a noble ſtructure of ſtone, and the firſt experiment of the flat arch made in France, where it is now ſo faſhionable. It contains nine, and is 410 yards long, and 45 feet wide. To hear ſome Engliſhmen talk, one would ſuppoſe there was not a fine bridge in all France; not the firſt, nor the laſt error I hope that travelling will remove. There are many barges and boats at the quay, built upon the river in the Bourbonnois, &c. loaded with wood, brandy, wine, and other goods; on arriving at Nantes, the veſſels are broken up and ſold with the cargo. Great numbers built with ſpruce fir. A boat goes from hence to that city, when demanded by ſix paſſengers, each paying a louis-d'or: they lie on ſhore every night, and reach Nantes in four days and an half. The principal ſtreet leading to the bridge is a fine one, all buſy and alive, for trade is briſk here. Admire the fine acacias ſcattered about the town.——20 miles.

The 31ſt. On leaving it, enter ſoon the miſerable province of Sologne, which the French writers call the *triſte* Sologne. Through all this country they have had ſevere ſpring froſts, for the leaves of the walnuts are black and cut off. I ſhould not have expected this unequivocal mark of a bad climate after paſſing the Loire. To La Ferté Lowendahl, a dead flat of hungry ſandy gravel, with much heath. The poor people, who cultivate the ſoil here, are *metayers*, that is, men who hire the land without ability to ſtock it; the proprietor is forced to provide cattle and ſeed, and he and his tenant divide the produce; a miſerable ſyſtem, that perpetuates poverty and excludes inſtruction. Meet a man employed on the roads who was priſoner at Falmouth four years; he does not ſeem to have any rancour againſt the Engliſh; nor yet was he very well pleaſed with his treatment. At La Ferté is a handſome chateau of the marquis de Croix, with ſeveral canals, and a great command of water. To Nonant-le-Fuzelier, a ſtrange mixture of ſand and water. Much incloſed, and the houſes and cottages of wood filled between the ſtuds with clay or bricks, and covered not with ſlate but tile, with ſome barns boarded like thoſe in Suffolk—rows of pollards in ſome of the hedges; an excellent road of ſand; the general features of a woodland country; all combined to give a ſtrong reſemblance to many parts of England; but the huſbandry is ſo little like that of England, that the leaſt attention to it deſtroyed every notion of ſimilarity.——27 miles.

JUNE 1. The ſame wretched country continues to La Loge; the fields are ſcenes of pitiable management, as the houſes are of miſery. Yet all this country highly improveable, if they knew what to do with it: the property, perhaps, of ſome of thoſe glittering beings, who figured in the proceſſion the other day at Verſailles. Heaven grant me patience while I ſee a country thus neglected—and forgive me the oaths I ſwear at the abſence and ignorance of the poſſeſſors.—Enter the generality of Bourges, and ſoon after a foreſt of oak belonging to the count d'Artois; the trees are dying at top, before they attain any ſize. There the miſerable Sologne ends; the firſt view of Verſon and its vicinity is fine. A noble vale ſpreads at your feet, through which the river Cheere leads, ſeen in ſeveral places to the diſtance of ſome leagues, a bright ſun burniſhed the water, like a ſtring of lakes amidſt the ſhade of a vaſt woodland. See Bourges to the left.——18 miles.

The 2d. Paſs the rivers Cheere and Lave; the bridges well built; the ſtream fine, and with the wood, buildings, boats, and adjoining hills, form an animated ſcene. Several new houſes, and buildings of good ſtone in Verſon; the place appears thriving, and doubtleſs owes much to the navigation. We are now in Berri, a province governed by a provincial aſſembly, conſequently the roads good, and made without *corvées*. Vatan is a little town that ſubſiſts chiefly by ſpinning. We drank there excellent Sancere wine, of a deep colour, rich flavour, and good body, 20*ſ.* the bottle; but in the country 10. An extenſive proſpect before we arrived at Chateauroux where we viewed the manufactures.——40 miles.

The 3d. Within about three of Argenton come upon a fine ſcene, beautiful, yet with bold features; a narrow vale bounded on every ſide with hills covered with wood, all of which are immediately under the eye, without a level acre, except the bottom of the vale, through which a river flows, by an old caſtle pictureſquely ſituated to the right; and to the left, a tower riſing out of a wood.

At Argenton, walk up a rock that hangs almoſt over the town. It is a delicious ſcene. A natural ledge of perpendicular rock puſhes forward abruptly over the vale, which is half a mile broad, and two or three long: at one end cloſed by hills, and at the other filled by the town with vineyards riſing above it; the ſurrounding ſcene that hems in the vale is high enough for relief; vineyards, rocks or hills covered with wood. The vale cut into incloſures of a lovely verdure, and a fine river winds through it, with an outline that leaves nothing to wiſh. The venerable fragments of a caſtle's ruins, near the point of view, are well adapted to awaken reflections on the triumph of the arts of peace over the barbarous ravages of the feudal ages, when every claſs of ſociety was involved in commotion, and the lower ranks were worſe ſlaves than at preſent.

The general face of the country, from Verſon to Argenton, is an unintereſting flat with many heaths of ling. No appearance of population, and even towns are thin. The huſbandry poor and the people miſerable. By the circumſtances to which I could give attention I conceive them to be honeſt and induſtrious; they ſeem clean; are civil, and have good countenances. They appear to me as if they would improve their country, if they formed the part of a ſyſtem, the principles of which tended to national proſperity. ——18 miles.

The 4th. Paſs an incloſed country, which would have a better appearance if the oaks had not loſt their foliage by inſects, whoſe webs hang over the buds. They are but now coming into leaf again. Croſs a ſtream which ſeparates Berri from La Marche; cheſnuts appear at the ſame time; they are ſpread over all the fields, and yield the food of the poor. A variety of hill and dale, with fine woods, but little ſigns of population. Lizards, for the firſt time alſo. There ſeems a connection relative to climate between the cheſnuts and theſe harmleſs animals. They are very numerous, and ſome of them near a foot long. Sleep at La Ville au Brun.——24 miles.

The 5th. The country improves in beauty greatly; paſs a vale, where a cauſeway ſtops the water of a ſmall rivulet and ſwells it into a lake, that forms one feature of a delicious ſcene. The indented outlines and the ſwells margined with wood are beautiful; the hills on every ſide in uniſon; one now covered with ling the prophetic eye of taſte may imagine lawn. Nothing is wanted to render the ſcene a garden, but to clear away rubbiſh.

The general face of the country, for 16 miles, by far the moſt beautiful I have ſeen in France; it is thickly incloſed, and full of wood; the umbrageous foliage of the cheſnuts gives the ſame beautiful verdure to the hills, as watered meadows (ſeen for the firſt time to day) to the vales. Diſtant mountainous ridges form the back ground, and make the whole intereſting. The declivity of country, as we go down to Baſſies, offers a beautiful view; and the approach to the town, preſents a landſcape fancifully grouped of rock, and wood, and water. To Limoge, paſs another artificial lake between cultivated hills; beyond are wilder heights, but mixed with pleaſant vales; ſtill another lake more beautiful than the former, with a fine accompanyment of wood; acroſs a mountain of cheſnut copſe, which commands a ſcene of a character different from any I have viewed either in France or England, a great range of hill and dale all covered with foreſt, and bounded by diſtant mountains. Not a veſtige of any human reſidence; no village: no houſe or hut, no ſmoke to raiſe the idea of a peopled country; an American ſcene; wild enough for the tomohawk of the ſavage. Stop at an execrable auberge, called Maiſon Rouge, where we intended to ſleep; but, on examination, found every appearance ſo forbidding, and ſo beggarly an account of a larder, that we paſſed on to Limoge. The roads through all this country, are truly noble, far beyond any thing I have ſeen in France or elſewhere.——44 miles.

The 6th. View Limoge, and examine its manufactures. It was certainly a Roman ſtation, and ſome traces of its antiquity are ſtill remaining. It is ill built, with narrow and crooked ſtreets, the houſes high and diſagreeable. They are raiſed of granite, or wood with lath and plaiſter, which ſaves lime, an expenſive article here, being brought from a diſtance of twelve leagues; the roofs are of pantiles, with projecting eaves, and almoſt flat; a ſure proof we have quitted the region of heavy ſnows. The beſt of their public works is noble fountain, the water conducted three quarters of a league by an arched aqueduct brought under the bed of a rock 60 feet deep to the higheſt ſpot in the town, where it falls into a baſon 15 feet diameter, cut out of one piece of granite; thence the water is let into reſervoirs, cloſed by ſluices, which are opened for watering the ſtreets, or in caſes of fires.

The cathedral is ancient, and the roof of ſtone; there are ſome arabeſque ornaments cut in ſtone, as light, airy, and elegant as any modern houſe can boaſt, whoſe decorations are in the ſame taſte.

The preſent biſhop has erected a large and handſome palace, and his garden is the fineſt object to be ſeen at Limoge, for it commands a landſcape hardly to be equalled for beauty: it would be idle to give any other deſcription than juſt enough to induce travellers to view it. A river winds through a vale, ſurrounded by hills that preſent the gayeſt and moſt animated aſſemblage of villas, farms, vines, hanging meadows, and cheſnuts blended ſo fortunately as to compoſe a ſcene truly ſmiling. This biſhop is a friend of the count de la Rochefoucauld's family; he invited us to dine, and gave us a very handſome entertainment. Lord Macartney, when a priſoner in France, after the Grenades were taken, ſpent ſome time with him; there was an inſtance of French politeneſs ſhewn to his lordſhip, that marks the urbanity of this people. The order came from court to ſing Te Deum on the very day that Lord Macartney was to arrive. Conceiving that the public demonſtrations of joy for a victory that brought his noble gueſt a priſoner, might be perſonally unpleaſant to him, the biſhop propoſed to the intendant to poſtpone the ceremony for a few days, in order that he might not meet it ſo abruptly; this was inſtantly acceded to, and conducted in ſuch a manner afterwards as to mark as much attention to Lord Macartney's feelings as to their own. The biſhop told me, that Lord Macartney ſpoke French better than he could have conceived poſſible for a foreigner, had he not heard him; better than many well educated Frenchmen.

The poſt of intendant here was rendered celebrated by being filled by that friend of mankind, Turgot, whoſe well earned reputation in this province placed him at the head of the French finances, as may be very agreeably learned, in that production of equal truth and elegance, his life by the marquis of Condorcet. The character which Turgot left here is conſiderable. The noble roads we have paſſed, ſo much exceeding any other I have ſeen in France, were amongſt his *good* works; an epithet due to them becauſe not made by *corvées*. There is here a ſociety of agriculture, which owes its origin to the ſame diſtinguiſhed patriot: but in that moſt unlucky path of French exertion he was able to do nothing: evils too radically fixed were in the way of the attempt. This ſociety does like other ſocieties,—they meet, converſe, offer premiums, and publiſh nonſenſe. This is not of much conſequence, for the people, inſtead of reading their memoirs, are not able to read at all. They can however *ſee*; and if a farm was eſtabliſhed in that good cultivation which they ought to copy, ſomething would be preſented from which they *might* learn. I aſked particularly if the members of this ſociety had land in their own hands, from which it might be judged if they knew any thing of the matter themſelves: I was aſſured that they had; but the converſation preſently explained it: they had *metayers* around their country-ſeats, and this was conſidered as farming their own lands, ſo that they aſſume ſomething of a merit from the identical circumſtance, which is the curſe and ruin of the whole country. In the agricultural converſations we have had on the journey from Orleans, I have not found one perſon who ſeemed ſenſible of the miſchief of this ſyſtem.

The 7th. No cheſnuts for a league before we reach Piere Buſſiere, they ſay becauſe the baſis of the country is a hard granite; and they aſſert alſo at Limoge, that in this granite there grow neither vines, wheat, nor cheſnuts, but that on the ſofter granites theſe plants thrive well: it is true, that cheſnuts and this granite appeared together when we entered Limoſin. The road has been incomparably fine, and much more like the well kept alleys of a garden than a common high way. See for the firſt time old towers, that appear numerous in this country.——33 miles.

The 8th. Paſs an extraordinary ſpectacle for Engliſh eyes, of many houſes too good to be called cottages, without any glaſs windows. Some miles to the right is Pompadour, where the King has a ſtud; there are all kinds of horſes, but chiefly Arabian, Turkiſh and Engliſh. Three years ago four Arabians were imported, which had been procured at the expence of 72,000 livres (3149l.) the price of covering a mare is only three livres to the groom; the owners are permitted to ſell their colts as they pleaſe, but if theſe came up to the ſtandard height, the King's officers have the preference, provided they give the price offered by others. Theſe horſes are not ſaddled till ſix years old. They paſture all day, but at night are confined on account of wolves, which are ſo common as to be a great plague to the people. A horſe of ſix years old, a little more than four feet ſix inches high, is ſold for 70l.; and 15l. has been offered for a colt of one year old. Paſs Uzarch; dine at Douzenac; between which place and Brive meet the firſt maize, or Indian corn.

The beauty of the country, through the 34 miles from St. George to Brive, is ſo various, and in every reſpect ſo ſtriking and intereſting, that I ſhall attempt no particular deſcription, but obſerve in general, that I am much in doubt, whether there be any thing comparable to it either in England or Ireland. It is not that a fine view breaks now and then upon the eye to compenſate the traveller for the dulneſs of a much longer diſtrict; but a quick ſucceſſion of landſcapes, many of which would be rendered famous in England, by the reſort of travellers to view them. The country is all hill or valley; the hills are very high, and would be called with us mountains, if waſte and covered with heath; but being cultivated to the very tops, their magnitude is leſſened to the eye. Their forms are various: they ſwell in beautiful ſemi-globes; they project in abrupt maſſes, which incloſe deep glens: they expand into amphitheatres of cultivation that riſe in gradation to the eye: in ſome places toſſed into a thouſand inequalities of ſurface; in others the eye repoſes on ſcenes of the ſofteſt verdure. Add to this, the rich robe with which nature's bounteous hand has dreſſed the ſlopes, with hanging woods of cheſnut. And whether the vales open their verdant boſoms, and admit the ſun to illumine the rivers in their comparative repoſe; or whether they be cloſed in deep glens, that afford a paſſage with difficulty to the water rolling over their rocky beds, and dazzling the eye with the luſtre of caſcades; in every caſe the features are intereſting and characteriſtic of the ſcenery. Some views of ſingular beauty rivetted us to the ſpots; that of the town of Uzarch, covering a conical hill, riſing in the hollow of an amphitheatre of wood, and ſurrounded at its feet by a noble river, is unique. Derry in Ireland has ſomething of its form, but wants ſome of its richeſt features. The water-ſcenes from the town itſelf, and immediately after paſſing it, are delicious. The immenſe view from the deſcent to Douzenach is equally magnificent. To all this is added the fineſt road in the world, every where formed in the moſt perfect manner, and kept in the higheſt preſervation, like the well ordered alley of a garden, without duſt, ſand, ſtones, or inequality, firm and level, of pounded granite, and traced with ſuch a perpetual command of proſpect, that had the engineer no other object in view, he could not have executed it with a more finiſhed taſte.

The view of Brive, from the hill is ſo fine, that it gives the expectation of a beautiful little town, and the gaiety of the environs encourages

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the idea; but on entering, ſuch a contraſt is found as diſguſts completely. Cloſe, ill built, crooked, dirty, ſtinking ſtreets, exclude the ſun, and almoſt the air from every habitation, except a few tolerable ones on the promenade.——34 miles.

The 9th. Enter a different country, with the new province of Quercy, which is a part of Guienne; not near ſo beautiful as Limoſin, but, to make amends, it is far better cultivated. Thanks to maize, which does wonders! Paſs Noailles, on the ſummit of a high hill, the chateau of the Marſhal Duke of that name.—Enter a calcareous country, and loſe cheſnuts at the ſame time.

In going down to Souillac, there is a proſpect that muſt univerſally pleaſe: it is a bird's eye view of a delicious little valley, ſunk deep amongſt ſome very bold hills that incloſe it; a margin of wild mountain contraſts the extreme beauty of the level ſurface below, a ſcene of cultivation ſcattered with fine walnut trees; nothing can apparently exceed the exuberant fertility of this ſpot.

Souillac is a little town in a thriving ſtate, having ſome rich merchants. They receive ſtaves from the mountains of Auvergne by their river Dordonne, which is navigable eight months in the year; theſe they export to Bourdeaux and Libourn; alſo wine, corn, and cattle, and import ſalt in great quantities. It is not in the power of an Engliſh imagination to figure the animals that waited upon us here, at the Chapeau Rouge. Some things that called themſelves by the courteſy of Souillac women, but in reality walking dung-hills.—But a neatly dreſſed clean waiting girl at an inn, will be looked for in vain in France.——34 miles.

The 10th. Croſs the Dordonne by a ferry; the boat well contrived for driving in at one end, and out at the other, without the abominable operation, common in England, of beating horſes till they leap into them; the price is as great a contraſt as the excellence; we paid for an Engliſh whiſky, a French cabriolet, one ſaddle-horſe, and ſix perſons, no more than 50*ſ.* (2s. 1d.) I have paid half-a-crown a wheel in England for execrable ferries, paſſed over at the hazard of the horſes limbs.—This river runs in a very deep valley between two ridges of high hills: extenſive views, all ſcattered with villages and ſingle houſes; an appearance of great population. Cheſnuts on a calcareous ſoil, contrary to the Limoſin maxim.

Paſs Payrac, and meet many beggars, which we had not done before. All the country, girls and women, are without ſhoes or ſtockings; and the ploughmen at their work have neither ſabots nor feet to their ſtockings. This is a poverty, that ſtrikes at the root of national proſperity; a large conſumption among the poor being of more conſequence than among the rich: the wealth of a nation lies in its circulation and conſumption; and the caſe of poor people abſtaining from the uſe of manufactures of leather and wool ought to be conſidered as an evil of the firſt magnitude. It reminded me of the miſery of Ireland. Paſs Pont-de-Rodez, and come to high land, whence we enjoyed an immenſe and ſingular proſpect of ridges, hills, vales, and gentle ſlopes, riſing one beyond another in every direction, with few maſſes of wood, but many ſcattered trees. At leaſt forty miles are tolerably diſtinct to the eye, and without a level acre; the ſun, on the point of being ſet, illumined part of it, and diſplayed a vaſt number of villages and ſcattered farms. The mountains of Auvergne, at the diſtance of 100 miles, added to the view. Paſs by ſeveral cottages, exceedingly well built, of ſtone and ſlate or tiles, yet without any glaſs to the windows; can a country be likely to thrive where the great object is to ſpare manufactures? Women picking weeds into their aprons for their cows, another ſign of poverty I obſerved, during the whole way from Calais,——30 miles.

The 11th. See for the firſt time the Pyrenees, at the diſtance of 150 miles.—To me, who had never ſeen an object farther than 60 or 70, I mean the Wicklow mountains, as I was going out of Holyhead, this was intereſting. Wherever the eye wandered in ſearch of new objects it was ſure to reſt there. Their magnitude, their ſnowy height, the line of ſeparation between two great kingdoms, and the end of our travels altogether account for this effect. Towards Cahors the country changes, and has ſomething of a ſavage aſpect; yet houſes are ſeen every where, and one-third of it under vines.

That town is bad; the ſtreets neither wide nor ſtrait, but the new road is an improvement. The chief object of its trade and reſource are vines and brandies. The true Vin de Cahors, which has a great reputation, is the produce of a range of vineyards, very rocky, on a ridge of hills full to the ſouth, andis called Vin de Grave, becauſe growing on a gravelly ſoil. In plentiful years, the price of good wine here does not exceed that of the caſk; laſt year it was ſold at 10s. 6d. a barique, or 8d. a dozen. We drank it at the Trois Rois from three to ten years old, the latter at 30ſ. (1s. 3d.) the bottle; both excellent, full bodied, great ſpirit, without being fiery, and to my palate much better than our ports. I liked it ſo well, that I eſtabliſhed a correſpondence with Monſ. Andoury, the inkeeper*. The heat of this country is equal to the production of ſtrong wine. This was the moſt burning day we had experienced.

On leaving Cahors, the mountain of rock riſes ſo immediately, that it ſeems as if it would tumble into the town. The leaves of walnuts are now black with froſts that happened within a fortnight.

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* I ſince had a barique of him; but whether he ſent bad wine, which I am not willing to believe, or that it came through bad hands, I know not. It is however ſo bad, as to be item for folly.

night. On enquiry, I found they are ſubject to theſe froſts all through the ſpring months; and though rye is ſometimes killed by them, the mildew in wheat is hardly known;—a fact ſufficiently deſtructive of the theory of froſts being the cauſe of that diſtemper. It is very rare that any ſnow falls here. Sleep at Ventillac.—— 22 miles.

The 12th. The ſhape and colour of the peaſants houſes here add a beauty to the country; they are ſquare, white, and with rather flat roofs, but few windows. The peaſants are for the moſt part land-proprietors. Immenſe view of the Pyrenees before us, of an extent and height truly ſublime: near Perges, the view of a rich vale, that ſeems to reach uninterruptedly to thoſe mountains is a glorious ſcenery; one vaſt ſheet of cultivation; every where chequered with theſe well built white houſes;—the eye loſing itſelf in the vapour, which ends only with that ſtupendous ridge, whoſe ſnow-capped heads are broken into the boldeſt outline. The road to Cauſſade leads through a very fine avenue of ſix rows of trees, two of them mulberries, which are the firſt we have ſeen. Thus we have travelled almoſt to the Pyrenees before we met with an article of culture which ſome want to introduce into England. The vale here is all on a dead level; the road finely made, and mended with gravel. Montauban is old, but not ill built. There are many good houſes, without forming handſome ſtreets. It is ſaid to be very populous, and the eye confirms the intelligence.

The cathedral is modern, and pretty well built, but too heavy. The public college, the ſeminary, the biſhop's palace, and the houſe of the firſt preſident of the court of aids are good buildings: the laſt large, with a moſt ſhewy entrance. The promenade is finely ſituated; built on the higheſt part of the rampart, and commanding that noble vale, or rather plain, one of the richeſt in Europe, which extends on one ſide to the ſea, and in front to the Pyrenees; whoſe towering maſſes, heaped one upon another, in a ſtupendous manner, and covered with ſnow, offer a variety of lights and ſhades from indented forms, and the immenſity of their projections. This proſpect, which contains a ſemi-circle of an hundred miles diameter, has an oceanic vaſtneſs, in which the eye loſes itſelf; an almoſt boundleſs ſcene of cultivation; an animated, but confuſed maſs of infinitely varied parts—melting gradually into the diſtant obſcure, from which emerges the amazing frame of the Pyrenees, rearing their ſilvered heads far above the clouds. At Montauban, I met Capt. Plampin, of the royal navy; he was with Major Crew, who has a houſe and family here, to which he politely carried us; it is ſweetly ſituated on the ſkirts of the town, commanding a fine view; they were ſo obliging as to reſolve my enquiries upon ſome points, of which a reſidence made them complete judges. Living is reckoned cheap here; a family was named to us, whoſe income was ſuppoſed to be about 1500 louis a-year, and who lived as handſomely as in England on 5000l. The comparative dearneſs and cheapneſs of different countries, is a ſubject of conſiderable importance, but difficult to analize. As I conceive the Engliſh to have made far greater advances in the uſeful arts, and in manufactures, than the French have done, England ought to be the cheaper country. What we meet with in France, is a cheap *mode of living*, which is quite another conſideration.——30 miles.

The 13th. Paſs Griſolles, where are well built cottages without glaſs, and ſome with no other light than the door. Dine at Pompinion, at the Grand Soleil, an uncommonly good inn, where Capt. Plampin, who accompanied us thus far, took his leave. Here we had a violent ſtorm of thunder and lightning, with rain much heavier I thought than I had known in England; but, when we ſet out for Toulouze, I was immediately convinced that ſuch a violent ſhower had never fallen in that kingdom; for the deſtruction it had poured on the noble ſcene of cultivation, which but a moment before was ſmiling with exuberance, was terrible to behold. All now one ſcene of diſtreſs: the fineſt crops of wheat beaten ſo flat to the ground, that I queſtion whether they can ever riſe again; other fields ſo inundated, that we were actually in doubt whether we were looking on what was lately land or always water. The ditches had been filled rapidly with mud, had overflowed the road; and ſwept dirt and gravel over the crops.

Croſs one of the fineſt plains of wheat that is any where to be ſeen; the ſtorm, therefore, was fortunately partial. Paſs St. Jorry; a noble road, but not better than in Limoſin. It is a deſert to the very gates; meet not more perſons than if it were 100 miles from any town.——31 miles.

The 14th. View the city, which is very ancient and very large, but not peopled in proportion to its ſize: the buildings are a mixture of brick and wood, and have conſequently a melancholy appearance. This place has always prided itſelf on its taſte for literature and the fine arts. It has had a univerſity ſince 1215; and it pretends that its famous academy of Jeux Floraux is as old as 1323. It has alſo a royal academy of ſciences, another of painting, ſculpture, and architecture. The church of the Cordelliers has vaults, into which we deſcended, that have the property of preſerving dead bodies from corruption; we ſaw many that they aſſert to be 500 years old. If I had a vault well lighted, that would preſerve the countenance and phyſiognomy as well as the fleſh and bones, I ſhould like to have it peopled with all my anceſtors; and this deſire would, I ſuppoſe, be proportioned to their merit and celebrity; but to one like this, that preſerves cadaverous deformity, and gives perpetuity to death, the voracity of a common grave is preferable. But Toulouze is not without objects more intereſting than churches and academies; theſe are the new quay, the corn mills; and the canal de Brien. The quay is of a great length, and in all reſpects a noble work: the houſes intended to be built will be regular like thoſe already erected, in a ſtile aukward and inelegant. The canal de Brien, ſo called from the archbiſhop of Toulouze, afterwards prime miniſter and cardinal, was planned and executed in order to join the Garonne at Toulouze with the canal of Languedoc, which is united at two miles from the town with the ſame river. The neceſſity of ſuch a junction ariſes from the navigation of the river in the town being abſolutely impeded by the wear which is made acroſs it in favour of the corn mills. It paſſes arched under the quay to the river, and one ſluice levels the water with that of Languedoc canal. It is broad enough for ſeveral barges to paſs abreaſt. Theſe undertakings have been well planned, and their execution is truly magnificent: there is however more magnificence than trade; for while the Languedoc canal is alive with commerce, that of Brien is a deſert.

Among other things we viewed at Toulouze, was the houſe of Monſ. du Barrè, brother of the huſband of the celebrated counteſs. By ſome tranſactions, favourable to anecdote, which enabled him to draw her from obſcurity, and afterwards to marry her to his brother, he contrived to make a pretty conſiderable fortune. On the firſt floor is one principal and complete apartment, containing ſeven or eight rooms, fitted up and furniſhed with ſuch profuſion of expence, that if a fond lover, at the head of a kingdom's finances, were decorating for his miſtreſs, he could hardly give in large any thing that is not here to be ſeen on a moderate ſcale. To thoſe who are fond of gilding here is enough to ſatiate; ſo much that to an Engliſh eye it has too gaudy an appearance. But the glaſſes are large and numerous. The drawing-room very elegant (gilding always excepted).—Here I remarked a contrivance which has a pleaſing effect; that of a looking-glaſs before the chimnies, inſtead of thoſe various ſcreens uſed in England: it ſlides backwards and forwards into the wall of the room. There is a portrait of Madame du Barrè, which is ſaid to be very like; if it really is, one would pardon a King ſome follies committed at the ſhrine of ſo much beauty—As to the garden, it is beneath all contempt, except as an object to make a man ſtare at the efforts to which folly can arrive: in the ſpace of an acre, there are hills of genuine earth, mountains of paſteboard, rocks of canvaſs: abbeés, cows, ſheep, and ſhepherdeſſes in lead; monkeys and peaſants, aſſes and altars, in ſtone. Fine ladies and blackſmiths, parrots and lovers, in wood. Windmills and cottages, ſhops and villages, nothing excluded except nature.

The 15th. Meet Highlanders, who put me in mind of thoſe of Scotland; ſaw them firſt at Montauban; they have round flat caps, and looſe breeches: "Pipers, blue bonnets, and oat-meal, are found," ſays Sir James Stuart, "in Catalonia, Auvergne and Swabia, as well as in Lochabar."

Many of the women here are without ſtockings. Meet them coming from the market, with their ſhoes in their baſkets. The Pyrenees, at ſixty miles diſtance, appear now ſo diſtinct, that one would gueſs it not more than fifteen; the lights and ſhades of the ſnow are ſeen clearly.——30 miles.

The 16th. A ridge of hills on the other ſide of the Garonne, which began at Toulouze, became more and more regular yeſterday; and is undoubtedly the moſt diſtant ramification of the Pyrenees, reaching into this vaſt vale quite to Toulouze, but no farther. Approach the mountains; the lower ones are all cultivated, but the higher ſeem covered with wood: the road now is bad all the way. Meet many waggons, each loaded with two caſks of wine, quite backward in the carriage and as the hind wheels are much higher than the lower ones, it ſhews that theſe mountaineers have more ſenſe than John Bull. The wheels of theſe waggons are all ſhod with wood inſtead of iron. Here, for the firſt time, ſee rows of maples, with vines, trained in feſtoons, from tree to tree; they are conducted by a rope of bramble, vine cutting, or willow. They give many grapes, but bad wine. Paſs St. Martino, and then a large village of well built houſes, without a ſingle glaſs window.——30 miles.

The 17th. St. Gaudens is an improving town, with many new houſes, ſomething more than comfortable. An uncommon view of St. Bertrand; you break at once upon a vale ſunk deep enough beneath the point of view to command every hedge and tree, with that town cluſtered round its large cathedral, on a riſing ground; if it had been built purpoſely to add a feature to a ſingular proſpect, it could not have been better placed. The mountains riſe proudly around, and give their rough frame to this exquiſite little picture.

Croſs the Garonne, by a new bridge of one fine arch, built of hard blue limeſtone. Medlars, plumbs, cherries, maples in every hedge, with vines trained.—Stop at Laureſſe; after which the mountains almoſt cloſe, and leave only a narrow vale; the Garonne and the road occupying ſome portion of it. Immenſe quantities of poultry in all this country; moſt of it the people ſalt and keep in greaſe. We taſted a ſoup made of the leg of a gooſe thus kept, and it was not nearly ſo bad as I expected.

Every crop here is backward, and betrays a want of ſun; no wonder, for we have been long travelling on the banks of a rapid river, and muſt now be very high, though ſtill apparently in vales. The mountains, in paſſing on, grow more intereſting. Their beauty, to northern eyes, is very ſingular; the black and dreary proſpects which our mountains offer are known to every one; but here the climate cloaths them with verdure, and the higheſt ſummits in ſight are covered with wood; there is ſnow on ſtill higher ridges.

Quit the Garonne ſome leagues before Sirpe, where the river Neſte falls into it. The road to Bagnere is along this river, in a very narrow valley, at one end of which is built the town of Luchon, the termination of our journey; which to me has been one of the moſt agreeable I ever undertook; the good humour and good ſenſe of my companions are well calculated for travelling; one renders a journey pleaſing, and the other inſtructive.—Having now croſſed the kingdom, and been in many French inns, I ſhall in general obſerve, that they are on an average better in two reſpects, and worſe in all the reſt, than thoſe in England. We have lived better in point of eating and drinking beyond a queſtion, than we ſhould have done in going from London to the Highlands of Scotland, at double the expence. But if in England the beſt of every thing is ordered, without any attention to the expence, we ſhould for double the money have lived better than we have done in France; the common cookery of the French gives great advantage. It is true, they roaſt every thing to a chip, if they are not cautioned: but they give ſuch a number and variety of diſhes, that if you do not like ſome, there are others to pleaſe your palate. The deſert at a French inn has no rival at an Engliſh one; nor are the liqueurs to be deſpiſed.—We ſometimes have met with bad wine, but upon the whole, far better than ſuch port as Engliſh inns give. Beds are better in France; in England they are good only at good inns; and we have none of that torment, which is ſo perplexing in England, to have the ſheets aired; for we never trouble our heads about them, doubtleſs on account of the climate. After theſe two points, all is a blank. You have no parlour to eat in; only a room with two, three, or four beds. Apartments badly fitted up; the walls white-waſhed; or paper of different ſorts in the ſame room; or tapeſtry ſo old, as to be a fit nidus for moths and ſpiders; and the furniture ſuch, that an Engliſh innkeeper would light his fire with it. For a table, you have every where a board laid on croſs bars, which are ſo conveniently contrived, as to leave room for your legs only at the end.—Oak chairs with ruſh bottoms, and the back univerſally a direct perpendicular, that defies all idea of reſt after fatigue. Doors give muſic as well as entrance; the wind whiſtles through their chinks; and hinges grate diſcord. Windows admit rain as well as light; when ſhut they are not eaſy to open; and when open not eaſy to ſhut. Mops, brooms, and ſcrubbing-bruſhes are not in the catalogue of the neceſſaries of a French inn. Bells there are none; the *fille* muſt always be bawled for; and when ſhe appears, is neither neat, well dreſſed, nor handſome. The kitchen is black with ſmoke; the maſter commonly the cook, and the leſs you ſee of the cooking, the more likely you are to have a ſtomach to your dinner; but this is not peculiar to France. Copper utenſils always in plenty, but not always well tinned. The miſtreſs rarely claſſes civility or attention to her gueſts among the requiſites of her trade.——30 miles.

The 28th. Having being now ten days fixed in our lodgings, which the Count de la Rochefoucauld's friends had provided for us; it is time to minute a few particulars of our life here. Monſ. Lazowſki and myſelf have two good rooms on a ground floor, with beds in them, and a ſervant's room, for 4 liv. (3s. 6d.) a-day. We are ſo unaccuſtomed in England to live in our bed-chambers, that it is at firſt aukward in France to find that people live no where elſe: At all the inns I have been in, it has been always in bed-rooms; and here I find, that every body, let his rank be what it may, lives in his bed-chamber. This is novel; our Engliſh cuſtom is far more convenient, as well as more pleaſing. But this habit I claſs with the œconomy of the French. The day after we came, I was introduced to the La Rochefoucauld party, with whom we have lived; it conſiſts of the duke and dutcheſs de la Rochefoucauld, daughter of the duke de Chabot; her brother, the prince de Laon and his princeſs, the daughter of the duke de Montmorenci; the count de Chabot, another brother of the dutcheſs de la Rochefoucauld; the marquis D'Aubourval, who, with my two fellow-travellers and myſelf, made a party of nine at dinner and ſupper. A traiteur ſerves our table at 4 liv. a head for the two meals, two courſes and a good deſert for dinner; for ſupper one, and a deſert; the whole very well ſerved, with every thing in ſeaſon: the wine ſeparate, at 6ſ. (3d.) a bottle. With difficulty the Count's groom found a ſtable. Hay is little ſhort of 5l. Engliſh per ton; oats much the ſame price as in England, but not ſo good: ſtraw dear, and ſo ſcarce, that very often there is no litter at all.

The States of Languedoc are building a large and handſome bathing houſe, to contain various ſeparate cells, with baths, and a large common room, with two arcades to walk in, free from ſun and rain. The preſent baths are horrible holes; the patients lie up to their chins in hot ſulphureous water, which, with the beaſtly dens they are placed in, one would think ſufficient to cauſe as many diſtempers as they cure. They are reſorted to for cutaneous eruptions. The life led here has very little variety. Thoſe who bathe or drink the waters, do it at half after five or ſix in the morning; but my friend and myſelf are early in the mountains, which are here ſtupendous; we wander among them to admire the wild and beautiful ſcenes which are to be met with in almoſt every direction. The whole region of the Pyrenees is of a nature and aſpect ſo totally different from every thing that I had been accuſtomed to, that theſe excurſions were productive of much amuſement. Cultivation is here carried to a conſiderable perfection in ſeveral articles, eſpecially in the irrigation of meadows: we ſeek out the moſt intelligent peaſants, and have many and long converſations with thoſe who underſtand French, which however is not the caſe with all, for the language of the country is a mixture of Catalan, Provencal, and French.—This, with examining the minerals (an article for which the duke de la Rochefoucauld likes to accompany us, as he poſſeſſes a conſiderable knowledge in that branch of natural hiſtory), and with noting the plants with which we are acquainted, ſerves well to keep our time employed ſufficiently to our taſte. The ramble of the morning finiſhed, we return in time to dreſs for dinner, at half after twelve or one: then adjourn to the drawing-room of madam de la Rochefoucauld, or the counteſs of Grandval alternately, the only ladies who have apartments large enough to contain the whole company. None are excluded; as the firſt thing done, by every perſon who arrives, is to pay a morning viſit to each party already in the place; the viſit is returned, and then every body is of courſe acquainted at theſe aſſemblies, which laſt till the evening is cool enough for walking. There is nothing in them but cards, trick-track, cheſs, and ſometimes muſic; but the great feature is cards: I need not add, that I abſented myſelf often from theſe parties, which are ever mortally inſipid to me in England, and not leſs ſo in France. In the evening, the company ſplits into different parties, for their promenade, which laſts till half an hour after eight; ſupper is ſerved at nine: there is, after it, an hour's converſation in the chamber of one of our ladies; and this is the beſt part of the day,—for the chat is free, lively, and unaffected; and uninterrupted, unleſs on a poſt-day, when the duke has ſuch packets of papers and pamphlets, that they turn us all into politicians. All the world are in bed by eleven. In this arrangement of the day, no circumſtance is ſo objectionable as that of dining at noon, the conſequence of eating no breakfaſt; for as the ceremony of dreſſing is kept up, you muſt be at home from any morning's excurſion by twelve o'clock. This ſingle circumſtance, if adhered to, would be ſufficient to deſtroy any purſuits, except the moſt frivolous. Dividing the day exactly in halves, deſtroys it for any expedition, enquiry, or buſineſs that demands ſeven or eight hours attention, uninterrupted by any calls to the table or the toilette: calls which, after fatigue or exertion, are obeyed with refreſhment and with pleaſure. We dreſs for dinner in England with propriety, as the reſt of the day is dedicated to eaſe, to converſe, and relaxation; but by doing it at noon, too much time is loſt. What is a man good for after his ſilk breeches and ſtockings are on, his hat under his arm, and his head *bien poudrè?*—Can he botanize in a watered meadow?—Can he clamber the rocks to mineralize?—Can he farm with the peaſant and the ploughman?—He is in order for the converſation of the ladies, which to be ſure is in every country, but particularly in France, where the women are highly cultivated, an excellent employment; but it is an employment that never reliſhes better than after a day ſpent in active toil or animated purſuit; in ſomething that has enlarged the ſphere of our conceptions, or added to the ſtores of our knowledge.—I am induced to make this obſervation, becauſe the noon dinners are cuſtomary all over France, except by perſons of conſiderable faſhion at Paris. They cannot be treated with too much ridicule or ſeverity, for they are abſolutely hoſtile to every view of ſcience, to every ſpirited exertion, and to every uſeful purſuit in life.

Living in this way, however, with ſeveral perſons of the firſt faſhon in the kingdom, is an object to a foreigner ſolicitous to remark the manners and character of the nation. I have every reaſon to be pleaſed with the experiment, as it affords me a conſtant opportunity to enjoy the advantages of an unaffected and poliſhed ſociety, in which an invariable ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, mildneſs of character, and what in Engliſh we emphatically call *good temper*, eminently prevails:—ſeeming to ariſe—at leaſt I conjecture it, from a thouſand little nameleſs and peculiar circumſtances; not reſulting entirely from the perſonal character of the individuals, but apparently holding of the national one.—Beſide the perſons I have named, there are among others at our aſſemblies, the marquis and marchioneſs de Hautfort; the duke and dutcheſs de Ville (this dutcheſs is among the good order of beings); the chevalier de Peyrac; Monſ. l'Abbé Baſtard; baron de Serres; viſcounteſs Duhamel; the biſhops of Croire and Montauban; Monſ. de la Marche; the baron de Montagu, a cheſs player; the chevalier de Cheyron; and Monſ. de Bellecomb, who commanded in Pondicherry, and was taken by the Engliſh. There are alſo about half a dozen young officers, and three or four abbeés.

If I may hazard a remark on the converſation of French aſſemblies, from what I have known here, I ſhould praiſe them for equanimity but condemn them for inſipidity. All vigour of thought ſeems ſo excluded from expreſſion, that characters of ability and of inanity meet nearly on a par: tame and elegant, unintereſting and polite, the mingled maſs of communicated ideas has powers neither to offend nor inſtruct; where there is much poliſh of character there is little argument; and if you neither argue nor diſcuſs, what is converſation?—Good temper, and habitual eaſe, are the firſt ingredients in private ſociety; but wit, knowledge, or originalty, muſt break their even ſurface into ſome inequality of feeling, or converſation is like a journey on an endleſs flat.

Of the rural beauties we have to contemplate, the valley of Larbouſſe, in a nook of which the town of Luchon is ſituated, is the principal, with its ſurrounding accompanyment of mountain. The range that bounds it to the north, is bare of wood but covered with cultivation; and a large village, about three parts of its height, is perched on a ſteep, that almoſt makes the unaccuſtomed eye tremble with apprehenſion, that the village, church, and people will come tumbling into the valley. Villages thus perched, like eagles neſts on rocks, are a general circumſtance in the Pyrenees, which appear to be wonderfully peopled. The mountain, that forms the weſtern wall of the valley, is of a prodigious magnitude. Watered meadow and cultivation riſe more than one-third the height. A foreſt of oak and beech forms a noble belt above it; higher ſtill is a region of ling; and above all ſnow. From whatever point viewed, this mountain is commanding from its magnitude, and beautiful from its luxuriant foliage. The range which cloſes in the valley to the eaſt is of a character different from the others; it has more variety, more cultivation, villages, foreſts, glens, and caſcades. That of Gouzat, which turns a mill as ſoon as it falls from the mountain, is romantic, with every accompanyment neceſſary to give a high degree of picturesque beauty. There are features in that of Montauban, which Claude Loraine would not have failed transfuſing on his canvaſs; and the view of the vale from the cheſnut rock is gay and animated. The termination of our valley to the ſouth is ſtriking; the river Neſte pours in inceſſant caſcades over the rocks that ſeem an eternal reſiſtance. The eminence in the centre of a ſmall vale, on which is an old tower, is a wild and romantic ſpot; the roar of the waters beneath unites in effect with the mountains, whoſe towering foreſts, finiſhing in ſnow, give an awful grandeur, a gloomy greatneſs to the ſcene; and ſeem to raiſe a barrier of ſeparation between the kingdoms, too formidable even for armies to paſs. But what are rocks, and mountains, and ſnow, when oppoſed to human ambition?—In the receſſes of the pendent woods, the bears find their habitation on the rocks, and above, the eagles have their neſts. All around is great; the ſublime of nature, with impoſing majeſty, impreſſes awe upon the mind; attention is rivetted to the ſpot; and imagination, with all its excurſive powers, ſeeks not to wander beyond the ſcene.

Deepens the murmurs of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.

To view theſe ſcenes tolerably, is a buſineſs of ſome days; and ſuch is the climate here, or at leaſt has been ſince I was at Bagnere de Luchon, that not more than one day in three is to be depended on for fine weather. The heights of the mountains is ſuch, that the clouds, perpetually broken, pour down quantities of rain. From June 26th to July 2d, we had one heavy ſhower, which laſted without intermiſſion for ſixty hours. The mountains, though ſo near, were hidden to their baſes in the clouds. They do not only arreſt the fleeting ones, which are paſſing in the atmoſphere,

moſphere, but ſeem to have a generative power; for you ſee ſmall ones at firſt, like thin vapour riſing out of glens, forming on the ſides of the hills, and increaſing by degrees, till they become clouds heavy enough to reſt on the tops, or elſe riſe into the atmoſphere, and paſs away with others.

Among the original tenants of this immenſe range of mountains, the firſt in point of dignity, from the importance of the miſchief they do, are the bears. There are both ſorts, carnivorous and vegetable-eaters; the latter are more miſchievous than their more terrible brethren, coming down in the night and eating the corn, particularly buck-wheat and maize; and they are ſo nice in chooſing the ſweeteſt ears of the latter, that they trample and ſpoil infinitely more than they eat. The carnivorous bears wage war againſt the cattle and ſheep, ſo that no ſtock can be left in the fields at night. Flocks muſt be watched by ſhepherds, who have fire-arms, and the aſſiſtance of many ſtout and fierce dogs; and cattle are ſhut up in ſtables every night in the year. Sometimes, by accident, they wander from their keepers, and if left abroad, they run a conſiderable riſque of being devoured.—The bears attack theſe animals by leaping on their back, force the head to the ground, thruſt their paws into the body in the violence of a dreadful hug. There are many hunting days every year for deſtroying them; ſeveral pariſhes joining for that purpoſe. Great numbers of men and boys form a cordon, and drive the wood where the bears are known or ſuſpected to be. They are the fatteſt in winter, when a good one is worth three louis. A bear never ventures to attack a wolf; but ſeveral wolves together, when hungry, will attack a bear, and kill and eat him. Wolves are here only in winter. In ſummer, they are in the very remoteſt parts of the Pyrenees—the moſt diſtant from human habitations: they are here, as every where elſe in France, dreadful to ſheep.

A part of our original plan of travelling to the Pyrenees, was an excurſion into Spain. Our landlord at Luchon had before procured mules and guides for perſons travelling on buſineſs to Saragoſſa and Barcelona, and at our requeſt wrote to Vielle, the firſt Spaniſh town acroſs the mountains, for three mules and a conductor, who ſpeaks French; and being arrived according to appointment, we ſet out on our expedition. *For the regiſter of this Tour into Spain, I muſt refer the reader to the Annals of Agriculture*, vol. viii. p. 193.

July 21. Return.—Leave Jonquieres, where the countenances and manners of the people would make one believe all the inhabitants were ſmugglers. Come to a moſt noble road, which the King of Spain is making; it begins at the pillars that mark the boundaries of the two monarchies, joining with the French road: it is admirably executed. Here take leave of Spain and re-enter France: the contraſt is ſtriking. When one croſſes the ſea from

Dover to Calais, the preparation and circumſtance of a naval paſſage, lead the mind by ſome gradation to a change: but here, without going through a town, a barrier, or even a wall, you enter a new world. From the natural and miſerable roads of Catalonia, you tread at once on a noble cauſeway, made with all the ſolidity and magnificence that diſtinguiſhes the highways of France. Inſtead of beds of torrents you have well built bridges; and from a country wild, deſert, and poor, we found ourſelves in the midſt of cultivation and improvement. Every other circumſtance ſpoke the ſame language, and told us by ſigns not to be miſtaken, and ſome great and operating cauſe worked an effect too clear to be miſunderſtood. The more one ſees, the more I belive we ſhall be led to think, that there is but one all-powerful cauſe that inſtigates mankind, and that is GOVERNMENT!—Others form exceptions, and give ſhades of difference and diſtinction, but this acts with permanent and univerſal force. The preſent inſtance is remarkable; for Rouſſillon is in fact a part of Spain; the inhabitants are Spaniards in language and in cuſtoms; but they are under a French government.

Great range of the Pyrenees at a diſtance. Meet ſhepherds that ſpeak the Catalan. The cabriolets we meet are Spaniſh. The farmers threſh their corn like the Spaniards. The inns and the houſes are the ſame. Reach Perpignan; there I parted with Monſ. Lazowſki. He returned to

Bagnere de Luchon, but I had planned a tour in Languedoc, to fill up the time to ſpare.——15 miles.

The 22d. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld had given me a letter to Monſ. Barri de Laſſeuſes, major of a regiment at Perpignan, and who, he ſaid, underſtood agriculture, and would be glad to converſe with me on the ſubject. I ſallied out in the morning to find him, but being Sunday, he was at his country-ſeat at Pia, about a league from the town. I had a roaſting walk thither, over a dry ſtony country under vines. Monſ. Madame, and Mademoiſelle de Laſſeuſes, received me with great politeneſs. I explained the motives of my coming to France, which were not to run idly through the kingdom with the common herd of travellers, but to make myſelf a maſter of their agriculture; that if I found any thing good and applicable to England, I might copy it. He commended the deſign greatly; ſaid it was travelling with a truly laudable motive; but expreſſed much aſtoniſhment, as it was ſo uncommon; and was very ſure there was not a ſingle Frenchman in all England on ſuch an errand. He deſired I would ſpend the day with him. I found the vineyard the chief part of his huſbandry, but he had ſome arable land, managed in the ſingular manner of that province. He pointed to a village which he ſaid was Riveſalta, which produced ſome of the moſt famous wine in France; at dinner I found that it merited its reputation. In the evening re-to Perpignan, after a day fertile in uſeful information.——8 miles.

The 23d. Take the road to Narbonne. Paſs Riveſalta. Under the mountain there is the largeſt ſpring I ever ſaw. Otters-Pool and Hollywell are bubbles to it. It riſes at the foot of the rock, and is able to turn immediately many mills; being at once rather a river than a ſpring. Paſs an uninterrupted flat waſte, without a ſingle tree, houſe, or village for a conſiderable diſtance: by much the ugliest country I have ſeen in France. Great quantities of corn every where treading out with mules, as in Spain. Dine at Sejean, at the Soleil, a good new inn, where I accidentally met with the marquis de Treſſan. He told me, that I muſt be a ſingular perſon to travel ſo far with no other object than argiculture: he never knew nor heard of the like; but approved much of the plan, and wiſhed he could do the ſame.

The roads here are ſtupendous works. I paſſed a hill, cut through to eaſe a deſcent, that was all in the ſolid rock, and coſt 90,000 liv. (3,937l.) yet it extends but a few hundred yards. Three leagues and an half from Sejean to Narbonne coſt 1,800,000 liv. (78,750l.) Theſe ways are ſuperb even to a folly. Enormous ſums have been ſpent to level even gentle ſlopes. The cauſeways are raiſed and walled on each ſide, forming one ſolid maſs of artificial road, carried acroſs the vallies to the height of ſix, ſeven, or eight feet, and never leſs than 50 wide. There is a bridge of a ſingle arch, and a cauſeway to it, truly magnificent; we have not an idea of what ſuch a road is in England, The traffic of the way, however, demands no ſuch exertions; one-third of the breadth is beaten, one-third rough, and one-third covered with weeds. In 36 miles, I have met one cabriolet, half a dozen carts, and ſome old women with aſſes. For what all this waſte of treaſure?——In Languedoc, it is true, theſe works are not done by corvées; but there is an injuſtice in levying the amount not far ſhort of them. The money is raiſed by tailles, and, in making the aſſeſſment, lands held by a noble tenure are ſo much eaſed, and others by a baſe one ſo burthened, that 120 arpents in this neighbourhood held by the former, pay 90 liv. and 400 poſſeſſed by a plebeian right, which ought proportionally to pay 300 liv. is, inſtead of that, aſſeſſed at 1400 liv. At Narbonne, the canal which joins that of Languedoc, deſerves attention; it is a very fine work, and will, they ſay, be finiſhed next month.——36 miles.

The 24th. Women without ſtockings, and many without ſhoes; but if their feet are poorly clad they have a *ſuperb* conſolation in walking upon magnificent cauſeways: the new road is 50 feet wide, and 50 more digged away or deſtroyed to make it.

The vintage itſelf can hardly be ſuch a ſcene of activity and animation as this univerſal one of treading out the corn, with which all the towns and villages in Languedoc are now alive. The corn is all roughly ſtacked around a dry firm ſpot, where great numbers of mules and horſes are driven on a trot round a centre, a woman holding the reins, and another, or a girl or two, with whips drive; the men ſupply and clear the floor; other parties are dreſſing, by throwing the corn into the air for the wind to blow away the chaff. Every ſoul is employed, and with ſuch an air of cheerfulneſs, that the people ſeem as well pleaſed with their labour, as the farmer himſelf with his great heaps of wheat. The ſcene is uncommonly animated and joyous. I ſtopped and alighted often to ſee their method; I was always very civilly treated, and my wiſhes for a good price for the farmer, and not too good a one for the poor, well received. This method, which entirely ſaves barns, depends abſolutely on climate: from my leaving Bagnere de Luchon to this moment, all through Catalonia, Rouſſillon, and this part of Languedoc, there has been nothing like rain; but one unvarying clear bright ſky and burning ſun, yet not at all ſuffocating, or to me even unpleaſant. I aſked whether they were not ſometimes caught in the rain? they ſaid, very rarely indeed; but if rain did come, it is ſeldom more than a heavy ſhower, which a hot ſun quickly ſucceeds and dries every thing ſpeedily.

The canal of Languedoc is the capital feature of all this country. The mountain through which it pierces is inſulated, in the midſt of an extended valley, and only half a mile from the road. It is a noble and ſtupendous work, goes through the hill about the breadth of three toiſes, and was digged without ſhafts.

Leave the road, and croſſing the canal, follow it to Beziers; nine ſluice-gates let the water down the hill to join the river at the town.—A noble work! The port is broad enough for four large veſſels to lie abreaſt; the greateſt of them carries from 90 to 100 tons. Many of them were at the quay, ſome in motion, and every ſign of an animated buſineſs. This is the beſt ſight I have ſeen in France. Here Lewis XIV. thou art truly great!—Here, with a generous and benignant hand, thou diſpenſeſt eaſe and wealth to thy people!—*Si ſic omnia*, thy name would indeed have been revered. To effect this noble work, of uniting the two ſeas, leſs money was expended than to beſiege Turin, or to ſeize Straſbourg like a robber. Such an employment of the revenues of a great kingdom is the only laudable way of a monarch's acquiring immortality; all other means make their names ſurvive with thoſe only of the incendiaries, robbers, and violators of mankind. The canal paſſes through the river for about half a league, ſeparated from it by walls which are covered in floods; and then turns off for Cette: Dine at Beziers. Knowing that Monſ. l'Abbé Rozier, the celebrated editor of the Journal Phyſique, and who is now publiſhing a dictionary of huſbandry, which in France has much reputation, lived and farmed near Beziers, I enquired at the inn the way to his houſe. They told me that he had left Beziers two years, but that the houſe was to be ſeen from the ſtreet, and accordingly ſhewed it me from ſomething of a ſquare open on one ſide to the country; adding, that it belonged now to a Monſ. de Rieuſe, who had purchaſed the eſtate of the Abbé. To view the farm of a man celebrated for his writings, was an object, as it would, at leaſt, enable me, in reading his book, to underſtand better the alluſions he might make to the ſoil, ſituation, and other circumſtances. I was ſorry to hear, at the table d'hôte, much ridicule thrown on the Abbé Rozier's huſbandry, that it had *beaucoup de fantaſie mais rien ſolide*; in particular, they treated his paving his vineyards as a ridiculous circumſtance. Such an experiment ſeemed remarkable, and I was glad to hear it, that I might deſire to ſee theſe paved vineyards. The Abbé here, as a farmer, has juſt that character which every man will be ſure to have who departs from the methods of his neighbours; for it is not in the nature of countrymen, that any body ſhould come among them who can preſume with impunity to think for themſelves. I aſked why he left the country? and they gave me a curious anecdote of the biſhop of Beziers cutting a road through the Abbé's farm, at the expence of the province, to lead to the houſe of his (the biſhop's) miſtreſs, which occaſioned ſuch a quarrel that Monſ. Rozier could ſtay no longer in the country. This is a pretty feature of a goverment: that a man is to be forced to ſell his-eſtate, and driven out of a country, becauſe biſhops make love.—I ſuppoſe to their neighbours wives, as no other love is faſhionable in France. Which of my neighbours wives will tempt the biſhop of Norwich to make a road through my farm, and drive me to ſell Bradfield?—I give my authority for this anecdote, the chat of a table d'hôte; it is as likely to be falſe as true; but Languedocian biſhops are certainly not Engliſh ones.—Monſ. de Rieuſe received me politely, and ſatisfied as many of my enquiries as he could; for he knew little more of the Abbé's huſbandry than common report, and what the farm itſelf told him. As to paved vineyards, there was no ſuch thing: the report muſt have taken riſe from a vineyard of Burgundy grapes, which the Abbé planted in a new manner; he ſet them in a curved form, in a foſs, covering them only with flints inſtead of earth; this ſucceeded well. I walked over the farm, which is beautifully ſituated, on the ſlope and top of a hill, which commands Beziers, its rich vale, its navigation, and a fine accompanyment of mountains.

Beziers has a fine promenade; and is becoming, they ſay, a favourite reſidence for the Engliſh, preferring the air to that of Montpellier. Take the road to Pezenas. It leads up a hill, which commands, for ſome time, a view of the Mediterranean. Through all this country, but particularly in the olive grounds, the cricket (*cicala*) makes a conſtant, ſharp, monotonous noiſe; a more odious companion on the road can hardly be imagined. Pezenas opens on a very fine country, a vale of ſix or eight leagues extent all cultivated; a beautiful mixture of vines, mulberries, olives, towns, and ſcattered houſes, with a great deal of fine lucerne; the whole bounded by gentle hills, cultivated to their tops.—At ſupper, at the table d'hôte, we were waited on by a female without ſhoes or ſtockings, exquiſitely ugly, and diffuſing odours not of roſes: there were, however, a croix de St. Louis, and two or three mercantile-looking people that prated with her very familiarly: at an ordinary of farmers, at the pooreſt and remoteſt market village in England, ſuch an animal would not be allowed by the landlord to enter his houſe; or by the gueſts their room.——32 miles.

The 25th. The road, in croſſing a valley to and from a bridge, is a magnificent walled cauſeway, more than a mile long, ten yards wide, and from eight to twelve feet high; with ſtone poſts on each ſide at every ſix yards—a prodigious work.—I know nothing more ſtriking to a traveller than the roads of Languedoc: we have not in England a conception of ſuch exertions; they are ſplendid and ſuperb; and if I could free my mind of the recollection of the unjuſt taxation which pays them, I ſhould travel with admiration at the magnificence diſplayed by the ſtates of this province. The police of theſe roads is however execrable—

crable—for I ſcarcely meet a cart but the driver is aſleep in it.

Taking the road to Montpellier, paſs through a pleaſing country; and by another immenſe walled cauſeway, twelve yards broad and three high, leading cloſe to the ſea. To Pijan, and near Frontignan and Montbaſin, famous for their muſcat wines.—Approach Montpellier; the environs, for near a league, are delicious, and more highly ornamented than any thing I have ſeen in France. —Villas well built, clean, and comfortable, with every appearance of wealthy owners, are ſpread thickly through the country: They are, in general, pretty ſquare buildings; ſome very large. Montpellier, with the air rather of a great capital than of a provincial town, covers a hill that ſwells proudly to the view.—But on entering it, you experience a diſappointment from narrow, ill-built, crooked ſtreets, but full of people, and apparently alive with buſineſs; yet there is no conſiderable manufacture in the place; the principal are verdigreaſe, ſilk handkerchiefs, blankets, perfumes and *liqueurss*. The great object for a ſtranger to view is the promenade or ſquare, for it partakes of both, called the Perou.—There is a magnificent aqueduct on three tires of arches for ſupplying the city with water, from a hill at a conſiderable diſtance; a very noble work; a *chateau d'eau* receives the water in a circular baſon, from which it falls into an external reſervoir, to ſupply the city, and the *jets d'eau* that cool the air of a garden below, the whole in a fine ſquare conſiderably elevated above the ſurrounding ground, walled in with a balluſtrade, and other mural decorations, and in the centre a good equeſtrian ſtatue of Louis XIV. There is an air of real grandeur and magnificene in this uſeful work, that ſtruck me more than any thing at Verſailles. The view is alſo ſingularly beautiful. To the ſouth, the eye wanders with delight over a rich vale, ſpread with villas, and terminated by the ſea. To the north, a ſeries of cultivated hills. On one ſide, the vaſt range of the Pyrenees trend away till loſt in remoteneſs. On the other, the eternal ſnows of the Alps pierce the clouds. The whole view one of the moſt ſtupendous to be ſeen, when a clear ſky approximates theſe diſtant objects.——32 miles.

The 26th. The fair of Beaucaire fills the whole country with buſineſs and motion; meet many carts loaded; and nine diligences going or coming. Yeſterday and to day the hoteſt I ever experienced; we had none like them in Spain—the flies much worſe than the heat.——30 miles.

The 27th. The amphitheatre of Niſmes is a prodigious work, which ſhews how well the Romans had adapted theſe edifices to the abominable uſes to which they were erected. The convenience of a theatre that could hold 17000 ſpectators without confuſion; the magnitude; the maſſive and ſubſtantial manner in which it is built without mortar, that has withſtood the attacks of the weather, and the worſe depredations of the barbarians in the various revolutions of ſixteen centuries, all ſtrike the attention forcibly.

I viewed the Maiſon Quarré laſt night; again this morning, and twice more in the day; it is beyond all compariſon the moſt light, elegant, and pleaſing builing I ever beheld. Without any magnitude to render it impoſing; without any extraordinary magnificence to ſurprize, it rivets attention. There is a magic harmony in the proportions that charms the eye. One can fix on no particular part of pre-eminent beauty; it is one perfect whole of ſymmetry and grace. What an infatuation in modern architects, that can overlook the chaſte and elegant ſimplicity of taſte, manifeſt in ſuch a work; and yet rear ſuch piles of laboured foppery and heavineſs as are to be met with in France. The temple of Diana, as it is called, and the ancient baths, with their modern reſtoration, and the promenade, form parts of the ſame ſcene, and are magnificent decorations of the city. I was, in relation to the baths, in ill luck, for the water was all drawn off, in order to clean them and the canals.—The Roman pavements are ſingularly beautiful, and in high preſervation. My quarters at Niſmes were at the Louvre, a large, commodious, and excellent inn, the houſe was almoſt as much a fair from morning to night as Beaucaire itſelf could be. I dined and ſupped at the table d'hôte; the cheapneſs of theſe tables ſuits my finances, and one ſees ſomething of the manners of the people; we ſat down from twenty to forty at every meal, moſt motley companies of French, Italians, Spaniards, and Germans, with a Greek and Armenian; and I was informed, that there is hardly a nation in Europe or Aſia; that have not merchants at this great fair, chiefly for raw ſilk, of which many millions in value are ſold in four days: all the other commodities of the world are to be found there.

One circumſtance I muſt remark on this numerous table d'hôte, becauſe it has ſtruck me repeatedly, which is the taciturnity of the French. I came to the kingdom expecting to have my ears conſtantly fatigued with the infinite volubility and ſpirits of the people, of which ſo many perſons have written, ſitting, I ſuppoſe, by their Engliſh fire-ſides. At Montpellier, though 15 perſons and ſome of them ladies were preſent, I found it impoſſible to make them break their inflexible ſilence with more than a monoſyllable, and the whole company ſat more like an aſſembly of tongue-tied quakers, than the mixed company of a people famous for loquacity. Here alſo, at Niſmes, with a different party at every meal it is the ſame; not a Frenchman will open his lips. To day at dinner, hopeleſs of that nation, and fearing to loſe the uſe of an organ they had ſo little inclination to employ, I fixed myſelf by a Spaniard, and having been ſo lately in his country, I found him ready to converſe, and tolerably communicative; but we had more converſation than thiry other perſons maintained among themſelves.

The 28th. Early in the morning to the Pont du Gard, through a plain covered with vaſt plantations of olives to the left, but much waſte rocky land. At the firſt view of that celebrated aqueduct, I was rather diſappointed, having expected ſomething of greater magnitude; but ſoon found the error: I was, on examining it more nearly, convinced that it poſſeſſed every quality that ought to make a ſtrong impreſſion. It is a ſtupendous work; the magnitude, and the maſſive ſolidity of the architecture, which may probably endure two or three thouſand years more, united with the undoubted utility of the undertaking, to give us a high idea of the ſpirit of exertion which executed it for the ſupply of a provincial town: the ſurprize, however, may ceaſe, when we conſider the nations enſlaved that were the workmen.—Returning to Niſmes, meet many merchants returning from the fair; each with a child's drum tied to their cloakbag: my own little girl was too much in my head not to love them for this mark of attention to their children;—but why a drum?—Have they not had enough of the military in a kingdom, where they are excluded from all the honours, reſpect, and emolument, that can flow from the ſword?—I like Niſmes much; and if the inhabitants are at all on a par with the appearance of their city, I ſhould prefer it for a reſidence to moſt, if not all the towns I have ſeen in France. The theatre, however, is a capital point, in that Montpellier is ſaid to exceed it.——24 miles.

The 29th. Paſs ſix leagues of a diſagreeable country to Sauve. Vines and olives. The chateau of Monſ. Sabbatier ſtrikes in this wild country; he has incloſed much with dry walls, planted many mulberries and olives, which are young, thriving, and well incloſed, yet the ſoil is ſo ſtony, that no earth is viſible; ſome of his walls are four feet thick, and one of them twelve thick and five high, whence it ſeems, he thinks moving the ſtones a neceſſary improvement, which I much queſtion. He has built three or four new farm-houſes; I ſuppoſe he reſides on this eſtate for improving it. I hope he does not *ſerve*; that no moon-ſhine purſuit may divert him from a conduct honourable to himſelf, and beneficial to his country.—Leaving Sauve, I was much ſtruck with a large tract of land, ſeemingly nothing but huge rocks; yet moſt of it incloſed and planted with the moſt induſtrious attention. Every man has an olive, a mulberry, an almond, or a peach-tree, and vines ſcattered among them; ſo that the whole ground is covered with the oddeſt mixture of theſe plants, and bulging rocks that can be conceived. The inhabitants of this village deſerve encouragement for their induſtry; and if I was a French miniſter, they ſhould have it. They would ſoon turn all the deſerts around them into gardens. Such a knot of active huſbandmen, who turn their rocks into ſcenes of of fertility, becauſe I ſuppoſe THEIR OWN, would do the ſame by the waſtes, if animated by the ſame omnipotent principle. Dine at St. Hyppolite, with eight proteſtant merchants returning home to Rouverge, from the fair of Beaucaire; as we parted at the ſame time, we travelled together; and from their converſation, I learned ſome circumſtances of which I wanted to be informed; they told me alſo, that mulberries extend beyond Vigan, but then, and eſpecially about Milhaud, almonds take their place, and are in very great quantities.

My Rouverge friends preſſed me to paſs with them to Milhaud and Rodez, aſſured me, that the cheapneſs of their province was ſo great, that it would tempt me to live ſome time amongſt them. That I might have a houſe at Milhaud, of four tolerable rooms on a floor furniſhed, for 12 louis a-year; and live in the utmoſt plenty with all my family, if I would bring them over, for 100 louis a-year: that there were many families of nobleſſe, who ſubſiſted on 50, and even on 25 a-year. Such anecdotes of cheapneſs are only curious when conſidered in a political light, as contributing on one hand to the welfare of individuals; and on the other, as contributing to the proſperity, wealth, and power of the kingdom; if I ſhould meet with many ſuch inſtances, and alſo with others directly contrary, it will be neceſſary to conſider them more at large.——30 miles.

The 30th. Going out of Gange, I was ſurpriſed to find by far the greateſt exertion in irrigation which I had yet ſeen in France; and then paſs by ſome ſteep mountains, highly cultivated in terraces. Much watering at St. Laurence. The ſcenery very intereſting to a farmer. From Gange, to the mountain of rough ground which I croſſed, the ride has been the moſt intereſting which I have taken in France; the efforts of induſtry the moſt vigorous; the animation the moſt lively. An activity has been here, that has ſwept away all difficulties before it, and has cloathed the very rocks with verdure. It would be a diſgrace to common ſenſe to aſk the cauſe: the enjoyment of property *muſt* have done it. Give a man the ſecure poſſeſſion of a bleak rock, and he will turn it into a garden; give him a nine years leaſe of a garden, and he will convert it into a deſert. To Montadier, over a rough mountain covered with box and lavender; it is a beggarly village, with an auberge that made me almoſt ſhrink. Some cut throat figures were eating black bread, whoſe viſages had ſo much of the gallies that I thought I heard their chains rattle. I looked at their legs, and could not but imagine they had no buſineſs to be free. There is a ſpecies of countenance here ſo horridly bad, that it is impoſſible to be miſtaken in one's reading. I was quite alone, and abſolutely without arms. Till this moment, I had not dreamt of carrying piſtols: I ſhould now have been better ſatisfied, if I had had them. The maſter of the auberge, who ſeemed firſt couſin to his gueſts, procured for me ſome wretched bread with difficulty, but it was not black.—No meat, no eggs, no legumes, and execrable wine: no corn for my mule; no hay; no ſtraw; no graſs: the loaf fortunately was large; I took a piece, and ſliced the reſt for my four-footed Spaniſh friend, who ate it thankfully, but the aubergiſte growled.—Deſcend by a winding and excellent road to Maudieres, where a vaſt arch is thrown acroſs the torrent. Paſs St. Maurice, and croſs a ruined foreſt amongſt fragments of trees. Deſcend three hours, by a moſt noble road hewn out of the mountain ſide to Lodeve, a dirty, ugly, ill built town, with crooked cloſe ſtreets, but populous, and very induſtrious.—Here I drank excellent light and pleaſing white wine at 5*ſ.* a bottle.——36 miles.

The 31ſt. Croſs a mountain by a miſerable road, and reach Beg de Rieux, which ſhares with Carcaſſonne, the fabric of Londrins, for the Levant trade.—Croſs much waſte to Beziers.—I met to-day with an inſtance of ignorance in a well dreſſed French merchant, that ſurpriſed me. He had plagued me with abundance of tireſome fooliſh queſtions, and then aſked for the third or fourth time what country I was of. I told him I was a Chineſe. How far off is that country?—I replied, 200 leagues. *Deux cents lieus! Diable! c'eſt un grand chemin!* The other day a Frenchman aſked me, after telling him I was an Engliſhman, If we had trees in England?—I replied, that we had a few. Had we any rivers?—Oh, none at all. *Ah ma foi c'eſt bien trieſte!* This incredible ignorance, when compared with the knowledge ſo univerſally diſſeminated in England, is to be attributed, like every thing elſe, to government.——40 miles.

AUGUST 1. Leave Beziers, in order to go to Capeſtan by the pierced mountain. Croſs the canal of Languedoc ſeveral times; and over many waſtes to Pleraville. The Pyrenees now full to the left, and their roots but a few leagues off. At Carcaſſonne they carried me to a fountain of muddy water, and to a gate of the barracks; but I was better pleaſed to ſee ſeveral large good houſes of manufacturers, that ſhew wealth. ——40 miles.

The 2d. Paſs a conſiderable convent, with a long line of front, and riſe to Fanjour——16 miles.

The 3d. At Mirepoix they are building a moſt magnificent bridge of ſeven flat arches, each of 64 feet ſpan, which will coſt 1,800,000 liv. (78,750l.); it has been 12 years erecting, and will be finiſhed in two more. The weather for ſevedays has been as fine as poſſible, but very hot; to-day the heat was ſo diſagreeable, that I reſted from 12 to 3 at Mirepoix; and found it ſo burning, that it was an effort to go half a quarter of a mile to view the bridge. The myriads of flies were ready to devour me, and I could hardly ſupport any light in the room. Riding fatigued me, and I enquired for a carriage of ſome ſort to carry me, while theſe great heats ſhould continue; I had done the ſame at Carcaſſonne; but nothing like a cabriolet of any ſort was to be had. When it is recollected that that place is one of the moſt conſiderable manufacturing towns in France, containing 15,000 people, and that Mirepoix is far from being a mean place, and yet not a voiture of any kind to be had, how will an Engliſhman bleſs himſelf for the univerſal conveniences that are ſpread through his own country, in which I believe there is not a town of 1500 people in the kingdom where poſt chaiſes and able horſes are not to be had at a moment's warning? What a contraſt! This confirms the fact deducible from the little traffic on the roads even around Paris itſelf. Circulation is ſtagnant in France.—The heat was ſo great that I left Mirepoix diſordered with it: This was by far the hotteſt day that I ever felt. The hemiſphere ſeemed almoſt in a flame with burning rays that rendered it impoſſible to turn ones eyes within many degrees of the radiant orb that now blazed in the heavens.—Croſs another fine new bridge of three arches; and come to a woodland, the firſt I have ſeen for a great diſtance. Many vines about Pamiers, which is ſituated in a beautiful vale, upon a fine river. The place itſelf is ugly, ſtinking, and ill built; with an inn! Adieu, Monſ. Gaſcit; if fate ſends me to ſuch another houſe as thine—be it an expiation for my ſins!——28 miles.

The 4th. Leaving Amous, there is the extraordinary ſpectacle of a river iſſuing out of a cavern in a mountain of rock; on croſſing the hill you ſee where it enters by another cavern.—It pierces the mountain. Moſt countries, however, have inſtances of rivers paſſing under ground. At St. Geronds go to the Croix Blanche, the moſt execrable receptacle of filth, vermin, impudence, and impoſition that ever exercifed the patience, or wounded the feelings of a traveller. A withered hag, the dæmon of beaſtlineſs, preſides there. I laid, not reſted, in a chamber over a ſtable, whoſe effluviæ through the broken floor were the leaſt offenſive of the perfumes afforded by this hideous place.—It could give me nothing but two ſtale eggs, for which I paid, excluſive of all other charges, 20ſ. Spain brought nothing to my eyes that equalled this ſink, from which an Engliſh hog would turn with diſguſt. But the inns all the way from Niſmes are wretched, except at Lodeve, Gange, Carcaſſonne, and Mirepoix. St. Geronds muſt have, from its appearance, four or five thouſand people. Pamiers near twice that number. What can be the circulating connection between ſuch maſſes of people and other towns and countries, that can be held together and ſupported by ſuch inns? There have been writers who look upon ſuch obſervations as riſing merely from the petulance of travellers, but it ſhews their extreme ignorance. Such circumſtances are political data. We cannot

not demand all the books of France to be opened in order to explain the amount of circulation in that kingdom: a politician muſt therefore collect it from ſuch circumſtances as he can aſcertain; and among theſe, traffic on the great roads, and the convenience of the houſes prepared for the reception of travellers, tell us both the number and the condition of thoſe travellers; by which term I chiefly allude to the natives, who move on buſineſs or pleaſure from place to place; for if they are not conſiderable enough to cauſe good inns, thoſe who come from a diſtanee will not, which is evident from the bad accommodations even in the high road from London to Rome. On the contrary, go in England to towns that contain 1500, 2000, or 3000 people, in ſituations abſolutely cut off from all dependence, or almoſt the expectation of what are properly called travellers, yet you will meet with neat inns, well dreſſed and clean people keeping them, good furniture, and a refreſhing civility; your ſenſes may not be gratified, but they will not be offended; and if you demand a poſt chaiſe and a pair of horſes, the coſt of which is not leſs than 80l. in ſpite of a heavy tax, it will be ready to carry you whither you pleaſe. Are no political concluſions to be drawn from this amazing contraſt? It proves that ſuch a population in England have connections with other places to the amount of ſupporting ſuch houſes. The friendly clubs of the inhabitants, the viſits of friends and relations, the parties of pleaſure, the reſort of farmers, the intercourſe with the capital and with other towns, form the ſupport of good inns; and in a country where they are not to be found, it is a proof that there is not the ſame quantity of motion; or that it moves by means of leſs wealth, leſs conſumption, and leſs enjoyment. In this journey through Languedoc, I have paſſed an incredible number of ſplendid bridges, and many ſuperb cauſeways. But this only proves the abſurdity and oppreſſion of government. Bridges that coſt 70 or 80,000l. and immenſe cauſeways to connect towns, that have no better inns than ſuch as I have deſcribed, appear to be groſs abſurdities. They cannot be made for the mere uſe of the inhabitants, becauſe one-fourth of the expenſe would anſwer the purpoſe of real utility. They are therefore objects of public magnificence, and conſequently for the eye of travellers. But what traveller, with his perſon ſurrounded by the beggarly filth of an inn, and with all his ſenſes offended, will not condemn ſuch inconſiſtencies as folly, and will not wiſh for more comfort and leſs appearance of ſplendour.——30 miles.

The 5th. To St. Martory is an almoſt uninterrupted range of well incloſed and well cultivated country.—For an hundred miles paſt, the women generally without ſhoes, even in the towns; and in the country many men alſo.—The heat yeſterday and to-day as intenſe as it was before:

fore: there is no bearing any light in the rooms; all muſt be ſhut cloſe, or none are tolerably cool: in going out of a light room into a dark one, tho' both to the north, there is a very ſenſible coolneſs; and out of a dark one into a roofed balcony, is like going into an oven. I have been adviſed every day not to ſtir till four o'clock. From ten in the morning till five in the afternoon, the heat makes all exerciſe moſt uncomfortable; and the flies are a curſe of Egypt. Give me the cold and fogs of England, rather than ſuch a heat, ſhould it be laſting. The natives, however, aſſert, that this intenſity has now continued as long as it commonly does, namely, four or five days; and that the greateſt part even of the hotteſt months is much cooller than the weather is at preſent.—In 250 miles diſtant, I have met on the road two cabriolets only, and three miſerable things like old Engliſh one-horſe chaiſes; not one gentleman; though many merchants, as they call themſelves, each with two or three cloak-bags behind him:—a paucity of travellers that is amazing.—28 miles.

The 6th. To Bagnere de Luchon, rejoining my friends, and not diſpleaſed to have a little reſt in the cool mountains, after ſo burning a ride.—28 miles.

The 10th. Finding our party not yet ready to ſet out on their return to Paris, I determined to make uſe of the time there was yet to ſpare, ten or eleven days, in a tour to Bagnere de Bigorre to Bayonne, and to meet them on the way to Bourdeaux, at Auch. This being ſettled, I mounted my Engliſh mare, and took my laſt leave of Luchon.——28 miles.

The 11th. Paſs a convent of Bernardine monks, who have a revenue of 30,000 liv. It is ſituated in a vale, watered by a charming chryſtal ſtream, and ſome hills, covered with oak, ſhelter it behind.—Arrive at Bagnere, which contains little worthy of notice, but it is much frequented by company on account of its waters. To the valley of Campan, of which I had heard great things, and which yet much ſurpaſſed my expectation. It is quite different from all the other vales I have ſeen in the Pyrenees or in Catalonia. The features and the arrangement novel. In general the richly cultivated ſlopes of thoſe mountains are thickly incloſed; this, on the contrary, is open. The vale itſelf is a flat range of cultivation and watered meadow, ſpread thickly with villages and ſcattered houſes. The eaſtern boundary is a rough, ſteep, and rocky mountain, and affords paſturage to goats and ſheep; a contraſt to the weſtern, which forms the ſingular feature of the ſcene. It is one noble ſheet of corn and graſs unincloſed, and interſected only by lines that mark the diviſion of properties, or the channels that conduct water from the higher regions for irrigating the lower ones; the whole hanging is one matchleſs ſlope of the richeſt and moſt luxuriant vegetation.

Here and there are ſcattered ſome ſmall maſſes of wood, which chance has grouped with wonderful happineſs for giving variety to the ſcene. The ſeaſon of the year, by mixing the rich yellow of ripe corn, with the green of the watered meadows, added greatly to the colouring of the landſcape, which is upon the whole the moſt exquiſite for *form* and *colour* that my eye has ever been regaled with.—Take the road to Lourde, where is a caſtle on a rock, garriſoned for the mere purpoſe of keeping ſtate priſoners, ſent hither by *lettres de cachet*. Seven or eight are *known* to be here at preſent; thirty have been here at a time; and many for life—torn by the relentleſs hand of jealous tyranny from the boſom of domeſtic comfort; from wives, children, friends, and hurried for crimes unknown to themſelves—more probably for virtues—to languiſh in this deteſted abode of miſery—and die of deſpair. Oh, liberty! liberty!——and yet this is the mildeſt government of any conſiderable country in Europe, our own excepted. The diſpenſations of providence ſeem to have permitted the human race to exiſt only as the prey of tyrants, as it has made pigeons for the prey of hawks——35 miles.

The 12th. Pau is a conſiderable town, that has a parliament and a linen manufacture; but it is more famous for being the birth-place of Henry IV. I viewed the caſtle, and was ſhewn, as all travellers are, the room in which that amiable prince was born, and the cradle, the ſhell of a tortoiſe.

tortoiſe, in which he was nurſed. What an effect on poſterity have great and diſtinguiſhed talents! This is a conſiderable town, but I queſtion whether any thing would ever carry a ſtranger to it but its poſſeſſing the cradle of a favourite character.

Take the road to Moneng, and come preſently to a ſcene which was ſo new to me in France, that I could hardly believe my own eyes. A ſucceſſion of many well built, tight, and COMFORTABLE farming cottages, built of ſtone, and covered with tiles; each having its little garden, incloſed by clipt thorn hedges, with plenty of peach and other fruit-trees, ſome fine oaks ſcattered in the hedges, and young trees nurſed up with ſo much care, that nothing but the foſtering attention of the owner could effect any thing like it. To every houſe belongs a farm, perfectly well incloſed, with graſs borders mown and neatly kept around the corn-fields, with gates to paſs from one incloſure to another. The men are all dreſſed with red caps, like the highlanders of Scotland. There are ſome parts of England (where ſmall yeomen ſtill remain) that reſemble this country of Bearne; but we have very little that is equal to what I have ſeen in this ride of twelve miles from Pau to Moneng. It is all in the hands of little proprietors, without the farms being ſo ſmall as to occaſion a vicious and miſerable population. An air of neatneſs, warmth, and comfort breathes over the whole. It is viſible in their new built houſes and ſtables; in their little gardens; in their hedges; in the courts before their doors; even in the coops for their poultry, and the ſties for their hogs. A peaſant does not think of rendering his pig comfortable, if his own happineſs hangs by the thread of a nine years leaſe. We are now in Bearne, within a few miles of the cradle of Henry IV. Do they inherit theſe bleſſings from that good prince? The benignant genius of that good monarch, ſeems to reign ſtill over the country; each peaſant has *the fowl in the pot.*——34 miles.

The 13th. The agreeable ſcene of yeſterday continues; many ſmall properties; and every appearance of rural happineſs. Navareen is a ſmall walled and fortified town, conſiſting of three principal ſtreets, which croſs at right angles, with a ſmall ſquare. From the ramparts there is the view of a fine country. The linen fabric ſpreads through it. To St. Palais the country is moſtly incloſed, and much of it with thorn-hedges, admirably trained, and kept neatly clipped.——25 miles.

The 14th. Left St. Palais, and took a guide to conduct me four leagues to Anſpan. Fair day, and the place crouded with farmers; I ſaw the ſoup prepared for what we ſhould call the farmer's ordinary. There was a mountain of ſliced bread, the colour of which was not inviting; ample proviſion of cabbage, greaſe, and water, and about as much meat for ſome ſcores of people, as half a dozen Engliſh farmers would have eaten, and grumbled at their hoſt for ſhort commons.—26 miles.

The 15th. Bayonne is by much the prettieſt town I have ſeen in France; the houſes are not only well built of ſtone, but the ſtreets are wide and there are many openings which, though not regular ſquares, have a good effect. The river is broad, and many of the houſes being fronted to it, the view of them from the bridge is fine. The promenade is charming; it has many rows of trees, whoſe heads join and form a ſhade delicious in this hot climate. In the evening, it was thronged with well dreſſed people of both ſexes: and the women, through all the country, are the handſomeſt I have ſeen in France. In coming hither from Pau, I ſaw what is very rare in that kingdom, clean and pretty country girls; in moſt of the provinces, hard labour deſtroys both perſon and complexion. The bloom of health on the cheeks of a well dreſſed country girl is not the worſt feature in any landſcape. I hired a chaloup for viewing the embankment at the mouth of the river. By the water ſpreading itſelf too much, the harbour was injured; and government, to contract it, has built a wall on the north bank a mile long, and another on the ſouth ſhore of half the length. It is from ten to 20 feet wide, and about twelve high, from the top of the baſe of rough ſtone, which extends twelve or fifteen feet more. Towards the mouth of the harbour, it is twenty feet wide, and the ſtones on both ſides crampt together with irons. They are now driving piles of pine 16 feet deep, for the foundation. It is, on the whole, a work of great expence, magnificence and utility.

The 16th. To Dax is not the beſt way to Auch, but I had a mind to ſee the famous waſte called *Les Landes de Bourdeaux*, of which I had long heard and read ſo much. I was informed, that by this route, I ſhould paſs through more than twelve leagues of them. They reach almoſt to the gates of Bayonne; but broken by cultivated ſpots for a league or two. Theſe *landes* are ſandy tracts covered with pine trees, cut regularly for reſin. Hiſtorians report, that when the moors were expelled from Spain, they applied to the court of France for leave to ſettle on and cultivate theſe *landes*; and that the court was much condemned for refuſing them. It ſeems to have been taken for granted, that they could not be peopled with French; and therefore ought rather to be given to Moors, than to be left waſte.—At Dax, there is a remarkably hot ſpring in the middle of the town. It is a very fine one, bubbling powerfully out of the ground in a large baſon, walled in; it is boiling hot; it taſtes like common water, and I was told that it was not impregnated with any mineral. The only uſe to which it is applied is for waſhing linen. It is at all ſeaſons of the ſame heat, and in the ſame quantity.——27 miles.

The 17th. Paſs diſtrict of ſand as white as ſnow, and ſo looſe as to blow; yet has oaks two feet in diameter, by reaſon of a bottom of white adheſive earth like marl. Paſs three rivers, the waters of which might be applied in irrigation, yet no uſe made of them. The duke de Bouillon has vaſt poſſeſſions in theſe lands. A Grand Seigneur will at any time, and in any country, explain the reaſon of improveable land being left waſte.——29 miles.

The 18th. As dearneſs is, in my opinion, the general feature of all money exchanges in France, it is but candid to note inſtances to the contrary. At Airé, they gave me, at the Croix d'Or, ſoup, eels, ſweet bread, and green-peas, a pigeon, a chicken, and veal-cutlets, with a deſſert of biſcuits, peaches, nectarines, plumbs, and glaſs of *liqueur*, with a bottle of good wine, all for 40ſ. (20d.) oats for my mare 20ſ. and hay 10ſ. At the ſame price at St. Severe, I had a ſupper laſt night not inferior to it. Every thing at Airé ſeemed good and clean; and what is very uncommon, I had a parlour to eat my dinner in, and was attended by a neat well dreſſed girl. The laſt two hours to Airé it rained ſo violently, that my ſilk ſurtout was an inſufficient defence; and the old landlady was in no haſte to give me fire enough to be dried. As to ſupper, I had the idea of my dinner.——35 miles.

The 19th. Paſs Beek, which ſeems a flouriſhing little place, if we may judge by the building of new houſes. The Clef d'Or is a large, new, and good inn.

In the 270 miles, from Bagnere de Luchon to Auch, a general obſervation I may make is, that the whole, with very few exceptions, is incloſed; and that the farm-houſes are every where ſcattered, inſtead of being, as in ſo many parts of France collected in towns. I have ſeen ſcarcely any gentlemen's country ſeats that ſeem at all modern; and, in general, they are thin to a ſurpriſing degree. I have not met with one country equipage, nor any thing like a gentleman riding to ſee a neighbour. Scarcely a gentleman at all. At Auch, met by appointment my friends, on their return to Paris. The town is almoſt without manufactures or commerce, and is ſupported chiefly by the rents of the country. But they have many of the nobleſſe in the province, too poor to live here; ſome indeed ſo poor, that they plough their own fields; and theſe may poſſibly be much more eſtimable members of ſociety, than the fools and knaves that laugh at them.——31 miles.

The 20th. Paſs Fleuran, which contains many good houſes, and go through a populous country to La Tour, a biſhoprick, the dioceſan of which we left at Bagnere de Luchon. The ſituation is beautiful on the point of a ridge of hills.——20 miles.

The 22d. By Leyrac, through a fine country, to the Garonne, which we croſs by a ferry. This river is here a quarter of a mile broad, with every appearance of commerce. A large barge paſſed loaded with cages of poultry; of ſuch conſequence throughout the extent of this navigation is the conſumption of the great city of Bourdeaux. The rich vale continues to Agen, and is very highly cultivated; but has not the beauty of the environs of Leitour. If new buildings are a criterion of the flouriſhing ſtate of a place, Agen proſpers. The biſhop has raiſed a magnificent palace, the centre of which is in good taſte; but the junction with the wings not equally happy.——23 miles.

The 23d. Paſs a rich and highly cultivated vale to Aguillon; much hemp, and every woman in the country employed on it. Many neat well built farm-houſes on ſmall properties, and all the country very populous. View the chateau of the Duc d'Aguillon, which, being in the town, is badly ſituated, according to all rural ideas; but a town is ever an accompanyment of a chateau in France, as it was formerly in moſt parts of Europe; it ſeems to have reſulted from a feudal arrangement, that the Grand Seigneur might keep his ſlaves the nearer to his call, as a man builds his ſtables near his houſe. This edifice is a conſiderable one, built by the preſent Duke; begun about twenty years ago, when he was exiled here during eight years. And, thanks to that baniſhment, the building went on nobly; the body of the houſe done, and the detached wings almoſt finiſhed. But as ſoon as the ſentence was reverſed,

verſed, the duke went to Paris, and has not been here ſince, conſequently all now ſtands ſtill. It is thus that baniſhment alone will force the French nobility to execute what the Engliſh do for pleaſure—reſide upon and adorn their eſtates. There is one magnificent circumſtance, namely, an elegant and ſpacious theatre; it fills one of the wings. The orcheſtra is for twenty-four muſicians, the number kept, fed, and paid, by the duke when here. This elegant and agreeable luxury, which falls within the compaſs of a very large fortune is known in every country in Europe except England: the poſſeſſors of great eſtates here preferring horſes and dogs very much before any entertainment a theatre can yield. To Tonnance.—25 miles.

The 24th. Many new and good country ſeats of gentlemen, well built, and ſet off with gardens, plantations, &c. Theſe are the effects of the wealth of Bourdeaux. Theſe people, like other Frenchmen, eat little meat; in the town of Leyrac five oxen only are killed in a year; whereas an Engliſh town with the ſame population would conſume two or three oxen a week. A noble view towards Bourdeaux for many leagues, the river appearing in four or five places. Reach Langon, and drink of its excellent white wine ——32 miles.

The 25th. Paſs through Barſac, famous alſo for its wines. They are now ploughing with oxen between the rows of the vines, the operation which gave Tull the idea of horſe-hoeing corn. Great population and country ſeats all the way. At Caſtres the country changes to an unintereſting flat. Arrive at Bourdeaux, through a continued village.——30 miles.

26th. Much as I had read and heard of the commerce, wealth, and magnificence of this city, they greatly ſurpaſſed my expectations. Paris did not anſwer at all, for it is not to be compared to London; but we muſt not name Liverpool in competition with Bourdeaux. The grand feature here, of which I had heard moſt, anſwers the leaſt; I mean the quay, which is reſpectable only for length, and its quantity of buſineſs, neither of which, to the eye of a ſtranger, is of much conſequence, if devoid of beauty. The row of houſes is regular, but without either magnificence or beauty. It is a dirty, ſloping, muddy ſhore; parts without pavement, incumbered with filth and ſtones; barges lie here for loading and unloading the ſhips, which cannot approach to what ſhould be a quay. Here is all the dirt and diſagreeable circumſtances of trade, without the order, arrangement, and magnificence of a quay. Barcelona is unique in this reſpect. When I preſumed to find fault with the buildings on the river, it muſt not be ſuppoſed that I include the whole; the creſcent which is in the ſame line is better. The *place royale*, with the ſtatute of Lewis XV. in the middle, is a fine opening, and the buildings which form it regular and handſome.

But the quarter of the *chapeau rouge* is truly magnificent, conſiſting of noble houſes, built, like the reſt of the city, of white hewn ſtone. It joins the *chateau trompette*, which occupies near half a mile of the ſhore. This fort is bought of the king, by a company of ſpeculators, who are now pulling it down with an intention of building a fine ſquare and many new ſtreets, to the amount of 1800 houſes. I have ſeen a deſign of the ſquare and the ſtreets, and it would, if executed, be one of the moſt ſplendid additions to a city that is to be ſeen in Europe. This great work ſtands ſtill at preſent through a fear of reſumptions. The theatre, built about ten or twelve years ago, is by far the moſt magnificent in France. I have ſeen nothing that approaches it. The building is inſulated; and fills up a ſpace of 306 feet by 165, one end being the principal front, containing a portico the whole length of it, of twelve very large Corinthian columns. The entrance from this portico is by a noble veſtibule, which leads not only to the different parts of the theatre, but alſo to an elegant oval concert-room and ſaloons for walking and refreſhments. The theatre itſelf is of a vaſt ſize; in ſhape the ſegment of an oval. The eſtabliſhment of actors, actreſſes, ſingers, dancers, orcheſtra, &c. ſpeak the wealth and luxury of the place. I have been aſſured, that from thirty to fifty louis a night have been paid to a favourite actreſs from Paris. Larrive, the firſt tragic actor of that capital, is now here, at 500 liv. (21l. 12s. 6d.) a night, with two benefits. Dauberval, the dancer and his wife (the Madamoiſelle Theodore of London) are retained as principal ballet-maſter and firſt female dancer, at a ſalary of 28,000 liv. (1225l.) Pieces are performed every night, Sundays not excepted, as every where in France. The mode of living that takes place here among merchants is highly luxurious. Their houſes and eſtabliſhments are on expenſive ſcales. Great entertainments, and many ſerved on plate: high play is a much worſe thing;—and the ſcandalous chronicle ſpeaks of merchants keeping the dancing and ſinging girls of the theatre at ſalaries which ought to import no good to their credit. This theatre, which does ſo much honour to the pleaſures of Bourdeaux, was raiſed at the expence of the town, and coſt 270,000l. The new tide corn-mill, erected by a company, is very well worth viewing. A large canal is dug and formed in maſonry of hewn ſtone, the walls four feet thick, leading under the building for the tide coming in, to turn the water wheels. It is then conducted in other equally well formed canals to a reſervoir; and when the tide returns it gives motion to the wheels again. Three of theſe canals paſs under the building for containing 24 pairs of ſtones. Every part of the work is on a ſcale of ſolidity and duration, admirably executed. The eſtimate of the expence is 8,000,000 liv. (350,000l.); but I know not how to credit ſuch a ſum. How far the erection of ſteam engines to do the ſame buſineſs would have been found a cheaper method, I ſhall not enquire; but I ſhould apprehend that the common water mills, on the Garonne, which ſtart without ſuch enormous expences for their power, muſt in the common courſe of common events ruin this company. The new houſes that are building in all quarters of the town, mark, too clearly to be miſunderſtood, the proſperity of the place. The ſkirts are every where compoſed of new ſtreets; with ſtill newer ones marked out, and partly built. Theſe houſes are in general ſmall, or on a middling ſcale, for inferior tradeſmen. They are all of white ſtone, and add, as they are finiſhed, much to the beauty of the city. I enquired into the date of theſe new ſtreets, and found that four or five years were in general the period: that is to ſay, ſince the peace; and from the colour of the ſtone of thoſe ſtreets next in age, it is plain that the ſpirit of building was at a ſtop during the war. Since the peace they have gone on with great activity. What a ſatire on the government of the two kingdoms, to permit in one the prejudices of manufacturers and merchants, and in the other the inſidious policy of an ambitious court, to hurry the two nations for ever into wars that check all beneficial works, and ſpread ruin where private exertion was buſied in deeds of proſperity. The rent of houſes and lodgings riſes every day, as it has done ſince the peace conſiderably, at the ſame time that ſo many new houſes have been and are erecting, unites with the advance in the prices of every thing: they complain that the expences of living have riſen in ten years full 30 per cent.—There can hardly be a clearer proof of an advance in proſperity.

The commercial treaty with England being a ſubject too intereſting not to have demanded attention, we made the neceſſary enquiries.—Here it is conſidered in a very different light from Abbeville and Rouen: at Bourdeaux they think it a wiſe meaſure, that tends equally to the benefit of both countries. This is not the place for being more particular on the trade of this town.

We went twice to ſee Larrive do his two capital parts of the Black Prince in Monſ. du Belloy's Piere le Cruel, and Philoctete, which gave me a very high idea of the French theatre. The inns at this city are excellent; the hotel d'Angletere and the Prince of Aſturias; at the latter we found every accommodation to be wiſhed, but with an inconſiſtence that cannot be too much condemned: we had very elegant apartments, and were ſerved on plate, yet the neceſſary-houſe the ſame temple of abomination that is to be met in a dirty village.

The 28th. Leave Bourdeaux;—croſs the river by a ferry, which employs twenty-nine men and fifteen boats, and lets at 18,000 liv. (787l.) a year. The view of the Garonne is very fine, appearing to the eye twice as broad as the

Thames at London; and the number of large ſhips lying in it, makes it, I ſuppoſe, the *richeſt* water view that France has to boaſt. From hence to the Dordonne, a noble river, though much inferior to the Garonne, which we croſs by another ferry that lets at 6000 liv. Reach Cavignac.——20 miles.

The 29th. To Barbeſieux, ſituated in a beautiful country, finely diverſified and wooded; the marquiſate of which, with the chateau, belongs to the duke de la Rochefoucauld, whom we met here; he inherits this eſtate from the famous Louvois, the miniſter of Louis XIV. In this thirty-ſeven miles of country, lying between the great rivers Garonne, Dordonne, and Charente, and conſequently in one of the beſt parts of France for markets, the quantity of waſte land is ſurpriſing: it is the predominant feature the whole way. Much of theſe waſtes belonged to the prince de Soubiſe, who would not ſell any part of them. Thus it is whenever you ſtumble on a Grand Seigneur, even one that was worth millions, you are ſure to find his property deſert. The duke of Bouillon's and this prince's are two of the greateſt properties in France; and all the ſigns I have yet ſeen of their greatneſs, are waſtes, *landes*, deſerts, fern, ling.—Go to their reſidence, wherever it may be, and you would probably find them in the midſt of a foreſt, very well peopled with deer, wild boars, and wolves. Oh! if I was the legiſlator of France for a day, I would make ſuch great lords *ſkip* again *. We ſupped with the duke de la Rochefoucauld; the provincial aſſembly of Saintonge is ſoon to meet, and this nobleman, being the preſident, is waiting for their aſſembling.

The 30th. Through a chalk country, well wooded, though without incloſures to Angoulême; the approach to that town is fine; the country around being beautiful with the fine river Charente, here navigable, flowing through it, the effect ſtriking.——25 miles.

The 31ſt. Quitting Angoulême, paſs through a country almoſt covered with vines, and acroſs a noble wood belonging to the ducheſs d'Anville, mother of the duke de la Rochefoucauld, to Verteul, a chateau of the ſame lady, built in 1459, where we found every thing that travellers could wiſh in a hoſpitable manſion. The Emperor Charles V. was entertained here by Anne de Polignac, widow of Francis II. count de la Rochefoucauld, and that prince, ſaid aloud, *n'avoir jamais été en maiſon qui ſentit mieux ſa grande vertu honnêteté & ſeigneurie que celle la.*—It is excellently kept; in thorough repair, fully furniſhed, and all in order, which merits praiſe, conſidering that the family rarely are here for more than a few days in a year, having many other and more conſiderable ſeats in different parts of the kingdom. If this juſt attention to the intereſts of poſterity was more general, we ſhould not ſee the melancholy ſpectacle of ruined chateaus in ſo many parts of France. In the gallery is a range of portraits from the tenth century; by one of which it appears, that this eſtate came by a Mademoiſelle la Rochefoucauld, in 1470. The park, woods, and river Charente here are fine: the laſt abounds greatly in carp, tench, and perch. It is at any time eaſy to get from 50 to 100 brace of fiſh that weigh from three to 10lb. each: we had a brace of carp for ſupper, the ſweeteſt, without exception, I ever taſted. If I pitched my tent in France, I ſhould chooſe it to be by a river that gave ſuch fiſh. Nothing provokes one ſo in a country reſidence as a lake, a river, or the ſea within view of the windows, and a dinner every day without fiſh, which is ſo common in England.——27 miles.

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* I can aſſure the reader that theſe ſentiments were thoſe of the moment; the events that have taken place almoſt induced me to ſtrike many ſuch paſſages out, but it is fairer to all parties to leave them.

SEPTEMBER 1ſt. Paſs Caudec, Ruffec, Maiſons-Blanches, and Chaunay. At the firſt of theſe places, view a very fine flour-mill built by the late count de Broglio, brother of the marechal de Broglio, one of the ableſt and moſt active officers in the French ſervice. In his private capacity, his undertakings were of a national kind; this mill, an iron forge, and the project of a navigation, proved, that he had a diſpoſition for every exertion that could, according to the prevalent ideas of the times, benefit his country; that is ſo ſay, in

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in every way except the one in which it would have been effective—practical agriculture. This day's journey has been, with ſome exceptions, through a poor, dull, and diſagreeable country. ——35 miles.

The 2d. Poitou, from what I ſee of it, is an unimproved, poor, and ugly country. It ſeems to want communication, demand, and activity of all kinds; nor does it, on an average, yield the half of what it might. The lower part of the province is much richer and better.

Arrive at Poitiers, which is one of the worſt built towns I have ſeen in France; very large and irregular, but containing ſcarcely any thing worthy of notice, except the cathedral, which is well built, and very well kept.—The fineſt thing by far in the town is the promenade, which is the moſt extenſive I have ſeen; it occupies a conſiderable ſpace of ground, with gravelled walks, &c. excellently kept.——12 miles.

The 3d. A white chalky country to Chateaurault, open, and thinly peopled, though not without country-ſeats. That town has ſome animation, owing to its navigable river, which falls into the Loire. There is a conſiderable cutlery manufacture: we were no ſooner arrived, than our apartment was full of the wives and daughters of manufacturers, each with her box of knives, ſciſſars, toys, &c. and with ſo much civil ſolicitude to have ſomething bought, that had we wanted nothing it would have been impoſſible to let ſo much urgency prove vain. It is remarkable, as the fabrics made here are cheap, that there is ſcarcely any diviſion of labour in this manufacture; it is in the hands of diſtinct and unconnected workmen, who go through every branch on their own account, and without aſſiſtance, except from their families.——25 miles.

The 4th. Paſs a better country, with many chateaus, to Les Ormes, where we ſtopped to ſee the ſeat built by the late count de Voyer d'Argenſon. This chateau is a large handſome ediſice of ſtone, with two very conſiderable wings for offices and ſtrangers' apartments: the entrance is into a neat veſtibule, at the end of which is the ſaloon, a circular marble room, extremely elegant and well furniſhed: in the drawing-room are paintings of the four French victories of the war of 1744: in every apartment there is a ſtrong diſpoſition to Engliſh furniture and modes. This pleaſing reſidence belongs at preſent to the count d'Argenſon. The late count who built it formed with the preſent duke of Grafton, in England, the ſcheme of a very agreeable party. The duke was to go over with his horſes and pack of fox-hounds, and live here for ſome months, with a number of friends. It originated in the propoſal to hunt French wolves with Engliſh fox-dogs. Nothing could be better planned than the ſcheme, for Les Ormes is large enough to have contained a numerous party; but the count's death deſtroyed the plan.

This is a ſort of intercourſe between the nobility of two kingdoms, which I am ſurpriſed does not take place ſometimes; it would vary the common ſcenes of life very agreeably, and be productive of ſome of the advantages of travelling in the moſt eligible way.——23 miles.

The 5th. Through a dead flat and unpleaſant country, but on the fineſt road I have ſeen in France—nor does it ſeem poſſible that any ſhould be finer; not ariſing from great exertions, as in Languedoc, but from being laid flat with admirable materials. Chateaus are ſcattered every where in this part of Touraine; but farm houſes and cottages thin, till you come in ſight of the Loire, the banks of which ſeem one continued village. The vale, through which that river flows, may be three miles over; a dead level of burnt ruſſet meadow.

The entrance of Tours is truly magnificent, by a new ſtreet of large houſes, built of hewn white ſtone, with regular fronts. This fine ſtreet, which is wide, and with foot pavements on each ſide, is cut in a ſtrait line through the whole city to the new bridge, of fifteen flat arches, each of ſeventy-five feet ſpan. It is altogether a noble exertion for the decoration of a provincial town. Some houſes remain yet to be built, the fronts of which are done; ſome reverend fathers are ſatisfied with their old habitations, and do not chooſe the expence of filling up the elegant deſign of the Tours projectors; they ought, however,

ever, to be unrooſted if they will not comply, for fronts without houſes behind them have a ridiculous appearance. From the tower of the cathedral there is an extenſive view of the adjacent country; but the Loire, for ſo conſiderable a river, and for being boaſted as the moſt beautiful in Europe, exhibits ſuch a breadth of ſhoals and ſands as to be almoſt ſubverſive of beauty. In the chapel of the old palace of Louis XI. Les Pleſſis les Tours, are three pictures which deſerve the travellers notice; a holy family, St. Catharine, and the daughter of Herod; they ſeem to be of the beſt age of Italian art. There is a very fine promenade here; long and admirably ſhaded by four rows of noble and lofty elms, which for ſhelter againſt a burning ſun can have no ſuperior; parallel with it is another on the rampart of the old walls, which looks down on the adjacent gardens; but theſe walks, of which the inhabitants have long boaſted, are at preſent objects of melancholy; the corporation has offered the trees to ſale, and I was aſſured they would be cut down the enſuing winter.—One would not wonder at an Engliſh corporation ſacrificing the ladies' walk for plenty of turtle, veniſon, and madeira; but that a French one ſhould have ſo little gallantry, is inexcuſable.

The 9th. The count de la Rochefoucauld having a feveriſh complaint when he arrived here, which prevented our proceeding on the journey, it became the ſecond day a confirmed fever; the beſt phyſician of the place was called in, whoſe conduct I liked much, for he had recourſe to very little phyſick, but much attention to keep his apartment cool and airy; and ſeemed to have great confidence in leaving nature to throw off the malady that oppreſſed her. Who is it that ſays there is a great difference between a good phyſician and a bad one; yet very little between a good one and none at all?

Among other excurſions, I took a ride on the banks of the Loire towards Saumur, and found the country the ſame as near Tours; but the chateaus not ſo numerous or good. Where the chalk hills advance perpendicularly towards the river, they preſent a moſt ſingular ſpectacle of uncommon habitations; for a great number of houſes are cut out of the white rock, fronted with maſonry, and holes cut above for chimnies, ſo that you ſometimes know not where the houſe is from which you ſee the ſmoke iſſuing. Theſe cavern-houſes are in ſome places in tires one above another. Some with little ſcraps of gardens have a pretty effect. In general, the proprietors occupy them; but many are let at 10, 12, and 15 liv. a year. The people I talked with ſeemed well ſatisfied with their habitations, as good and comfortable: a proof of the dryneſs of the climate. In England the rheumatiſm would be the chief inhabitant. Walked to the Benedictine convent of Marmoutier, of which the cardinal de Rohan, at preſent here, is abbot.

The 10th. Nature, or the Tours doctor, having recovered the count, we ſet forward on our journey. The road to Chanteloup is made on an embankment, that ſecures a large level tract from floods. The country more unintereſting than I could have thought it poſſible for the vicinity of a great river to be.—View Chanteloup, the magnificent ſeat of the late duke de Choiſeul. It is ſituated on a riſing ground, at ſome diſtance from the Loire, which in winter, or after great floods, is a fine object, but at preſent is ſcarcely ſeen. The ground-floor in front conſiſts of ſeven rooms: the dining-room of about thirty by twenty, and the drawing-room thirty by thirty-three: the library is ſeventy-two by twenty, but now fitted up by the preſent poſſeſſor, the duke de Penthievre, with very beautiful tapeſtry from the Gobelins.—In the pleaſure-ground, on a hill commanding a very extenſive proſpect; is a Chineſe pagoda, 120 feet high, built by the duke, in commemoration of the perſons who viſited him in his exile. On the walls of the firſt room in it their names are engraved on marble tablets. The number and rank of the perſons do honour to the duke and to themſelves. The idea was a happy one. The foreſt you look down on from this building is very extenſive; they ſay eleven leagues acroſs: ridings are cut pointing to the pagoda; and when the duke was alive, theſe glades had the miſchievous animation of a vaſt hunt, ſupported ſo liberally as to ruin the maſter of it, and transferred the property of this noble eſtate and reſidence from his family to the laſt hands I ſhould wiſh to ſee it in—a prince of the blood. Great lords love too much an environ of foreſt, boars, and huntſmen, inſtead of marking their reſidence by the accompanyment of neat and well cultivated farms, clean cottages, and happy peaſants. In ſuch a method of ſhewing their magniſicence, rearing foreſts, gilding domes, or bidding aſpiring columns riſe, might be wanting; but they would have, inſtead of them, erections of comfort, eſtabliſhments of eaſe, and plantations of felicity: and their harveſt, inſtead of the fleſh of boars, would be in the voice of chearful gratitude—they would ſee public proſperity flouriſh on its beſt baſis of private happineſs.—As a farmer, there is one feature which ſhews the duke had ſome merit; he built a noble cow-houſe; a platform leads along the middle, between two rows of mangers, with ſtalls for ſeventy-two, and another apartment, not ſo large, for others, and for calves. He imported 120 very fine Swiſs cows, and viſited them with his company every day, as they were kept conſtantly tied up. To this I may add the beſt built ſheep-houſe I have ſeen in France; and I thought I ſaw from the pagoda part of the farm better laid out and ploughed than common in the country, ſo that he probably imported ſome ploughmen.—This has merit in it; but it was all the merit of baniſhment. Chanteloup would neither have been built nor decorated, nor furniſhed, if the duke had not been exiled. It was the ſame with the duke d'Aguillon. Theſe miniſters would have ſent the country to the devil before they would have reared ſuch edifices, or formed ſuch eſtabliſhments, if they had not both been ſent from Verſailles. View the manufacture of ſteel at Amboiſe, eſtabliſhed by the duke de Choiſeul. Vineyards the chief feature of agriculture.——37 miles.

The 11th. To Blois, an old town, prettily ſituated on the Loire, with a good ſtone bridge of eleven arches. We viewed the caſtle, for the hiſtorical monument it affords that has rendered it ſo famous. They ſhew the room where the council aſſembled, and the chimney in it before which the duke of Guiſe was ſtanding when the king's page came to demand his preſence in the royal cloſet: the door he was entering when ſtabbed: the tapeſtry he was in the act of turning aſide: the tower where his brother the cardinal ſuffered; with a hole in the floor into the dungeon of Louis XI. of which the guide tells many horrible ſtories, in the ſame tone, from having told them ſo often, in which the fellow in Weſtminſter Abbey gives his monotonous hiſtory of the tombs. The beſt circumſtance attending the view of the ſpots, or the walls within which great, daring, or important actions have been performed, is the impreſſion they make on the mind, or rather on the heart of the ſpectator, for it is an emotion of feeling, rather than an effort of reflection. The murders, or political executions perpetrated in this caſtle, though not unintereſting, were inflicted on, and by men that command neither our love, nor our veneration. The character of the period, and of the men that figured in it, were alike diſguſting. Bigotry and ambition, equally dark, inſidious, and bloody, allow no feelings of regret. The parties could hardly be better employed than in cutting each others throats. Quit the Loire, and paſs to Chambord. The quantity of vines is very great; they have them very flouriſhing on a flat poor blowing ſand. How well ſatisfied would my friend Le Blanc be if his pooreſt ſands at Cavenham gave him 100 dozen of good wine per acre per annum! See at one *coup d'œil* 2000 acres of them. View the royal chateau of Chambord, built by that magnificent prince Francis I. and inhabited by the late marechal de Saxe. I had heard much of this caſtle, and it more than anſwered my expectation. It gives a great idea of the ſplendor of that prince. Comparing the centuries, and the revenues of Louis XIV. and Francis I. I prefer Chambord infinitely to Verſailles. The apartments are large, numerous, and well contrived. I admired particularly the ſtone ſtair-caſe in the centre of the houſe, which, being in a double ſpiral line, contains two diſtinct ſtair-caſes, one above another, by which means people are going up and down at the ſame time, without ſeeing each other. The four apartments in the attic, with arched ſtone roofs, were in no mean taſte. One of theſe count Saxe turned into a neat well contrived theatre. We were ſhewn the apartment which that great ſoldier occupied, and the room in which he died. Whether in his bed or not is yet a problem for anecdote hunters to ſolve. A report not uncommon in France was, that he was ran through the heart in a duel with the Prince of Conti, who came to Chambord for that purpoſe; and great care was taken to conceal it from the king (Louis XV.), who had ſuch a friendſhip for the marechal, that he would certainly have driven the prince out of the kingdom. There are ſeveral apartments modernized, either for the marechal or for the governors that have reſided here ſince. In one there is a fine picture of Louis XIV. on horſeback. Near the caſtle are the barracks for the regiment of 1500 horſe, formed by marechal de Saxe, and which Louis XV. gave him, by appointing them to garriſon Chambord while their colonel made it his reſidence. He lived here in great ſplendour, and highly reſpected by his ſovereign, and the whole kingdom.—The ſituation of the caſtle is bad; it is low, and without the leaſt proſpect that is intereſting; indeed the whole country is ſo flat that a high ground is hardly to be found in it. From the battlements we ſaw the environs, of which the park or foreſt forms three-fourths; it contains within a wall about 20,000 arpents, and abounds with all ſorts of game to a degree of profuſion. Great tracts of this park are waſte or under heath, &c. or at leaſt a very imperfect cultivation: I could not help thinking, that if the king of France ever formed the idea of eſtabliſhing one compleat and perfect farm under the turnip culture of England, here is the place for it. Let him aſſign the chateau for the reſidence of the director and all his attendants; and the barracks, which are now applied to no uſe whatever, for ſtalls for cattle, and the profits of the wood would be ſufficient to ſtock and ſupport the whole undertaking. What compariſon between the utility of ſuch an eſtabliſhment, and that of a much greater expence applied here at preſent for ſupporting a wretched haras (ſtud), which has not a tendency but to miſchief! I may, however, recommend ſuch agricultural eſtabliſhments; but they never were made in any country, and never will be, till mankind are governed on principles abſolutely contrary to thoſe which prevail at preſent—until ſomething more is thought requiſite for a national huſbandry than academies and memoirs. ——35 miles.

The 12th. In two miles from the park wall regain the high road on the Loire. In diſcourſe with a vigneron, we were informed that it froze this morning hard enough to damage the vines; and I may obſerve, that for four or five days paſt the weather has been conſtantly clear, with a bright ſun, and ſo cold a north-eaſt wind as to reſemble much our cold clear weather in England in April; we have all our great coats on the day through. Dine at Clarey, and view the monument of that able but bloody tyrant Louis XI. in white marble; he is repreſented in a kneeling poſture, praying forgiveneſs, I ſuppoſe, which doubtleſs was promiſed him by his prieſts for his baſeneſſes and his murders. Reach Orleans.——30 miles.

The 13th. Here my companions, wanting to return as ſoon as poſſible to Paris, took the direct road thither; but, having travelled it before, I preferred that by Petivier in the way to Fountainbleau. One motive for my taking this road was its paſſing by Denainvilliers, the ſeat of the late celebrated Monſ. du Hamel, and where he made thoſe experiments in agriculture which he has recited in many of his works. At Petivier I was juſt by, and walked thither for the pleaſure of viewing grounds I had read of ſo often, conſidering them with a ſort of claſſic reverence. His *homme d'affaire*, who conducted the farm, being dead, I could not get many particulars to be depended upon. Monſ. Fougeroux, the preſent poſſeſſor, was not at home, or I ſhould doubtleſs have had all the information I wiſhed. I examined the ſoil, a principal point in all experiments, when concluſions are to be drawn from them; and I alſo took notes of the common huſbandry. Learning from the labourer who attended me that the drill-ploughs, &c. were yet in being, on a loft in one of the offices, I viewed them with pleaſure, and found them as well as I can remember, very accurately repreſented in the plates which their ingenious author has given. I was glad to find them laid up in a place out of common traffic, where they may remain ſafe till ſome other farming traveller, as enthuſiaſtic as myſelf, may view the venerable remains of a uſeful genius. Here is a ſtove and bath for drying wheat, which he alſo has deſcribed. In an incloſure behind the houſe is a plantation of various curious exotic trees, finely grown, alſo ſeveral rows of aſh, elm, and poplar along the roads, near the chateau, all planted by Monſ. du Hamel. It gave me ſtill greater pleaſure to find that Denainvilliers is not an inconſiderable eſtate. The lands extenſive; the chateau reſpectable; with offices, gardens, &c. that prove it the reſidence of a man of fortune; from which it appears, that this indefatigable author, however he might have failed in ſome of his purſuits, met with that reward from his court which did it credit to beſtow; and that he was not like others, left in obſcurity to the ſimple rewards which ingenuity can confer on itſelf. Four miles before Malſherbs a fine plantation of a row of trees on each ſide the road begins, formed by Monſ. de Malſherbs, and is a ſtriking inſtance of attention to decorating an open country. More than two miles of them are mulberries. They join his other noble plantations at Malſherbs, which contain a great variety of the moſt curious trees that have been introduced in France.——36 miles.

The 14th. After paſſing three miles through the foreſt of Fountainbleau, arrive at that town, and view the royal palace, which has been ſo repeatedly added to by ſeveral kings, that the ſhare of Francis I. its original founder, is not eaſily aſcertained. He does not appear to ſuch advantage as at Chambord. This has been a favourite with the Bourbons, from there having been ſo many Nimrods of that family. Of the apartments which are ſhewn here, the king's, the queen's, monſieur's, and madame's, are the chief. Gilding ſeems the prevalent decoration: but in the queen's cabinet it is well and elegantly employed. The painting of that delicious little room is exquiſite; and nothing can exceed the extremity of ornament that is here with taſte beſtowed. The tapeſtries of Beauvais and the Gobelins, are ſeen in this palace to great advantage. I liked to ſee the gallery of Francis I. preſerved in its ancient ſtate, even to the andirons in the chimney, which are thoſe that ſerved that monarch. The gardens are nothing; and the grand canal, as it is called, not to be compared with that at Chantilly. In the pond that joins the palace, are carp as large and as tame as the Prince of Condé's. The landlord of the inn at Fountainbleau thinks that royal palaces ſhould not be ſeen for nothing; he made me pay 10 liv. for a dinner, which would have coſt me not more than half the money at the ſtar and garter at Richmond. Reach Meulan.——34 miles.

The 15th. Croſs, for a conſiderable diſtance, the royal oak foreſt of Senár.—About Montgeron, all open fields, which produce corn and partridges to eat it, for the number is enormous. There is on an average a covey of birds on every two acres, beſides favourite ſpots, where they abound much more. At St. George the Seine is a much more beautiful river than the Loire. Enter Paris once more, with the ſame obſervation I made before, that there is not one-tenth of the motion on the roads around it that there is around London. To the hotel de la Rochefoucauld.——20 miles.

The 16th. Accompanied the count de la Rochefoucauld to Liancourt.——38 miles.

I went thither on a viſit for three or four days; but the whole family contributed ſo generally to render the place in every reſpect agreeable, that I ſtaid more than three weeks. At about half a mile from the chateau is a range of hill that was chiefly a neglected waſte: the duke of Liancourt has lately converted this into a plantation, with winding walks, benches, and covered ſeats, in the Engliſh ſtyle of gardening. The ſituation is very fortunate. Theſe ornamented paths follow the edge of the declivity to the extent of three or four miles. The views they command are every where pleaſing, and in ſome places great. Nearer to the chateau the dutcheſs of Liancourt has built a menagerie and dairy in a pleaſing taſte. The cabinet and anti-room are very pretty; the ſaloon elegant, and the diary entirely conſtructed of marble. At a village near Liancourt, the duke has eſtabliſhed a manufacture of linen and ſtuffs mixed with thread and cotton, which promiſes to be of conſiderable utility; there are 25 looms employed, and preparations making for more. As the ſpinning for theſe looms is alſo eſtabliſhed, it gives employment to great numbers of hands who were idle, for they have no ſort of manufacture in the country though it is populous. Such efforts merit great praiſe. Connected with this is the execution of an excellent plan of the duke's for eſtabliſhing habits of induſtry in the riſing generation. The daughters of the poor people are received into an inſtitution to be educated to uſeful induſtry: they are inſtructed in their religion, taught to write and read, and to ſpin cotton: are kept till marriageable, and then a regulated proportion of their earnings given them as a marriage portion. There is another eſtabliſhment of which I am not ſo good a judge; it is for training the orphans of ſoldiers to be ſoldiers themſelves. The duke of Liancourt has raiſed ſome conſiderable buildings for their accommodation well adapted to the purpoſe. The whole is under the ſuperintendance of a worthy and intelligent officer, Monſ. le Roux, captain of dragoons, and croix de St. Louis, who ſees to every thing himſelf. There are at preſent 120 boys, all dreſſed in uniform.—My ideas have all taken a turn which I am too old to change: I ſhould have been better pleaſed to ſee 120 lads educated to the plough, in habits of culture ſuperior to the preſent; but certainly the eſtabliſhment is humane, and the conduct of it excellent.

The ideas I had formed, before I came to France, of a country reſidence in that kingdom, I found at Liancourt to be far from correct. I expected to find it a mere transfer of Paris to the country, and that all the burthenſome forms of a city were preſerved, without its pleaſures; but I was deceived; the mode of living, and the purſuits, approach much nearer to the habits of a great nobleman's houſe in England, than would commonly be conceived. A breakfaſt of tea for thoſe that choſe to repair to it; riding, ſporting, planting, gardening, till dinner, and that not till half after two o'clock, inſtead of their old faſhioned hour of twelve; muſic, cheſs, and the other common amuſements of a rendezvouz-room, with an excellent library of ſeven or eight thouſand volumes, were well calculated to make the time paſs agreeably; and to prove that there is a great approximation in the modes of living at preſent in the different countries of Europe. Amuſements, in truth, ought to be numerous within doors; for, in ſuch a climate, none are to be depended on without: the rain that has fallen here is hardly credible. I have, for five-and-twenty years paſt, remarked in England, that I never was prevented by rain from taking a walk a walk every day without going out while it actually rains; it may fall heavily for many hours; but a perſon who watches an opportunity gets a walk or a ride. Since I have been at Liancourt, we have had three days in ſucceſſion of ſuch inceſſantly heavy rain, that I could not go an hundred yards from the houſe to the duke's pavilion, without danger of being quite wet. For ten days more rain fell here, I am confident, had there been a guage to meaſure it, than ever fell in England in thirty. The preſent faſhion in France, of paſſing ſome time in the country is new; at this time of the year, and for many weeks paſt, Paris is, comparatively ſpeaking, empty. Every body that have country-ſeats are at them; and thoſe who have none viſit others who have. This remarkable revolution in the French manners is certainly one of the beſt cuſtoms they have taken from England; and its introduction was effected the eaſier, being aſſiſted by the magic of Rouſſeau's writings. Mankind are much indebted to that ſplendid genius, who, when living, was hunted from country to country, to ſeek an aſylum, with as much venom as if he had been a mad dog; thanks to the vile ſpirit of bigotry, which has not yet received its death's wound. Women of the firſt faſhion in France are now aſhamed of not nurſing their own children; and ſtays are univerſally proſcribed from the bodies of the poor infants, which were for ſo many ages tortured in them, as they are ſtill in Spain. The country reſidence may not have effects equally obvious; but they will be no leſs ſure in the end, and in all reſpects beneficial to every claſs in the ſtate.

The duke of Liancourt being preſident of the provincial aſſembly of the election of Clermont, and paſſing ſeveral days there in buſineſs, aſked me to dine with the aſſembly, as he ſaid there were to be ſome conſiderable farmers preſent. Theſe aſſemblies, which had been propoſed many years paſt by the French patriots, and eſpecially by the marquis de Mirabeau, the celebrated *l'ami des hommes*; which had been treated by M. Necker, and which were viewed with eyes of jealouſy by certain perſons who wiſhed for no better government than one whoſe abuſes were the chief foundation of their fortunes; theſe aſſemblies were to me intereſting to ſee. I accepted the invitation with pleaſure. Three conſiderable farmers, renters, not proprietors of land, were members, and preſent. I watched their carriage narrowly, to ſee their behaviour in the preſence of a great lord of the firſt rank, conſiderable property, and high in royal favour; and it was with pleaſure that I found them behaving with becoming eaſe and freedom, and though modeſt, and without any thing like flippancy, yet without any obſequiouſneſs offenſive to Engliſh ideas. They ſtarted their opinions freely, and adhered to them with becoming confidence. A more ſingular ſpectacle, was to ſee two ladies preſent at a dinner of this ſort, with five or ſix and twenty gentlemen; ſuch a thing could not happen in England. To ſay that the French manners, in this reſpect, are better than our own, is the aſſertion of an obvious truth. If the ladies are not preſent at meetings where the converſation has the greateſt probability of turning on ſubjects of more importance than the frivolous topics of common diſcourſe, the ſex muſt either remain on one hand in ignorance, or, on the other, filled with the foppery of over education, learned, affected, and forbidding. The converſation of men, not engaged in trifling purſuits, is the beſt ſchool for the eduation of a woman.

The political converſation of every company I have ſeen has turned much more on the affairs of Holland than on thoſe of France. The preparations going on for a war with England, are in the mouths of all the world; but the finances of France are in ſuch a ſtate of derangement, that the people beſt informed aſſert a war to be impoſſible; the marquis of Verac, the late French ambaſſador at the Hague, who was ſent thither, as the Engliſh politicians aſſert, expreſsly to bring about a revolution in the government, has been at Liancourt three days. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed, that he is cautious in what he ſays in ſuch a mixed company; but it is plain enough, that he is well perſuaded that that revolution, change, or leſſening the Stadtholder's power; that plan, in a word, whatever it was, for which he negotiated in Holland, had for ſome time been maturred and ready for execution, almoſt without a poſſibility of failure, had the count de Vergennes conſented, and not ſpun out the buſineſs by refinement on refinement, to make himſelf the more neceſſary to the French cabinet; and it unites with the idea of ſome ſenſible Dutchmen, with whom I have converſed on the ſubject.

During my ſtay at Liancourt, my friend Lazowſki accompanied me on a little excurſion of two days to Ermenonville, the celebrated ſeat of the marquis de Girardon. We paſſed by Chantilly to Morefountain, the country-ſeat of Monſ. de Morefountain, *prevoſt des merchands* of Paris; the place has been mentioned as decorated in the Engliſh ſtyle. It conſiſts of two ſcenes; one a garden of winding walks, and ornamented with a profuſion of temples, benches, grottos, columns, ruins, and I know not what: I hope the French who have not been in England do not conſider this as the Engliſh taſte. It is in fact as remote from it as the moſt regular ſtile of the laſt age. The water view is fine. There is a gaiety and chearfulneſs in it that contraſt well with the brown and unpleaſing hills that ſurround it, and which partake of the waſte character of the worſt part of the ſurrounding country. Much has been done here; and it wants but few additions to be as perfect as the ground admits.

Reach Ermenonville, through another part of the prince of Condé's foreſt, which joins the ornamented grounds of the marquis Girardon. This place, after the reſidence and death of the perſecuted but immortal Rouſſeau, whoſe tomb every one knows is here, became ſo famous as to be reſorted to very generally. It has been deſcribed, and plates publiſhed of the chief views; to enter into a particular deſcription would therefore be tireſome, I ſhall only make one or two obſervations, which I do not recollect having been touched on by others. It conſiſts of three diſtinct water ſcenes; or of two lakes and a river. We were firſt ſhewn that which is ſo famous for the ſmall iſle of poplars, in which repoſes all that was mortal of that extraordinary and inimitable writer. This ſcene is as well imagined, and as well executed as could be wiſhed. The water is between forty and fifty acres; hills riſe from it on both ſides, and it is ſufficiently cloſed in by tall wood at both ends, to render it ſequeſtered. The remains of departed genius ſtamp a melancholy idea, from which decoration would depart too much, and accordingly there is little. We viewed the ſcene in a ſtill evening. The declining ſun threw a lengthened ſhade on the lake, and ſilence ſeemed to repoſe on its unruffled boſom; as ſome poet ſays, I forget who. The worthies to whom the temple of philoſophers is dedicated, and whoſe names are marked on the columns, are NEWTON, *Lucem.*—DESCARTES, *Nil in rebus inane.*—VOLTAIRE, *Ridiculum.*—ROUSSEAU, *Naturam.*—And on another unfiniſhed column, *Quis hoc perficiet?* The other lake is larger; it nearly fills the bottom of the vale, around which are ſome rough, rocky, wild, and barren ſand hills; either broken or ſpread with heath; in ſome places wooded, and in others ſcattered thinly with junipers. The character of the ſcene is that of wild and undecorated nature, in which the hand of art was meant to be concealed as much as was conſiſtent with eaſe of acceſs. The laſt ſcene is that of a river, which is made to wind through a lawn, receding from the houſe, and broken by wood: the ground is not fortunate; it is too dead a flat, and no where viewed to much advantage.

From Ermenonville we went, the morning after, to Braſſeuſe, the ſeat of Madame du Pont, ſiſter of the dutcheſs of Liancourt. What was my ſurprize at finding this viſcounteſs a great farmer! A French lady, young enough to enjoy all the pleaſures of Paris, living in the country and minding her farm, was an unlooked for ſpectacle. She has probably more lucerne than any other perſon in Europe—250 arpents. She gave me, in a moſt unaffected and agreeable manner, both lucerne and dairy intelligence; but of that more elſewhere. Returned to Liancourt by Pont, where there is a handſome bridge, of three arches, the conſtruction uncommon, each pier conſiſting of four pillars, with a towing-path under one of the arches for the barge-horſes, the river being navigable.

Amongſt the morning amuſements I partook at Liancourt was *la chaſſe*. In deer ſhooting, the ſportſmen place themſelves at diſtances around a wood, then beat it, and ſeldom more than one in a company gets a ſhot; it is more tedious than is eaſily conceived: like angling, inceſſant expectation, and perpetual diſappointment. Partridge and hare ſhooting are almoſt as different from that of England. We took this diverſion in the fine vale of Catnoir, five or ſix miles from Liancourt; arranging ourſelves in a file at about thirty yards from perſon to perſon, and each with a ſervant and a loaded gun, ready to preſent when his maſter fires: thus we marched acroſs and croſs the vale, treading up the game. Four or five brace of hares, and twenty brace of partridges were the ſpoils of the day, I like this mode of ſhooting but little better than waiting for deer. The beſt circumſtance to me of exerciſe in company (it was not ſo once) is the feſtivity of the dinner at the cloſe of the day. To enjoy this, it muſt not be puſhed to great fatigue. Good ſpirits, after voilent exerciſe, are always the affectation of ſilly young folks (I remember being that ſort of fool myſelf, when I was young), but with ſomething more than moderate, the exhileration of body is in uniſon with the flow of temper, and agreeable company is then delicious. On ſuch days as theſe we were too late for the regular dinner, and had one by ourſelves, with no other dreſſing than the refreſhment of clean linen; and theſe were not the repaſts when the dutcheſs's champaigne had the worſt flavour. A man is not worth hanging that does not drink a little too much on ſuch occaſions: *mais prenez-y-garde*: repeat it often; and make it a mere drinking party, the luſtre of the pleaſure fades, and you become what *was* an Engliſh fox-hunter. One day while we were thus dining *à l'Anglois*, and drinking the plough, the chace, and I know not what, the dutcheſs of Liancourt and ſome of her ladies came in ſport to ſee us. It was a moment for them to have betrayed ill-nature in the contempt of manners not French, which they might have endeavoured to conceal under a laugh:—but nothing of this; it was a good humoured curioſity; a natural inclination to ſee others pleaſed and in ſpirits. *Ils ont été de grands chaſſeurs aujourd' hui*, ſaid one. *Oh! ils ſ' applaudiſſent de leurs exploites.* Do they drink the gun? ſaid another. *Leurs maitreſſes certainement*, added a third. *J'aime a les voir en gaiete; il y a quelque choſe d'aimable dans tout ceci.* To note ſuch trifles may ſeem ſuperfluous to many; but what is life when trifles are withdrawn? and they mark the temper of a nation better than objects of importance. In the moments of council, victory, flight, or death, mankind, I ſuppoſe, are nearly the ſame. Trifles diſcriminate better, and the number is infinite that gives me an opinion of the good temper of the French. I am fond neither of a man nor a recital that can appear only on ſtilts and dreſſed in holiday geers. It is every-day feelings that decide the colour of our lives; and he who values them the moſt plays the beſt for the ſtake of happineſs. But it is time to quit Liancourt, which I do with regret. Take leave of the good old dutcheſs, whoſe hoſpitality and kindneſs ought long to be remembered.——51 miles.

The 9th, 10th, and 11th. Return by Beauvais and Pontoiſe, and enter Paris for the fourth time, confirmed in the idea that the roads immediately leading to that capital are deſerts, comparatively ſpeaking, with thoſe of London. By what means can the connection be carried on with the country? The French muſt be the moſt ſtationary people upon earth, when in a place they muſt reſt without a thought of going to another. Or the Engliſh muſt be the moſt reſtleſs; and find more pleaſure in moving from one place to another, than in reſting to enjoy life in either. If the French nobility went to their country ſeats only when exiled there by the court, the roads could not be more ſolitary.——25 miles.

The 12th. My intention was to take lodgings; but on arriving at the hotel de la Rochefoucauld, I found that my hoſpitable dutcheſs was the ſame perſon at the capital as in the country; ſhe had ordered an apartment to be ready for me. It grows ſo late in the ſeaſon, that I ſhall make no other ſtay in this capital than what will be neceſſary for viewing public buildings. This will unite well enough with delivering ſome letters I brought to a few men of ſcience; and it will leave me the evenings for the theatres, of which there are many in Paris. In throwing on paper a rapid *coup d' œil*, of what I ſee of a city, ſo well known in England, I ſhall be apt to delineate my own ideas and feelings, perhaps more than the objects themſelves; and be it remembered, that I profeſs to dedicate this careleſs itinerary to trifles, much more than to objects that are of real conſequence. From the tower of the cathedral, the view of Paris is complete. It is a vaſt city, even to the eye that has ſeen London from St. Paul's; being circular, gives an advantage to Paris; but a much greater is the atmoſphere. It is now ſo clear, that one would ſuppoſe it the height of ſummer: the clouds of coal-ſmoke that envelope London, always prevent a diſtinct view of that capital, but I take it to be one-third at leaſt larger than Paris. The buildings of the parliament-houſe are disfigured by a gilt and taudry gate, and a French roof. The hotel des Monoies is a fine building; and the facade of the Louvre one of the moſt elegant in the world, becauſe they have (to the eye) no roofs; in proportion as a roof is ſeen a building ſuffers. I do not recollect one edifice of diſtinguiſhed beauty (unleſs with domes) in which the roof is not ſo flat as to be hidden, or nearly ſo. What eyes then muſt the French architects have had, to have loaded ſo many buildings with coverings of a height deſtructive of all beauty? Put ſuch a roof as we ſee on the parliament-houſe or on the Thuilleries, upon the facade of the Louvre, and where would its beauty be?—At night to the opera; which I thought a good theatre, till they told me it was built in ſix weeks; and then it became good for nothing in my eyes, for I ſuppoſe it will be tumbling down in ſix years. Durability is one of the eſſentials of building; what pleaſure would a beautiful front of painted paſteboard give? The Alceſte of Gluck was performed; that part by Mademoiſelle St. Huberti, their firſt ſinger, an excellent actreſs. As to ſcenes, dreſſes, decorations, dancing, &c. this theatre beats the Haymarket to nothing.

The 13th. Acroſs Paris to the rue des blancs Manteaux, to Monſ. Brouſſonet, ſecretary of the Society of Agriculture; he is in Burgundy. Called on Mr. Cook from London, who is at Paris with his drill-plough, waiting for weather to ſhew its performance to the duke of Orleans; this is a French idea, improving France by drilling. A man ſhould learn to walk before he learns to dance. There is agility in cutting capers, and it may be done with grace; but where is the neceſſity to cut them at all. There has be much rain to day; and it is almoſt incredible to a perſon uſed to London, how dirty the ſtreets of Paris are, and how horribly inconvenient and dangerous walking is without a foot-pavement. We had a large party at dinner, with politicians among them, and ſome intereſting converſation on the preſent ſtate of France. The feeling of every body ſeems to be that the archbiſhop will not be able to do any thing towards exonerating the ſtate from the burthen of its preſent ſituation; ſome think that he has not the inclination; others that he has not the courage; others that he has not the ability. By ſome he is thought to be attentive only to his own intereſt; and by others, that the finances are too much deranged to be within the power of any ſyſtem to recover, ſhort of the ſtates-general of the kingdom; and that it is impoſſible for ſuch an aſſembly to meet without a revolution in the government enſuing. All ſeem to think that ſomething extraordinary will happen; and a bankruptcy is an idea not at all uncommon. But who is there that will have the courage to make it?

The 14th. To the benedictine abbey of St. Germain, to ſee pillars of African marble, &c. It is the richeſt abbey in France: the abbot has 300,000 liv. a year (13,125l.) I loſe my patience at ſuch revenues being thus beſtowed; conſiſtent with the ſpirit of the tenth century, but not with that of the eighteenth. What a noble farm would the fourth of this income eſtabliſh! what turnips, what cabbages, what potatoes, what clover, what ſheep, what wool!—Are not theſe things better than a fat eccleſiaſtic? If an active Engliſh farmer was mounted behind this abbot, I think he would do more good to France with half the income than half the abbots of the kingdom with the whole of theirs. Paſs the baſtile; another pleaſant object to make agreeable emotions vibrate in a man's boſom. I ſearch for good farmers, and run my head at every turn againſt monks and ſtate priſons.—To the arſenal, to wait on Monſ. Lavoiſier, the celebrated chemiſt, whoſe theory of the non-exiſtence of phlogiſton, has made as much noiſe in the chemical world as that of Stahl, which eſtabliſhed its exiſtence. Dr. Prieſtly had given me a letter of introduction. I mentioned in the courſe of converſation his laboratory, and he appointed Tueſday. By the Boulevards, to the *Place Louis XV.* which is not properly a ſquare, but a very noble entrance to a great city. The facades of the two buildings erected are highly finiſhed. The union of the *Place Louis XV.* with the champs Eliſées, the gardens of the Thuilleries and the Seine is open, airy, elegant, and ſuperb; and is the moſt agreeable and beſt built part of Paris; here one can be clean and breathe freely. But by far the fineſt thing I have yet ſeen at Paris is the *Halle aux bleds*, or corn market: it is a vaſt rotunda; the roof entirely of wood, upon a new principle of carpentry, to deſcribe which would demand plates and long explanations; the gallery is 150 yards round, conſequently the diameter is as many feet: it is as light as if ſuſpended by the fairies. In the grand area, wheat, peaſe, beans, lentils, are ſtored and ſold. In the ſurrounding diviſions, flour on wooden ſtands. You paſs by ſtair-caſes doubly winding within each other to ſpacious apartments for rye, barley, oats, &c. The whole is ſo well planned, and ſo admirably executed, that I know of no public building that exceeds it in either France or England. And if an appropriation of the parts to the conveniences wanted, and an adaptation of every circumſtance to the end required, in union with that elegance which is conſiſtent with uſe, and that magnificence which reſults from ſtability and duration are the criteria of public edifices, I know nothing that equals it:—it has but one fault, and that is ſituation; it ſhould have been upon the banks of the river, for the convenience of unloading barges without land carriage. In the evening, to the *Comedie Italienne*, the edifice fine; and the whole quarter regular and new built, a private ſpeculation of the duke de Choiſeul, whoſe family has a box entailed for ever.—L'Aimant jaloux. Here is a young ſinger, Mademoiſelle Rénard, with ſo ſweet a voice, that if ſhe ſung Italian, and had been taught in Italy, would have made a delicious performer.

To the tomb of Cardinal de Richlieu, which is a noble production of genius: by far the fineſt ſtatue I have ſeen. Nothing can be wiſhed more eaſy and graceful than the attitude of the cardinal, nor more expreſſive nature than the figure of weeping ſcience. Dine with my friend at the Palais Royale, at a coffee-houſe; well dreſſed people; every thing clean, good, and well ſerved:

but here, as every where elſe, you pay a good price for good things; we ought never to forget that a low price for bad things is not cheapneſs. In the evening to *l'Ecole des Peres*, at the *Comedie Francaiſe*, a crying *larmoyant* thing. This theatre, the principal one at Paris, is a fine building, with a magnificent portico. After the circular theatres of France, how can any one reliſh our ill-contrived oblong holes of London?

The 16th. To Monſ. Lavoiſier, by appointment. Madame Lavoiſier, a lively, ſenſible, ſcientific lady, had prepared a *dejeuné Anglois* of tea and coffee, but her converſation on Mr. Kirwan's Eſſay on Phlogiſton, which ſhe is tranſlating from the Engliſh, and on other ſubjects, which a woman of underſtanding, that works with her huſband in his laboratory, knows how to adorn, was the beſt repaſt. That apartment, the operations of which have been rendered ſo intereſting to the philoſophical world, I had pleaſure in viewing. In the apparatus for aerial experiments, nothing makes ſo great a figure as the machine for burning inflammable and vital air, to make, or depoſit water; it is a ſplendid machine. Three veſſels are held in ſuſpenſion with indexes for marking the immediate variations of their weights; two that are as large as half hogſheads, contain the one inflammable, the other the vital air, and a tube of communication paſſes to the third, where the two airs unite and burn; by contrivances, too complex to deſcribe without plates, the loſs of weight of the two airs, as indicated by their reſpective balances, equal at every moment to the gain in the third veſſel from the formation or depoſition of the water, it not being yet aſcertained whether the water be actually made or depoſited. If accurate (of which I muſt confeſs I have little conception), it is a noble machine. Monſ. Lavoiſier, when the ſtructure of it was commended, ſaid, *Mais oüi monſieur, & méne par un artiſte François!* with an accent of voice that admitted their general inferiority to ours. It is well known that we have a conſiderable exportation of mathematical and other curious inſtruments to every part of Europe, and to France amongſt the reſt. Nor is this new, for the apparatus with which the French academicians meaſured a degree in the polar circle was made by Mr. George Graham *. Another engine Monſ. Lavoiſier ſhewed us was an electrical apparatus incloſed in a balloon, for trying electrical experiments in any ſort of air. His pond of quickſilver is conſiderable, containing 250lb. and his water apparatus very great, but his furnaces did not ſeem ſo well calculated for the higher degrees of heat as ſome others I have ſeen. I was glad to find this gentleman ſplendidly lodged, and with every appearance of a man of conſiderable fortune. This ever gives one pleaſure: the employments of a State can never be in better hands than of men who thus apply the ſuperfluity of their wealth. From the uſe that is generally made of money, one would think it the aſſiſtance of all others of the leaſt conſequence in affecting any buſineſs truly uſeful to mankind, many of the great diſcoveries that have enlarged the horizon of ſcience having been in this reſpect the reſult of means ſeemingly inadequate to the end: the energic exertions of ardent minds, burſting from obſcurity, and breaking the bands inflicted by poverty, perhaps by diſtreſs. To the *hotel des invalids*, the major of which eſtabliſhment had the goodneſs to ſhew the whole of it. In the evening to Monſ. Lomond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, who has made an improvement of the jenny for ſpinning cotton. Common machines are ſaid to make too hard a thread for certain fabrics, but this forms it looſe and ſpongy. In electricity he has made a remarkable diſcovery: you write two or three words on a paper; he takes it with him into a room, and turns a machine incloſed in a cylindrical caſe, at the top of which is an electrometer, a ſmall fine pith ball; a wire connects with a ſimilar cylinder and electrometer in a diſtant apartment; and his wife, by remarking the correſponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate: from which it appears that he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correſpondence might be carried on at any diſtance: within and without a beſieged town, for inſtance; or for a purpoſe much more worthy, and a thouſand times more harmleſs, between two lovers prohibited or prevented from any better connection. Whatever the uſe may be, the invention is beautiful. Monſ. Lomond has many other curious machines, all the entire work of his own hands: mechanical invention ſeems to be in him a natural propenſity. In the evening to the *Comedie Francaiſe*. Mola did the *Bourru Bienfaiſant*, and it is not eaſy for acting to be carried to greater perfection.

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* Whitehurſt's Formation of the Earth, 2d edit. p. 6.

The 17th. To Monſ. l'Abbé Meſſier, aſtronomer royal, and of the Academy of Sciences. View the exhibition, at the Louvre, of the Academy's paintings. For one hiſtory piece in our exhibitions at London here are ten; abundantly more than to balance the difference between an annual and biennial exhibition. Dined to-day with a party, whoſe converſation was entirely political. Monſ. de Calonne's *Requête au Roi* is come over, and all the world are reading and diſputing on it. It ſeems, however, generally agreed that, without exonerating himſelf from the charge of the agiotage, he has thrown no inconſiderable load on the ſhoulders of the archbiſhop of Toulouze, the preſent premier, who will be puzzled to get rid of the attack. But both theſe miniſters were condemned on all hands in the lump; as being abſolutely unequal to the difficulties of ſo arduous a period. One opinion pervaded the whole company, that they are on the eve of ſome great revolution in the government: that every thing points to it: the confuſion in the finances great; with a *deficit* impoſſible to provide for without the ſtates-general of the kingdom, yet no ideas formed of what would be the conſequence of their meeting: no miniſter exiſting, or to be looked to in or out of power, with ſuch deciſive talents as to promiſe any other remedy than palliative ones: a prince on the throne, with excellent diſpoſitions, but without the reſources of a mind that could govern in ſuch a moment without miniſters: a court buried in pleaſure and diſſipation; and adding to the diſtreſs, inſtead of endeavouring to be placed in a more independent ſituation: a great ferment amongſt all ranks of men, who are eager for ſome change, without knowing what to look to, or to hope for: and a ſtrong leaven of liberty,, increaſing every hour ſince the American revolution; altogether form a combination of circumſtances that promiſe e'er long to ferment into motion, if ſome maſter hand, of very ſuperior talents, and inflexible courage, is not found at the helm to guide events, inſtead of being driven by them. It is very remarkable, that ſuch converſation never occurs, but a bankruptcy is a topic: the curious queſtion on which is, *would a bankruptcy occaſion a civil war, and a total overthrow of the government?* The anſwers that I have received to this queſtion, appear to be juſt: ſuch a meaſure, conducted by a man of abilities, vigour, and firmneſs, would certainly not occaſion either one or the other. But the ſame meaſure, attempted by a man of a different character, might poſſibly do both. All agree, that the ſtates of the kingdom cannot aſſemble without more liberty being the conſequence; but I meet with ſo few men that have any juſt ideas of freedom, that I queſtion much the ſpecies of this new liberty that is to ariſe. They know not how to value the privileges of THE PEOPLE: as to the nobility and the clergy, if a revolution added any thing to their ſcale, I think it would do more miſchief than good*.

The 18th. To the Gobelins, which is undoubtedly the firſt manufacture of tapeſtry in the world, and ſuch an one as could be ſupported only by a crowned head. In the evening to that incomparable comedy *Na Metromanie*, of Pyron, and well acted. The more I ſee of it the more I like the French theatre; and have no doubt in preferring it far to our own. Writers, actors, buildings, ſcenes, decorations, muſic, dancing, take the whole in a maſs, and it is unrivalled by London. We have certainly a few brilliants of the firſt water; but throw all in the ſcales, and that of England kicks the beam. I write this paſſage with a lighter heart than I ſhould do were it giving the palm to the French plough.

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* In tranſcribing theſe papers for the preſs, I ſmile at ſome remarks and circumſtances which events have ſince placed in a ſingular poſition; but I alter none of theſe paſſages; they explain what were the opinions in France, before the revolution, on topics of importance; and the events which have ſince taken place render them the more intereſting. June, 1790.

The 19th. To Charenton, near Paris, to ſee *l'Ecole Veterinaire*, and the farm of the Royal Society of Agriculture. Monſ. Chabert, the directeur-general, received us with the moſt attentive politeneſs. Monſ. Flandrein, his aſſiſtant, and ſon-in-law, I had had the pleaſure of knowing in Suffolk. They ſhewed the whole veterinary eſtabliſhment, and it does honour to the government of France. It was formed in 1766: in 1783 a farm was annexed to it, and four other profeſſorſhips eſtabliſhed; two for rural œconomy, one for anatomy, and another for chemiſtry. —I was informed that Monſ. d'Aubenton, who is at the head of this farm with a ſalary of 6000 liv. a year, reads lectures of rural œconomy, particularly on ſheep, and that a flock was for that purpoſe kept in exhibition. There is a ſpacious and convenient apartment for diſſecting horſes and other animals; a large cabinet, where the moſt intereſting parts of all domeſtic animals are preſerved in ſpirits; and alſo of ſuch parts of their bodies that mark the viſible effect of diſtempers. This is very rich. This, with a ſimilar one near Lyons, is kept up (excluſive of the addition of 1783), at the moderate expence, as appears by the writings of M. Necker, of about 60,000 liv. (2600l.) Whence, as in many other inſtances, it appears that the moſt uſeful things coſt the leaſt There are at preſent about one hundred elèves from different parts of the kingdom, as well as from every country in Europe, *except England*; a ſtrange exception, conſidering how groſsly ignorant our farriers are; and that the whole expence of ſupporting a young man here does not exceed forty louis a-year; nor more than four years neceſſary for his complete inſtruction. As to the farm, it is under the conduct of a great naturaliſt, high in royal academies of ſcience, and whoſe name is celebrated through Europe for merit in ſuperior branches of knowledge. It would argue in me a want of judgment in human nature, to expect good practice from ſuch men. They would probably think it beneath their purſuits and ſituation in life to be good ploughmen, turnip-hoers, and ſhepherds; I ſhould therefore betray my own ignorance of life, if I was to expreſs any ſurprize at finding this farm in a ſituation that——I had rather forget than deſcribe. In the evening, to a field much more ſucceſsfully cultivated, Mademoiſelle St. Huberti, in the Penelope of Picini.

The 20th. To the *Ecole Militaire*, eſtabliſhed by Louis XV. for the education of 140 youths, the ſons of the nobility; ſuch eſtabliſhments are equally ridiculous and unjuſt. To educate the ſon of a man who cannot afford the education himſelf, is a groſs injuſtice, if you do not ſecure a ſituation in life anſwerable to that education. If you do ſecure ſuch a ſituation, you deſtroy the reſult of the education, becauſe nothing but merit ought to give that ſecurity. you educate the children of men, who are well able to give the education themſelves, you tax the people who cannot afford to educate their children, in order to eaſe thoſe who can well afford the burthen; and in ſuch inſtitutions, this is ſure to be the caſe. At night to *l'Ambigu Comique*, a pretty little theatre, with plenty of rubbiſh on it. Coffee-houſes on the boulevards, muſic, noiſe, and *filles* without end; every thing but ſcavengers and lamps. The mud is a foot deep; and there are parts of the boulevards without a ſingle light.

The 21ſt. Monſ. de Brouſſonet being returned from Burgundy, I had the pleaſure of paſſing a couple of hours at his lodgings very agreeably. He is a man of uncommon activity, and poſſeſſed of a great variety of uſeful knowledge in every branch of natural hiſtory; and he ſpeaks Engliſh perfectly well. It is very rare that a gentleman is ſeen better qualified for a poſt than Monſ. de Brouſſonet for that which he occupies, of ſecretary to a Royal Society.

The 22d. To the bridge of Neuilié, ſaid to be the fineſt in France. It is by far the moſt beautiful one I have any where ſeen. It conſiſts of five vaſt arches; flat, from the Florentine model; and all of equal ſpan; a mode of building incomparably more elegant, and more ſtriking than our ſyſtem of different ſized arches. To the machine at Marly; which ceaſes to make the leaſt impreſſion. Madame du Barré's reſidence, Luſienne, is on the hill juſt above this machine;

ſhe has built a pavilion on the brow of the declivity, for commanding the proſpect, fitted up and decorated with much elegance. There is a table formed of Seve porcelain, exquiſitely done. I forget how many thouſand louis d'ors it coſt. The French, to whom I ſpoke of Luſienne, exclaimed againſt miſtreſſes and extravagance, with more violence than reaſon in my opinion. Who, in common ſenſe, would deny a king the amuſement of a miſtreſs, provided he did not make a buſineſs of his play-thing? *Mais Frederic le Grand avoit-il une maitreſſe, lui faſoit-il batir des pavillons, et les meubloit-il de tables de porcelaine?* No: but he had that which was fifty times worſe: a king had better make love to a handſome woman than to one of his neighbour's provinces. The king of Pruſſia's miſtreſs coſt an hundred millions ſterling, and the lives of 500,000 men; and before the reign of that miſtreſs is over, may yet coſt as much more. The greateſt genius and talents are lighter than a feather, weighed philoſophically, if rapine, war, and conqueſt, are the effects of them.

To St. Germain's, the terrace of which is very fine. Monſ. de Brouſſonet met me here, and we dined with Monſ. Breton, at the maréchal duc de Noailles, who has a good collection of curious plants. Here is the fineſt *ſophora japonica* I have ſeen.——10 miles.

The 23d. To Trianon, to view the Queen's *Jardin Anglois.* I had a letter to Monſ. Richard, which procured admittance. It contains about 100 acres, diſpoſed in the taſte of what we read of in books of Chineſe gardening, whence it is ſuppoſed the Engliſh ſtyle was taken. There is more of Sir William Chambers here than of Mr. Brown—more effort than nature—and more expence than taſte. It is not eaſy to conceive any thing that art can introduce in a garden that is not here; woods, rocks, lawns, lakes, rivers, iſlands, caſcades, grottos, walks, temples, and even villages. There are parts of the deſign very pretty, and well executed. The only fault is too much crouding; which has led to another, that of cutting the lawn by too many gravel walks, an error to be ſeen in almoſt every garden I have met with in France. But the glory of *La Petite Trianon* is the exotic trees and ſhrubs The world has been ſucceſsfully rifled to decorate it. Here are curious and beautiful ones to pleaſe the eye of ignorance; and to exerciſe the memory of ſcience. Of the buildings, the temple of love is truly elegant.

Again to Verſailles. In viewing the king's apartment, which he had not left a quarter of an hour, with thoſe ſlight traits of diſorder that ſhewed he *lived* in it, it was amuſing to ſee the blackguard figures that were walking uncontrouled about the palace, and even in his bed-chamber; men whoſe rags betrayed them to be in the laſt ſtage of poverty, and I was the only perſon that ſtared and wondered how the devil they got there. It is impoſſible not to like this careleſs indifference and freedom from ſuſpicion. One loves the maſter of the houſe, who would not be hurt or offended at ſeeing his apartment thus occupied, if he returned ſuddenly; for if there was danger of this, the intruſion would be prevented. This is certainly a feature of that *good temper* which appears to me ſo viſible every where in France. I deſired to ſee the Queen's apartments, but I could not. Is her majeſty in it? No. Why then not ſee it as well as the king's? *Ma foi, Monſ. c'eſt un autre choſe.* Ramble through the gardens, and by the grand canal, with abſolute aſtoniſhment at the exaggerations of writers and travellers. There is magnificence in the quarter of the orangerie, but no beauty any where; there are ſome ſtatues good enough to wiſh them under cover. The extent and breadth of the canal are nothing to the eye; and it is not in ſuch good repair as a farmer's horſe-pond. The menagerie is well enough, but nothing great. Let thoſe who deſire that the buildings and eſtabliſhments of Louis XIV. ſhould continue the impreſſion made by the writings of Voltaire, go to the canal of Languedoc, and by no means to Verſailles.—Return to Paris.——14 miles.

The 24th. With Monſ. de Brouſſonet to the King's cabinet of natural hiſtory and the botanical garden, which is in beautiful order. Its riches are well known, and the politeneſs of Monſ. Thouin, which is that of a moſt amiable diſpoſition, renders this garden the ſcene of other rational pleaſures beſides thoſe of botany. Dine at the Invalides, with Monſ. Parmentier, the celebrated author of many œconomical works, particularly on the *boulangerie* of France. This gentleman, to a conſiderable maſs of uſeful knowledge, adds a great deal of that fire and vivacity for which his nation has been diſtinguiſhed, but which I have not recognized ſo often as I expected.

The 25th. This great city appears to be in many reſpects the moſt ineligible and inconvenient for the reſidence of a perſon of ſmall fortune of any that I have ſeen; and vaſtly inferior to London. The ſtreets are very narrow, and many of them crouded, nine tenths dirty, and all without foot-pavements. Walking, which in London is ſo pleaſant and ſo clean, that ladies do it every day, is here a toil and a fatigue to a man, and an impoſſibility to a well dreſſed woman. The coaches are numerous, and, what are much worſe, there are an infinity of one-horſe cabriolets, which are driven by young men of faſhion and their imitators, alike fools, with ſuch rapidity as to be real nuiſances, and render the ſtreets exceedingly dangerous, without an inceſſant caution. I ſaw a poor child run over and probably killed, and have been myſelf many times blackened with the mud of the kennels. This beggarly practice, of driving a one-horſe booby hutch about the ſtreets of a great capital, flows either from poverty or wretched and deſpicable œconomy; nor is it poſſible to ſpeak of it with too much ſeverity. If young noblemen at London were to drive their chaiſes in ſtreets without foot-ways, as their brethren do at Paris, they would ſpeedily and juſtly get very well threſhed, or rolled in the kennel. This circumſtance renders Paris an ineligible reſidence for perſons, particularly families that cannot afford to keep a coach; a convenience which is as dear as at London. The *fiacres*, hackney-coaches, are much worſe than at that city; and chairs there are none, for they would be driven down in the ſtreets. To this circumſtance alſo it is owing, that all perſons of ſmall or moderate fortune, are forced to dreſs in black, with black ſtockings; the duſky hue of this in company is not ſo diſagreeable a circumſtance as being too great a diſtinction; too clear a line drawn in company between a man that has a good fortune, and another that has not. With the pride, arrogance, and ill temper of Engliſh wealth this could not be borne; but the prevailing good humour of the French eaſes all ſuch untoward circumſtances. Lodgings are not half ſo good as at London, yet conſiderably dearer. If you do not hire a whole ſuite of rooms at an hotel, you muſt probably mount three, four, or five pair of ſtairs, and in general have nothing but a bed-chamber. After the horrid fatigue of the ſtreets, ſuch an elevation is a delectable circumſtance. You muſt ſearch with trouble before you will be lodged in a private family, as gentlemen uſually are at London, and pay a higher price. Servants wages are about the ſame as at that city. It is to be regretted that Paris ſhould have theſe diſadvantages, for in other reſpects I take it to be a moſt eligible reſidence for ſuch as prefer a great city. The ſociety for a man of letters, or who has any ſcientific purſuit, cannot be exceeded. The intercourſe between ſuch men and the great, which, if it is not upon an equal footing, ought never to exiſt at all, is reſpectable. Perſons of the higheſt rank pay an attention to ſcience and literature, and emulate the character they confer. I ſhould pity the man who expected, without other advantages of a very different nature, to be well received in a brilliant circle at London, becauſe he was a fellow of the Royal Society. But this would not be the caſe with a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris; he is ſure of a good reception every where. Perhaps this contraſt depends in a great meaſure on the difference of the governments of the two countries. Politics are too much attended to in England to allow a due reſpect to be paid to any thing elſe; and ſhould the French eſtabliſh a freer government, academicians will not be held in ſuch eſtimation, when rivalled in the public eſteem by the orators who hold forth liberty and property in a free parliament.

The 28th. Quit Paris, and take the road to Flanders. Monſ. de Brouſſonet was ſo obliging as to accompany me to Dugny, to view the farm of Monſ. Cretté de Palluel, a very intelligent cultivator. Take the road to Senlis: at Dammertin, I met by accident a French gentleman, a Monſ. du Pré du St. Cotin. Hearing me converſing with a farmer on agriculture, he introduced himſelf as an amateur, gave me an account of ſeveral experiments he had made on his eſtate in Champagne, and promiſed a more particular detail; in which he was as good as his word.——22 miles.

The 29th. Paſs Nanteul, where the Prince of Condé has a chateau, to Villes-Coterets, in the midſt of immenſe foreſts belonging to the duke of Orleans. The crop of this country, therefore, is princes of the blood; that is to ſay, hares, pheaſants, deer, boars!——26 miles.

The 30th. Soiſſons ſeems a poor town, without manufactures, and chiefly ſupported by a corn-trade, which goes hence by water to Paris and Rouen.——25 miles.

The 31ſt. Coucy is beautifully ſituated on a hill, with a fine vale winding beſide it. At St. Gobin, which is in the midſt of great woods, I viewed the fabric of plate-glaſs the greateſt in the world. I was in high luck, arriving about half an hour before they begun to run glaſſes for the day. Paſs La Fere. Reach St. Quintin, where are conſiderable manufactures that employed me all the afternoon. From St. Gobin, are the moſt beautiful ſlate roofs I have any where ſeen.——30 miles.

NOVEMBER 1. Near Belle Angloiſe I turned aſide half a league to view the canal of Picardy, of which I had heard much. In paſſing from St. Quintin to Cambray the country riſes ſo much, that it was neceſſary to carry it in a tunnel under ground for a conſiderable depth, even under many vales as well as hills. In one of theſe vallies there is an opening for viſiting it by an arched ſtair-caſe, on which I deſcended 134 ſteps to the canal, and, as this valley is much below the adjacent and other hills, the great depth at which it is dug, may be conceived. Over the door of the deſcent, is the following inſcription:—*L'ann.* 1781.——*Monſ. le Comte d'Agay etant intendant de cette province, Monſ. Laurent de Lionni etant directeur de l'ancien & nouveau canal de Picardie, & Monſ. de Champroſé inſpecteur, Joſeph II. Empereur Roi des Romaines, a parcourru en batteau le canal ſous terrain depuis cet endroit juſques au puit, No. 20, le 28, & a temoigné ſa ſatisfaction d'avoir vu cet ouvrage en ces termes: "Je ſuis fier d'etre homme, quand je vois qu'un de mes ſemblables a oſe imaginer & executer un ouvrage auſſi vaſte et auſſi hardie. Cette idea me leve l'ame."*—Theſe three Meſſieurs lead the dance here in a very French ſtyle. The great Joſeph follows humbly in their train; and as to poor Louis XVI. at whoſe expence the whole was done, theſe gentlemen certainly thought that no name leſs than that of an emperor ought to be annexed to theirs. When inſcriptions are fixed to public works, no names ought to be permitted but thoſe of the king, whoſe merit patronizes, and the engineer or artiſt whoſe genius executes the work. As to a mob of intendants, directors, and inſpectors, let them go to the devil! The canal at this place is ten French feet wide and twelve high, hewn entirely out of the chalk rock, imbedded, in which are many flints—no maſonry. There is only a ſmall part finiſhed of ten toiſes long for a pattern, twenty feet broad and twenty high. Five thouſand toiſes are already done in the manner of that part which I viewed; and the whole diſtance under ground, when the tunnel will be complete, is 7020 toiſes (each ſix feet) or about nine miles. It has already coſt 1,200,000 liv. (52,500l.) and there wants 2,500,000 liv. (109,375l.) to complete it; ſo that the total eſtimate is near four millions. It is executed by ſhafts. At preſent there is not above five or ſix inches of water in it. This great work has ſtood ſtill entirely ſince the adminiſtration of the archbiſhop of Toulouze. When we ſee ſuch works ſtand ſtill for want of money, we ſhall reaſonably be inclined to aſk, What are the ſervices that continue ſupplied? and to conclude, that amongſt kings, and miniſters, and nations, œconomy is the firſt virtue: —without it, genius is a meteor; victory a ſound; and all courtly ſplendour a public robbery.

At Cambray, view the manufacture. Theſe frontier towns of Flanders are built in the old ſtyle, but the ſtreets broad, handſome, well paved, and lighted. I need not obſerve, that all are fortified,

tified, and that every ſtep in this country has been rendered famous or infamous according to the feelings of the ſpectator, by many of the bloodieſt wars that have diſgraced and exhauſted chriſtendom. At the hotel de Bourbon I was well lodged, fed, and attended; an excellent inn. ——22 miles.

The 2d. Paſs Bouchaine to Valenciennes, another old town, which, like the reſt of the Flemiſh ones, manifeſts more the wealth of former than of preſent times.——18 miles.

The 3d. To Orchees; and the 4th to Liſle, which is ſurrounded by more windmills for expreſſing the oil of coleſeed, than are to be ſeen any where elſe I ſuppoſe in the world. Paſs fewer drawbridges and works of fortification here than at Calais; the great ſtrength of this place is in its mines and other *ſouteraines*. In the evening to the play.

The cry here for a war with England amazed me. Every one I talked with ſaid, it was beyond a doubt the Engliſh had called the Pruſſian army into Holland; and that the motives in France for a war were numerous and manifeſt. It is eaſy enough to diſcover, that the origin of all this violence is the commercial treaty, which is execrated here, as the moſt fatal ſtroke to their manufactures they ever experienced. Theſe people have the true monopolizing ideas; they would involve four-and-twenty millions of people in the certain miſeries of a war, rather than ſee the intereſt of thoſe who conſume fabrics, preferred to the intereſt of thoſe who make them. The advantages reaped by four-and-twenty millions of conſumers are lighter than a feather compared with the inconveniences ſuſtained by half a million of manufacturers. Meet many ſmall carts in the town, drawn each by a dog: I was told by the owner of one, what appears to me incredible, that his dog would draw 700lb. half a league. The wheels of theſe carts are very high, relative to the height of the dog, ſo that his cheſt is a good deal below the axle.

The 6th. In leaving Liſle, the reparation of a bridge made me take a road on the banks of the canal, cloſe under the works of the citadel. They appear to be very numerous, and the ſituation exceedingly advantageous, on a gently riſing ground, ſurrounded by low watry meadows, which may with eaſe be drowned. Paſs Darmentiers, a large paved town. Sleep at Mont. Caſſel. —— 30 miles.

The 7th. Caſſel is on the ſummit of the only hill in Flanders. They are now repairing the baſon at Dunkirk, ſo famous in hiſtory for an imperiouſneſs in England, which ſhe muſt have paid dearly for. Dunkirk, Gibraltar, and the ſtatue of Louis XIV. in the *Place de Victoire*, I place in the ſame political claſs of national arrogance. Many men are now at work on this baſon, and, when finiſhed, it will not contain more than twenty or twenty-five frigates; and appears to an unlearned eye, a ridiculous object for the jealouſy of a great nation, unleſs it profeſſes to be jealous of privateers.—I made enquiries concerning the import of wool from England, and was aſſured that it was a very trifling object. I may here obſerve, that when I left the town, my little cloak-bag was examined as ſcrupulouſly as if I had juſt left England, with a cargo of prohibited goods, and again at a fort two miles off Dunkirk being a free port, the cuſtom-houſe is at the gates. What are we to think of our woollen manufacturers in England, when ſuing for their wool-bill, of infamous memory, bringing one Thomas Wilkinſon from Dunkirk quay, to the bar of the Engliſh Houſe of Lords to *ſwear* that wool paſſes from Dunkirk without entry, duty, or any thing being required, at double cuſtom-houſes, for a check on each other, where they examine even a cloak-bag! On ſuch evidence, did our legiſlature, in the true ſhop-keeping ſpirit, paſs an act of fines, pains, and penalties againſt all the wool-growers of England. Walk to Roſſendal near the town, where Monſ. le Brun has an improvement on the Dunes, which he very obligingly ſhewed me. Between the town and that place are a great number of neat little houſes, built with each its garden, and one or two fields incloſed of moſt wretched blowing *dune* ſand, naturally as white as ſnow, but improved by induſtry. The magic of PROPERTY turns ſand to gold.——18 miles.

The 8th. Leave Dunkirk, where the *Concierge* a good inn, as indeed I have found all in Flanders. Paſs Gravelline, which, to my unlearned eyes, ſeems the ſtrongeſt place I have yet ſeen, at leaſt the works above ground are more numerous than at any other. Ditches, ramparts, and drawbridges without end. This is a part of the art military I like: it implies defence, and leaving raſcality to neighbours. If Gengiſchan or Tamerlane had met with ſuch places as Gravelline or Liſle in their way, where would their conqueſts and extirpations of the human race have been?—Reach Calais. And here ends a journey which has given me a great deal of pleaſure, and more information than I ſhould have expected in a kingdom not ſo well cultivated as our own. It has been the firſt of my foreign travels; and has with me confirmed the idea, that to know our own country well, we muſt ſee ſomething of others. Nations figure by compariſon; and thoſe ought to be eſteemed the benefactors of the human race, who have moſt eſtabliſhed public proſperity on the baſis of private happineſs. To aſcertain how far this has been the caſe with the French, has been one material object of my tour. It is an enquiry of great range, and no trifling complexity; but a ſingle excurſion is too little to truſt to. I muſt come again and again before I venture concluſions.——25 miles.

Wait at Deſſeins three days for a wind (the duke and dutcheſs of Glouceſter are in the ſame inn and ſituation) and for a pacquet. A captain behaved ſhabbily: deceived me, and was hired by a family that would admit nobody but themſelves:—I did not aſk what nation this family was of.——Dover——London——Bradſield;—and have more pleaſure in giving my little girl a French doll, than in viewing Verſailles.

1788.

THE long journey I had laſt year taken in France, ſuggeſted a variety of reflections on the agriculture, and on the ſources and progreſs of national proſperity in that kingdom; in ſpite of myſelf, theſe ideas fermented in my mind; and while I was drawing concluſions relative to the political ſtate of that great country, in every circumſtance connected with its huſbandry. I found, at each moment of my reflection, the importance of making as regular a ſurvey of the whole as was poſſible for a traveller to effect. Thus inſtigated, I determined to attempt finiſhing what I had fortunately enough begun.

JULY 30. Left Bradfield; and arrived at Calais.——161 miles.

AUGUST 5. The next day I took the road to St. Omers. Paſs the bridge *Sans Pareil*, which ſerves a double purpoſe, paſſing two ſtreams at once; but it has been praiſed beyond its merit, and coſt more than it was worth. St. Omers contains little deſerving notice; and if I could direct the legiſlatures of England and Ireland, ſhould contain ſtill leſs:—why are catholics to emigrate in order to be ill educated abroad, inſtead of being allowed inſtitutions that would educate them well at home? The country is ſeen to advantage from St. Bertin's ſteeple.——25 miles.

The 7th. The canal of St. Omers is carried up a hill by a ſeries of ſluices. To Aire, and Lilliers, and Bethune, towns well known in military ſtory.—25 miles.

The 8th. The country now a champaign, one changes; from Bethune to Arras an admirable gravel road. At the laſt town there is nothing but the great and rich abbey of Var, which they would not ſhew me—it was not the right day—or ſome frivolous excuſe. The cathedral is nothing.——17½ miles.

The 9th. Market-day; coming out of the town I met at leaſt an hundred aſſes, ſome loaded with a bag, others a ſack, but all apparently with a trifling burthen, and ſwarms of men and women. This is called a market, being plentifully ſupplied; but a great proportion of all the labour of a country is idle in the midſt of harveſt, to ſupply a town which in England would be fed by $\frac{1}{40}$ of the people: whenever this ſwarm of triflers buz in a market, I take a minute and vicious diviſion of the ſoil for granted. Here my only companion *de voyage*, the Engliſh mare that carries me, diſcloſes by her eye a ſecret not the moſt agreeable, that ſhe is going rapidly blind. She is mooneyed; but our fool of a Bury farrier aſſured me I was ſafe for above a twelvemonth. It muſt be confeſſed this is one of thoſe agreeable ſituations which not many will believe a man would put himſelf into. *Ma foy*! this is a piece of my good luck;—the journey at beſt is but a drudgery, that others are paid for performing on a good horſe, and I pay myſelf for doing it on a blind one;—I ſhall feel this inconvenience perhaps at the expence of my neck.——20 miles.

The 10th. To Amiens. Mr. Fox ſlept here laſt night, and it was amuſing to hear the converſation at the table d'hôte; they wondered that ſo great a man ſhould not travel in a greater ſtyle:—I aſked what was his ſtyle? Monſieur and *Madame* were in an Engliſh poſt-chaiſe, and the fille and valet de chambre in a cabriolet, with a French courier to have horſes ready. What would they have? but a ſtyle both of comfort and amuſement? A plague on a blind mare!—But I have worked through life; and he TALKS.

The 11th. By Poix to Aumale; enter Normandy.——25 miles.

The 12th. From thence to Newchatel, by far the fineſt country ſince Calais. Paſs many villas of Rouen merchants.———40 miles.

The 13th. They are right to have country villas—to get out of this great ugly, ſtinking, cloſe, and ill built town, which is full of nothing but dirt and induſtry. What a picture of new buildings does a flouriſhing manufacturing town in England exhibit! The choir of the cathedral is ſurrounded by a moſt magnificent railing

ing of ſolid braſs. They ſhew the monument of Rollo, the firſt duke of Normandy, and of his ſon; of William Longſword; alſo thoſe of Richard Cœur de Lion; his brother Henry; the Duke of Bedford, regent of France; of their own King Henry V.; of the Cardinal d'Amboiſe, miniſter of Louis XII. The altar-piece is an adoration of the ſhepherds, by Philip of Champagne. Rouen is dearer than Paris, and therefore it is neceſſary for the pockets of the people that their bellies ſhould be wholeſomely pinched. At the table d'hôte, at the hotel *pomme du pin* we ſat down, ſixteen, to the following dinner, a ſoup, about 3lb. of bouilli, one fowl, one duck, a ſmall fricaſſee of chicken, rote of veal, of about 2lb. and two other ſmall plates with a ſallad: the price 45*ſ.* and 20*ſ.* more for a pint of wine; at an ordinary of 20d. a head in England there would be a piece of meat which would, literally ſpeaking, outweigh this whole dinner! The ducks were ſwept clean ſo quickly, that I moved from table without half a dinner. Such table d'hôtes are among the cheap things of France! Of all *ſombre* and *triſte* meetings a French table d'hôte is foremoſt; for eight minutes a dead ſilence, and as to the politeneſs of addreſſing a converſation to a foreigner, he will look for it in vain. Not a ſingle word has any where been ſaid to me unleſs to anſwer ſome queſtion: Rouen not ſingular in this. The parliament-houſe here is ſhut up, and its members exiled a month paſt to their country ſeats, becauſe they would not regiſter the edict for a new land-tax. I enquired much into the common ſentiments of the people, and found that the King perſonally from having been here, is more popular than the parliament, to whom they attribute the general dearneſs of every thing. Called on Monſ. d'Ambournay, the author of a treatiſe on uſing madder green inſtead of dried, and had the pleaſure of a long converſation with him on various farming topics, intereſting to my enquiries.

The 14th. To Barentin, through abundance of apples and pears, and a country better than the huſbandry: to Yveot richer, but miſerable management.——21 miles.

The 15th. Country the ſame to Bolbec; their incloſures remind me of Ireland, the fence is a high broad parapet bank, very well planted with hedges and oak and beech trees. All the way from Rouen there is a ſcattering of country ſeats, which I am glad to ſee; farm-houſes and cottages every where, and the cotton manufacture in all. Continues the ſame to Harfleur. To Havre de Grace, the approach ſtrongly marks a very flouriſhing place: the hills are almoſt covered with little new built villas, and many more are building; ſome are ſo cloſe as to form almoſt ſtreets, and conſiderable additions are alſo making to the town.——30 miles.

The 16th. Enquiries are not neceſſary to find out the proſperty of this town; it is nothing equivocal: fuller of motion, life, and activity, than any place I have been at in France. A houſe here, which in 1779 let without any fine on a leaſe of ſix years for 240 liv. per annum, was lately let for three years at 600 liv. which twelve years paſt was to be had at 24 liv. The harbour's mouth is narrow and formed by a mole, but it enlarges into two oblong baſons of greater breadth; theſe are full of ſhips, to the number of ſome hundreds, and the quays around are thronged with buſineſs, all hurry, buſtle, and animation. They ſay a fifty gun ſhip can enter, but I ſuppoſe without her guns. What is better, they have merchant-men of five and ſix hundred tons: the ſtate of the harbour has however given them much alarm and perplexity; if nothing had been done to improve it, the mouth would have been filled up with ſand, an increaſing evil; to remedy which, many engineers have been conſulted. The want of a back water to waſh it out is ſo great, that they are now, at the King's expence, forming a moſt noble and magnificent work, a vaſt baſon, walled off from the ocean, or rather an incloſure of it by ſolid maſonry, 700 yards long, five yards broad, and 10 or 12 feet above the ſurface of the ſea at high water; and for 400 yards more it conſiſts of two exterior walls, each three yards broad, and filled up ſeven yards wide between them with earth; by means of this new and enormous baſon, they will have an artificial back-water capable, they calculate, of ſweeping out the harbour's mouth clean from all obſtructions. It is a work that does honour to the kingdom. The view of the Seine from this mole is ſtriking; it is five miles broad, with high lands for its oppoſite ſhore; and the chalk cliffs and promontories, that recede to make way for rolling its vaſt tribute to the ocean, bold and noble.

Wait on Monſ. l'Abbé Dicquemarre, the celebrated naturaliſt, where I had alſo the pleaſure of meeting Mademoiſelle le Maſſon Golft, author of ſome agreeable performances; among others, *Entretien ſur le Havre*, 1781, when the number of ſouls was eſtimated at 25,000. The next day Monſ. le Reiſeicourt, captain of the *corps royale du Genie*, to whom alſo I had letters, introduced me to Meſſrs. Hombergs, who rank amongſt the moſt conſiderable merchants of France. I dined with them at one of their country houſes, meeting a numerous company and ſplendid entertainment. Theſe gentlemen have wives and daughters, couſins and friends, cheerful, pleaſing, and well informed. I did not like the idea of quitting them ſo ſoon, for they ſeemed to have a ſociety that would have made a longer reſidence agreeable enough. It is no bad prejudice ſurely to like people that like England; moſt of them have been there.—*Nous avons aſſurément en France de belles, d'agreables et de bonnes choſes, mais on trouve une telle enérgie dans votre nation*——

The 18th. By the paſſage-packet, a decked veſſel, to Honfleur, ſeven and a half miles, which we made with a ſtrong north wind in an hour, the river being rougher than I thought a river could be. Honfleur is a ſmall town, full of induſtry, and a baſon full of ſhips, with ſome Guinea-men as large as at Havre. At Pont au de Mer, wait on Monſ. Martin, director of the *manufacture royale* of leather. I ſaw eight or ten Engliſhmen that are employed here (there are 40 in all), and converſed with one from Yorkſhire, who told me he had been deceived into coming; for though they are well paid, yet they find things very dear, inſtead of very cheap, as they had been given to underſtand.——20 miles.

The 19th. To Pont l'Eveque, towards which town the country is richer, that is, has more paſturage; the whole has ſingular features, compoſed of orchard incloſures, with hedges ſo thick and excellent, though compoſed of willow, with but a ſprinkling of thorns, that one can ſcarcely ſee through them; chateaus are ſcattered, and ſome good, yet the road is villainous. Pont l'Eveque is ſituated in the Pay d'Auge, celebrated for the great fertility of its paſtures. To Liſieux, through the ſame rich diſtrict, fences admirably planted, and the country thickly incloſed and wooded.—At the hotel d'Angleterre, an excellent inn, new, clean, and well furniſhed; and I was well ſerved and well fed.——26 miles.

The 20th. To Caen; the road paſſes on the brow of a hill, that commands the rich valley of Corbon, ſtill in the Pays d'Auge, the moſt fertile of the whole, all is under fine Poictou bullocks, and would figure in Leiceſter or Northampton.——28 miles.

The 21ſt. The marquis de Guerchy, who I had had the pleaſure of ſeeing in Suffolk, being colonel of the regiment of Artois, quartered here, I waited on him; he introduced me to his lady, and remarked, that as it was the fair of Guibray, and himſelf going, I could not do better than accompany him, ſince it was the ſecond fair in France. I readily agreed: in our way, we called at Bon, and dined with the marquis of Turgot, elder brother of the juſtly celebrated comptroller-general: this gentleman is author of ſome memoirs on planting, publiſhed in the Trimeſtres of the Royal Society of Paris; he ſhewed and explained to us all his plantations, but chiefly prides himſelf on the exotics; and I was ſorry to find in proportion not to their promiſed utility, but merely to their rarity. I have not found this uncommon in France; and it is far from being ſo in England. I wiſhed every moment, of a long walk to change the converſation from trees to huſbandry, and made many efforts, but all in vain. In the evening to the fair play-houſe—*Richard Cœur de Lion;* and I could not but remark an uncommon number of pretty women. Is there no antiquarian that deduces Engliſh beauty from the mixture of Norman blood? or who thinks, with Major Jardine, that nothing improves ſo much as croſſing; to read his agreeable book of travels, one would think none wanting, and yet to look at his daughters, and hear their muſic, it would be impoſſible to doubt his ſyſtem. Supped at the marquis d'Ecougal's, at his chateau *a la Frenaye.* If theſe French marquiſſes cannot ſhew me good crops of corn and turnips, here is a noble one of ſomething elſe—of beautiful and elegant daughters, the charming copies of an agreeable mother: the whole family I pronounced at the firſt bluſh amiable: they are chearful, pleaſing, intereſting: I want to know them better, but it is the fate of a traveller to meet opportunities of pleaſure, and merely ſee to quit them. After ſupper, while the company were at cards, the marquis converſed on topics intereſting to my enquiries.——22½ miles.

The 22d. At this fair of Guilbray, merchandize is ſold, they ſay, to the amount of ſix millions (262,500l.) but at that of Beaucaire to ten: I found the quantity of Engliſh goods conſiderable, hard and queen's ware; cloths and cottons. A dozen of common plain plates, 3 liv. and 4 liv. for a French imitation, but much worſe; I aſked the man (a Frenchman) if the treaty of commerce would not be very injurious with ſuch a difference—*C'eſt préciſement le contraire Monſ.—quelque mauvaiſe que ſoit cette imitation, on n'a encore rien fait* *d'auſſi bien en France; l'année prochaine on fera mieux—nous perfectionnerons——et enfin nous l'emporterons ſur vous.*——I believe he is a very good politician, and that without competition, it is not poſſible to perfect any fabric. A dozen with blue or green edges, Engliſh, 5 liv. 5*ſ.* Return to Caen; dine with the marquis of Guerchy, lieutenant-colonel, major, &c. of the regiment, and their wives preſent a large and agreeable company. View the Abbey of Benedictines, founded by W. the Conqueror. It is a ſplendid building, ſubſtantial, maſſy, and magnificent, with very large apartments, and ſtone ſtair-caſes worthy of a palace. Sup with Monſ. du Meſni, captain of the *corps de Genie*, to whom I had letters; he had introduced me to the engineer employed on the new port, which will bring ſhips of three or four hundred tons to Caen, a noble work, and among thoſe which do honour to France.

The 23d. Monſ. de Guerchy and the Abbée de———, accompanied me to view Harcourt, the ſeat of the duke d'Harcourt, governor of Normandy, and of the Dauphin; I had heard it called the fineſt Engliſh garden in France, but Ermenonville will not allow that claim, though not near its equal as a reſidence. Found at laſt a horſe to try in order to proſecute my journey a little leſs like Don Quixotte, but it would by no means do, an uneaſy ſtumbling beaſt, at a price that would have bought a good one, ſo my blind friend and I muſt jog on ſtill further.—30 miles.

The 24th. To Bayeux; the cathedral has three towers, one of which is very light, elegant, and highly ornamented.

The 25th. In the road to Carentan, paſs an arm of the ſea at Iſſigny, which is fordable. At Carentan I found myſelf ſo ill, from accumulated colds I ſuppoſe, that I was ſeriouſly afraid of being laid up—not a bone without its aches; and a horrid dead leaden weight all over me. I went early to bed, waſhed down a doſe of antimonial powders, which proved ſudorific enough to let me proſecute my journey.——23 miles.

The 26th. To Volognes; thence to Cherbourg, a thick woodland, much like Suſſex. The marquis de Guerchy had deſired me to call on Monſ. Doumerc, a great improver at Pierbutté near Cherbourg, which I did; but he was abſent at Paris: however his bailiff, Monſ. Baillio, with great civility ſhewed me the lands, and explained every thing.——30 miles.

The 27th. Cherbourg. I had letters to the duke de Beuvron, who commands here; to the count de Chavagnac, and M. de Meuſnier, of the Academy of Sciences, and tranſlator of Cook's Voyages; the count is in the country. So much had I heard of the famous works erecting to form a harbour here, that I was eager to view them without the loſs of a moment: the duke favoured me with an order for that purpoſe, I therefore took a boat, and rowed acroſs the artificial harbour formed by the celebrated cones.

As it is poſſible that this itinerary may be read by perſons that have not either time or inclination to ſeek other books for an account of theſe works, I will in a few words ſketch the intention and execution. The French poſſeſs no port for ſhips of war from Dunkirk to Breſt, and the former capable of receiving only frigates. This deficiency has been fatal to them more than once in their wars with England, whoſe more favourable coaſt affords not only the Thames, but the noble harbour of Portſmouth. To remedy the want, they planned a mole acroſs the open bay of Cherbourg; but to incloſe a ſpace ſufficient to protect a fleet of the line, would demand ſo extended a wall, and ſo expoſed to heavy ſeas, that the expence would be far too great to be thought of; and at the ſame time the ſucceſs too dubious to be ventured. The idea of a regular mole was therefore given up, and a partial one, on a new plan adopted; this was to erect in the ſea, a line where a mole is wanted, inſulated columns of timber and maſonry, of ſo vaſt a ſize, as to reſiſt the violence of the ocean, and to break its waves ſufficiently to permit a bank being formed between column and column. Theſe have been called cones from their form. They are 140 feet diameter at the baſe; 60 diameter at the top, and 60 feet vertical height, being, when ſunk in the ſea, 30 to 34 feet, immerſed at the low water of high tides. Theſe enormous broad-bottomed tubs being conſtructed of oak, with every attention to ſtrength and ſolidity, when finiſhed for launching, were loaded with ſtone juſt ſufficient for ſinking, and in that ſtate each cone weighed 1000 tons (of 2000 lb.) To float them, ſixty empty caſks, each of ten pipes, were attached around by cords, and in this ſtate of buoyancy the enormous machine was floated to its deſtined ſpot, towed by numberleſs veſſels, and before innumerable ſpectators. At a ſignal the cords are cut in a moment, and the pile ſinks: it is then filled inſtantly with ſtone from veſſels ready attending, and capped with maſonry. The contents of each filled only to within four feet of the ſurface, 2500 cubical toiſes of ſtone *. A vaſt number of veſſels are then employed to form a bank of ſtone from cone to cone, viſible at low water in neap tides. Eighteen cones, by one account, but 33 by another, would complete the work, leaving only two entrances, commanded by two very fine new-built forts, *Royale* and *d'Artois*, thoroughly well provided, it is ſaid, for they do not ſhew them, with an apparatus for heating cannon balls. The number of cones will depend on the diſtances at which they are placed. I found eight finiſhed, and the ſkeleton frames of two more in the dock-yard; but all is ſtopped by the archbiſhop of Toulouze, in favour of the œconomical plans at preſent in ſpeculation. Four of them, the laſt ſunk, being moſt expoſed, are now repairing, having been found too weak to reſiſt the fury of the ſtorms, and the heavy weſterly ſeas. The laſt cone is much the moſt damaged, and, in proportion as they advance, they will be ſtill more and more expoſed, which gives riſe to the opinion of many ſkilful engineers, that the whole ſcheme will prove fruitleſs, unleſs ſuch an expence is beſtowed on the remaining cones as would be ſufficient to exhauſt the revenues of a kingdom. The eight already erected have for ſome years given a new appearance to Cherbourg; new houſes, and even ſtreets, and ſuch a face of activity and animation, that the ſtop to the works was received with blank countenances. They ſay, that, quarry-men included, 3000 were employed. The effect of the eight cones already erected, and the bank of ſtone formed between them has been to give perfect ſecurity to a conſiderable portion of the intended harbour. Two 40 gun ſhips have lain at anchor within them theſe eighteen months paſt, by way of experiment, and though ſuch ſtorms have happened in that time as have put all to ſevere trials, and, as I mentioned before, conſiderably damaged three of the cones, yet theſe ſhips have not received the ſmalleſt agitation; hence it is a harbour for a ſmall fleet without doing more. Should they ever proceed with the reſt of the cones, they muſt be built much ſtronger, perhaps larger, and far greater precautions taken in giving them firmneſs and ſolidity: it is alſo a queſtion, whether they muſt not be ſunk much nearer to each other; at all events, the proportional expence will be nearly doubled, but for wars with England, the importance of having a ſecure harbour, ſo critically ſituated, they conſider as equal almoſt to any expence; at leaſt this importance has its full weight in the eyes of the people of Cherbourg. I remarked, in rowing acroſs the harbour, that while the ſea without the artificial bar was ſo rough, that it would have been unpleaſant for a boat, within it was quite ſmooth. I mounted two of the cones, one of which has this inſcription:—*Louis* XVI.—*Sur ce premiere cône èchoue le* 6 *Juin* 1784, *a vu l'immerſion de celui de l'eſt, le* 23 *Juin* 1786.——On the whole, the undertaking is a prodigious one, and does no trifling credit to the ſpirit of enterprize of the preſent age in France. The ſervice of the marine is a favourite; whether juſtly or not, is another queſtion; and this harbour ſhews, that when this great people undertake any capital works, that are really favourites, they find inventive genius to plan, and engineers of capital talents to execute whatever is deviſed, in a manner that does honour to their kingdom. The duke de Beuvron had aſked me to dinner, but I found that if I accepted his invitation, it would then take me the next day to view the glaſs manufacture; I preferred therefore buſineſs to pleaſure, and taking with me a letter from that nobleman to ſecure a ſight of it, I rode thither in the afternoon; it is about three miles from Cherbourg.

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* The toiſe ſix feet.

bourg. Monſ. de Puye, the director, explained every thing to me in the moſt obliging manner. Cherbourg is not a place for a reſidence longer than neceſſary; I was here fleeced more infamouſly than at any other town in France; the two beſt inns were full; I was obliged to go to the *barque*, a vile hole, little better than a hog-ſty; where, for a miſerable dirty wretched chamber, two ſuppers compoſed chiefly of a plate of apples and ſome butter and cheeſe, with ſome trifle beſides too bad to eat, and one miſerable dinner, they brought me in a bill of 31 liv. (1l. 7s. 1d.) they not only charged the room 3 liv. a night, but even the very ſtable for my horſe, after enormous items for oats, hay, and ſtraw. This is a ſpecies of profligacy which debaſes the national character. Calling, as I returned, on Monſ. Baillo, I ſhewed him the bill, at which he exclaimed for impoſition, and ſaid the man and woman were going to leave off their trade; and no wonder, if they had made a practice of fleecing others in that manner. Let no one go to Cherbourg without making a bargain for every thing he has, even to the ſtraw and ſtable; pepper, ſalt, and table-cloth.——10 miles.

The 28th, return to Carentan; and the 29th, paſs through a rich and thickly incloſed country, to Coutances, capital of the diſtrict called the Cotentin. They build in this country the beſt mud houſes and barns I ever ſaw, excellent habitations, even of three ſtories, and all of mud, with conſiderable barns and other offices. The earth (the beſt for the purpoſe is a rich brown loam) is well kneaded with ſtraw; and being ſpread about four inches thick on the ground, is cut in ſquares of nine inches, and theſe are taken with a ſhovel and toſſed to the man on the wall who builds it; and the wall built, as in Ireland, in layers, each three feet high, that it may dry before they advance. The thickneſs about two feet. They make them project about an inch, which they cut off layer by layer perfectly ſmooth. If they had the Engliſh way of white waſhing, they would look as well as our lath and plaiſter, and are much more durable. In good houſes the doors and windows are in ſtone work.—— 20 miles.

The 30th. A fine ſea view of the Iſles of Chauſée, at five leagues diſtant; and afterwards Jerſey, clear at about forty miles, with that of the town of Grandval on a high peninſula; entering the town, every idea of beauty is loſt; a cloſe, naſty, ugly, ill built hole: market day, and myriads of triflers, common at a French market. The bay of Cancalle, all along to the right, and St. Michael's rock riſing out of the ſea, conically, with a caſtle on the top, a moſt ſingular and picturesque object.——30 miles.

The 31ſt. At Pont Orſin, enter Bretagne; there ſeems here a more minute diviſion of farms than before. There is a long ſtreet in the epiſcopal town of Doll, without a glaſs window; a horrid appearance. My entry into Bretagne gives me an idea of its being a miſerable province.—— 22 miles.

SEPTEMBER 1ſt. To Combourg, the country has a ſavage aſpect; huſbandry not much further advanced, at leaſt in ſkill, than among the Hurons, which appears incredible amidſt incloſures; the people almoſt as wild as their country, and their town of Combourg one of the moſt brutal filthy places that can be ſeen; mud houſes, no windows, and a pavement ſo broken, as to impede all paſſengers, but eaſe none—yet here is a chateau, and inhabited; who is this Monſ. de Chateaubriant, the owner, that has nerves ſtrung for a reſidence amidſt ſuch filth and poverty? Below this hideous heap of wretchedneſs is a fine lake, ſurrounded by well wooded incloſures. Coming out of Hedé, there is a beautiful lake belonging to Monſ. de Blaſſac, intendant of Poictiers, with a fine accompanyment of wood. A very little cleaning would make here a delicious ſcenery. There is a chateau, with four rows of trees, and nothing elſe to be ſeen from the windows in the true French ſtile. Forbid it, taſte, that this ſhould be the houſe of the owner of that beautiful water; and yet this Monſ. de Blaſſac has made at Poictiers the fineſt promenade in France! But that taſte which draws a ſtrait line, and that which traces a waving one, are founded on feelings and ideas as ſeparate and diſtinct as painting and muſic—as poetry or ſculpture. The lake abounds with fiſh; pike to 36lb. carp to 24lb. perch 4lb. and tench 5lb. To Rennes the ſame ſtrange wild mixture of deſert and cultivation, half ſavage, half human.——31 miles.

The 2d. Rennes is well built, and it has two good ſquares; that particulrrly of Louis XV. where is his ſtatue. The parliament being in exile, the houſe is not to be ſeen. The Benedictines garden, called the *Tabour*, is worth viewing. But the object at Rennes moſt remarkable at preſent is a camp, with a marſhal of France (de Stainville), and four regiments of infantry, and two of dragoons, cloſe to the gates. The diſcontents of the people have been double, firſt on account of the high price of bread, and ſecondly for the baniſhment of the parliament. The former cauſe is natural enough, but why the people ſhould love their parliament was what I could not underſtand, ſince the members, as well as **of the** ſtates, are all noble, and the diſtinction b**etween** the *nobleſſe* and *roturiers* no where ſtronger, **more** offenſive, or more abominable than in Bretagne. They aſſured me, however, that the populace have been blown up to violence by every art of deception, and even by money diſtributed for that purpoſe. The commotions roſe to ſuch a height before the camp was eſtabliſhed, that the troops here were utterly unable to keep the peace. Monſ. Argentaiſe, to whom I had brought letters, had the goodneſs, during the four days I was here, to ſhew and explain every thing to be ſeen. I find Rennes very cheap; and it appears the more ſo to me juſt come from Normandy, where every thing is extravagantly dear. The table d'hóte, at the *grand maiſon*, is well ſerved; they give two courſes, containing plenty of good things, and a very ample regular deſſert: the ſupper one good courſe, with a large joint of mutton, and another good deſſert; each meal, with the common wine, 40*ſ.* and for 20 more you have very good wine, inſtead of the ordinary ſort: 30*ſ.* for the horſe: thus, with good wine, it is no more than 6 liv. 10*ſ.* a day, or 5s. 10d. Yet a camp which they complain has raiſed prices enormouſly.

The 5th. To Montauban. The poor people ſeem poor indeed; the children terribly ragged, if poſſible worſe clad than if with no cloaths at all; as to ſhoes and ſtockings they are luxuries. A beautiful girl of ſix or ſeven years playing with a ſtick, and ſmiling under ſuch a bundle of rags as made my heart ache to ſee her: they did not beg, and when I gave them any thing ſeemed more ſurprized than obliged. One third of what I have ſeen of this province ſeems uncultivated, and nearly all of it in miſery. What have kings, and miniſters, and parliaments, and ſtates, to anſwer for their prejudices, ſeeing millions of hands that would be induſtrious, idle and ſtarving, through the execrable maxims of deſpotiſm, or the equally deteſtable prejudices of a feudal a feudal nobility. Sleep at the *lion d'or*, at Montauban, an abominable hole.——20 miles.

The 6th. The ſame incloſed country to Brooms; but near that town improves to the eye, from being more hilly. At the little town of Lamballe, there are above fifty families of nobleſſe that live in winter, who reſide on their eſtates in the ſummer. There is probably as much foppery and nonſenſe in their circles, and for what I know as much happineſs, as in thoſe of Paris. Both would be better employed in cultivating their lands, and rendering the poor induſtrious. ——30 miles.

The 7th. Leaving Lamballe, the country immediately changes. The marquis d'Urvoy, who I met at Rennes, and has a good eſtate at St. Brieux, gave me a letter for his agent, who anſwered my queſtions.——12½ miles.

The 8th. To Guingamp, a *ſombre* incloſed country. Paſs Chateaulandrin, and enter [illegible] Bretagne. One recognizes at once another people, meeting numbers who have not more French than *Je ne ſai pas ce que vous dites*, or *Je n'entend rien.* Enter Guingamp by gateways, towers, and battlements, apparently of the oldeſt military architecture; every part denoting antiquity, and in the beſt preſervation. The poor people's habitations are not ſo good; they are miſerable heaps of dirt; no glaſs, and ſcarcely any light; but they have earth chimnies. I was in my firſt ſleep at Belleiſle, when the aubergiſte came to my bedſide, undrew a curtain, that I expected to cover me with ſpiders, to tell me that I had *une jument Anglois ſuperbe*, and that a ſigneur wiſhed to buy it of me: I gave him half a dozen flowers of French eloquence for his impertinence, when he thought proper to leave me and his ſpiders at peace. There was a great *chaſſe* aſſembled. Theſe Bas Bretagne ſigneurs are capital hunters, it ſeems, that fix on a blind mare for an object of admiration. *A-propos* to the breeds of horſes in France; this mare coſt me twenty-three guineas when horſes were dear in England, and had been ſold for ſixteen when they were rather cheaper; her figure may therefore be gueſſed; yet ſhe was much admired, and often in this journey; and as to Bretagne, ſhe rarely met a rival. That province, and it is the ſame in parts of Normandy, is infeſted in every ſtable with a pack of garran poney ſtallions, ſufficient to perpetuate the miſerable breed that is every where ſeen. This villainous hole, that calls itſelf the *grand maiſon*, is the beſt inn at a poſt town on the great road to Breſt, at which marſhals of France, dukes, peers, counteſſes, and ſo forth, muſt now and then, by the accidents to which long journies are ſubject to, have found themſelves. What are we to think of a country that has made, in the eighteenth century, no better proviſion for its travellers!—— 30 miles.

The 9th. Morlaix is the moſt ſingular port I have ſeen. It has but one feature, a vale juſt wide enough for a fine canal with two quays, and two rows of houſes; behind them the mountain riſes ſteep, and woody on one ſide; on the other gardens, rocks, and wood; the effect romantic and beautiful. Trade now very dull, but flouriſhed much in the war.——20 miles.

The 10th. Fair day at Landerviſier, which gave me an opportunity of ſeeing numbers of Bas Bretons collected, as well as their cattle. The men dreſs in great trowſers like breeches, many with naked legs, and moſt with wooden ſhoes, ſtrong marked features like the Welch, with countenances a mixture of half energy half lazineſs; their perſons ſtout, broad, and ſquare. The women furrowed without age by labour, to the utter extinction of all ſoftneſs of ſex. The eye diſcovers them at firſt glance to be a people abſolutely diſtinct from the French. Wonderful that they ſhould be found ſo, with diſtinct language, manners, dreſs, &c. after having been ſettled here 1300 years.——25 miles.

The 11th. I had reſpectable letters, and to reſpectable people at Breſt, in order to ſee the dock-yard, but they were vain; Monſ. le Chevalier de Tredairne particularly applied for me earneſtly to the commandant, but the order, contrary to its being ſhewn either to Frenchmen or foreigners, was too ſtrict to be relaxed without an expreſs direction from the miniſter of the marine, given very rarely, and to which, when it does come, they give but an unwilling obedience.

Monſ. Tredairne, however, informed me, that lord Pembroke ſaw it not long ſince by means of ſuch an order: and he remarked himſelf, knowing that I could not fail doing the ſame, that it was ſtrange to ſhew the port to an Engliſh general and governor of Portſmouth, yet deny it to a farmer. He however aſſured me, that the duke of Chartres went away but the other day without being permitted to ſee it. Gretry's muſic at the theatre, which, though not large, is neat and even elegant, was not calculated to put me in good humour; it was *Panurge*.—Breſt is a well built town, with many regular and handſome ſtreets, and the quay where many men of war are laid up, and other ſhipping has much of that life and motion which animates a ſea-port.

The 12th. Return to Landernau, where, at the *duc de Chartre*, which is the beſt and cleaneſt inn in the biſhopric, as I was going to dinner, the landlord told me, there was a *Monſieur un homme comme il faut*, and the dinner would be better if we united; *de tout mon cœur*. He proved a Bas Breton noble, with his ſword and a little miſerable but nimble nag. This ſigneur was ignorant that the duke de Chartres, the other day at Breſt, was not the duke that was in Monſ. d'Orvillier's fleet. Take the road to Nantes.—25 miles.

The 13th. The country to Chateaulin more mountainous; one-third waſte. All this region far inferior to Leon and Traguer; no exertions, nor any marks of intelligence, yet all near to the great navigation and market of Breſt water, and the ſoil good. Quimper, though a biſhopric, has nothing worth ſeeing but its promenades which are among the fineſt in France.——25 miles.

The 14th. Leaving Quimper, there ſeem to be more cultivated features; but this only for a moment;—waſtes—waſtes—waſtes.—Reach Quimperly.———27 miles.

The 15th. The ſame *ſombre* country to l'Orient, but with a mixture of cultivation and much wood.—I found l'Orient ſo full of fools, gaping to ſee a man of war launched, that I could get no bed for myſelf, nor ſtable for my horſe at the *epeè royale.* At the *cheval blanc*, a poor hole, I got my horſe crammed among twenty others, like herrings in a barrel, but could have no bed. The duke de Briſſac, with a ſuite of officers, had no better ſucceſs. If the governor of Paris could not, without trouble, get a bed at l'Orient, no wonder Arthur Young found obſtacles. I went directly to deliver my letters, found Monſ. Beſné, a merchant, at home; he received me with a frank civility better than a million of compliments; and the moment he underſtood my ſituation, offered me a bed in his houſe, which I accepted. The Tourville, of 84 guns, was to be launched at three o clock, but put off till the next day, much to the joy of the aubergiſtes, &c. who were well pleaſed to ſee ſuch a ſwarm of ſtrangers kept another day. I wiſhed the ſhip in their throats, for I thought only of my poor mare being ſqueezed a night amongſt the Bretagne garrans; ſix-pence, however to the garcon, had effects marvelouſly to her eaſe. The town is modern, and regularly built, the ſtreets diverge in rays from the gate, and are croſſed by others at right angles, broad, handſomely built, and well paved; with many houſes that make a good figure. But what makes l'Orient more known is being the appropriated port for the commerce of India, containing all the ſhipping and magazines of the company. The latter are truly great, and ſpeak the royal munificence from which they aroſe. They are of ſeveral ſtories, and all vaulted in ſtone, in a ſplendid ſtyle, and of vaſt extent. But they want, at leaſt at preſent, like ſo many other magnificent eſtabliſhments in France, the vigour and vivacity of an active commerce. The buſineſs tranſacting here ſeems trifling. Three 84 gun ſhips, the Tourville, l'Eole, and Jean Bart, with a 32 gun frigate, are upon the ſtocks. They aſſured me, that the Tourville has been only nine months building: the ſcene is alive, and fifteen large men of war being laid up here in ordinary, with ſome Indiamen, and a few traders, render the port a pleaſing ſpectacle. There is a beautiful round tower, 100 feet high, of white ſtone, with a railed gallery at top; the proportions light and agreeable; it is for looking out and making ſignals. My hoſpitable merchant, I find a plain unaffected character, with ſome whimſical originalities, that make him more intereſting; he has an agreeable daughter, who entertains me with ſinging to her harp. The next morning the Tourville quitted her ſtocks, to the muſic of the regiments, and the ſhouts of thouſands collected to ſee it. Leave l'Orient. Arrive at Hennebon.——7½ miles.

The 17th. To Auray, the eighteen pooreſt miles I have yet ſeen in Bretagne. Good houſes of ſtone and ſlate, without glaſs. Auray has a little port, and ſome ſloops, which always give an air of life to a town. To Vannes, the country various, but *landes* the more permanent feature. Vannes is not an inconſiderable town, but its greateſt beauty is its port and promenade.

The 18th. To Muſiliac. Belleiſle with the ſmaller ones, d'Hedic and d'Honat, are in ſight. Muſiliac, if it can boaſt of nothing elſe, may at leaſt vaunt its cheapneſs. I had for dinner two good flat fiſh, a diſh of oyſters, ſoup, a fine duck roaſted; with an ample deſſert of grapes, pears, walnuts, biſcuits, liqueur, and a pint of good Bourdeaux wine: my mare, beſides hay, had three-fourths of a peck of corn, and the whole 56ſ. 2ſ. to the fille and two to the garcon, in all 2s. 6d. Paſs *landes*—*landes*—*landes*—to la Roche Bernard. The view of the river Villaine, is beautiful from the boldneſs of the ſhores, there are no inſipid flats; the river is two-thirds of the width of the Thames at Weſtminſter, and would be equal to any thing in the world if the ſhores were woody, but they are the ſavage waſtes of this country.———33 miles.

The 19th. Turned aſide to Auvergnac, the ſeat of the count de la Bourdonaye, to whom I had a letter from the dutcheſs d'Anville, as a perſon able to give me every ſpecies of intelligence relative to Bretagne, having for five-and-twenty years been firſt ſyndac of the nobleſſe. A fortuitous jumble of rocks and ſteeps could ſcarcely form a worſe road than theſe five miles: could I put as much faith in two bits of wood laid over each other, as the good folks of the country do, I ſhould have croſſed myſelf, but my blind friend, with the moſt incredible ſure-footedneſs, carried me ſafe over ſuch places, that if I had not been in the every day habit of the ſaddle, I ſhould have ſhuddered at, though guided by eyes keen as Eclipſe's; for I ſuppoſe a fine racer, on whoſe velocity ſo many fools have been ready to loſe their money, muſt have good eyes, as well as good legs. Such a road, leading to ſeveral villages, and one of the firſt noblemen of the province, ſhews what the ſtate of ſociety muſt be;—no communication—no neighbourhood—no temptation to the expences which flow from ſociety; a mere ſecluſion to ſave money in order to ſpend it in towns. The count received me with great politeneſs; I explained to him my plan and motives for travelling in France, which he was pleaſed very warmly to approve, expreſſing his ſurpriſe that I ſhould attempt ſo large an undertaking, as ſuch a ſurvey of France, unſupported by my government; I told him he knew very little of our goverment, if he ſuppoſed they would give a ſhilling to any agricultural project or projector; that whether the miniſter was whig or tory made no difference, the party of THE PLOUGH never yet had one on its ſide; and that England has had many Colberts but not one Sully. This led to much intereſting converſation on the balance of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, and on the means of encouraging them; and, in reply to his enquiries, I made him underſtand their relations in England, and how our huſbandry flouriſhed, in ſpite of the teeth of our miniſters, merely by the protection which civil liberty gives to property: and conſequently that it was in a poor ſituation, comparatively with what it would have been in had it received the ſame attention as manufactures and commerce. I told M. de la Bourdonaye that his province of Bretagne ſeemed to me to have nothing in it but privileges and poverty, he ſmiled, and gave me ſome explanations that are important; but no nobleman can ever probe this evil as it ought to be done, reſulting as it does from the privileges going to themſelves, and the poverty to the people. He ſhewed me his plantations, which are very ſine and well thriven, and ſhelter him thoroughly on every ſide, even from the S. W. ſo near to the ſea; from his walks we ſee Belleiſle and its neighbours, and a little iſle or rock belonging to him, which he ſays the King of England took from him after Sir Edward Hawke's victory, but that his majeſty was kind enough to leave him his iſland after one night's poſſeſſion.——20 miles.

The 20th. Take my leave of Monſieur and Madame de la Bourdonaye, to whoſe politeneſs as well as friendly attentions I am much obliged. Towards Nazaire there is a fine view of the mouth of the Loire, from the riſing grounds, but the headlands that form the embouchure are low, which takes off from that greatneſs of the effect which highlands give to the mouth of the Shannon. The ſwelling boſom of the Atlantic boundleſs to the right. Savanal poverty itſelf.——33 miles.

The 21ſt. Come to an improvement in the midſt of theſe deſerts, four good houſes of ſtone and ſlate, and a few acres run to wretched graſs, which have been tilled, but all ſavage, and become almoſt as rough as the reſt. I was afterwards informed that this improvement, as it is called, was wrought by Engliſhmen, at the expence of a gentleman they ruined as well as themſelves.—I demanded how it had been done? Pare and burn, and ſow wheat, then rye, and then oats. Thus it is for ever and ever! the ſame follies, the ſame blundering, the ſame ignorance; and then all the fools in the country ſaid, as they do now, that theſe waſtes are good for nothing. To my amazement find the incredible circumſtance, that they reach within three miles of the great commercial city of Nantes! This is a problem and a leſſon to work at, but not at preſent.

ſent. Arrive—go to the theatre, new built of fine white ſtone, and has a magnificent portico front of eight elegant Corinthian pillars, and four others within, to part the portico from a grand veſtibule. Within all is gold and painting, and *a coup d'œil* at entering, that ſtruck me forcibly. It is, I believe, twice as large as Drury-Lane, and five times as magnificent. It was Sunday, and therefore full. *Mon Dieu!* cried I to myſelf, do all the waſtes, the deſerts, the heath, ling, furz, broom, and bog, that I have paſſed for 300 miles lead to this ſpectacle? What a miracle, that all this ſplendour and wealth of the cities in France ſhould be ſo unconnected with the country! There are no gentle tranſitions from eaſe to comfort, from comfort to wealth: you paſs at once from beggary to profuſion,—from miſery in mud cabins to Mademoiſelle St. Huberti, in ſplendid ſpectacles at 500 liv. a night, (21l. 17s. 6d.) The country deſerted, or if a gentleman in it, you find him in ſome wretched hole, to ſave that money which is laviſhed with profuſion in the luxuries of a capital.——20 miles.

The 22d. Deliver my letters. As much as agriculture is the chief object of my journey, it is neceſſary to acquire ſuch intelligence of the ſtate of commerce, as can be beſt done from merchants, for abundance of uſeful information is to be gained, without putting any queſtions that a man would be cautious of anſwering, and even without putting any queſtions at all. Monſ. Riédy was very polite, and ſatisfied many of my enquiries; I dined once with him, and was pleaſed to find the converſation take an important turn on the relative ſituations of France and England in trade, particularly in the Weſt Indies. I had a letter alſo to Monſ. Epivent, *conſilier* in the parliament of Rennes, whoſe brother, Monſ. Epivent de la Villeſboiſnet, is a very conſiderable merchant here. It was not poſſible for any perſon to be more obliging than theſe two gentlemen; their attentions to me were marked and friendly, and rendered a few days reſidence here equally inſtructive and agreeable. The town has that ſign of proſperity of new buildings, which never deceives. The quarter of the *comedie* is magnificent, all the ſtreets at right angles and of white ſtone. I am in doubt whether the *hotel de Henri* IV. is not the fineſt inn in Europe: Deſſein's at Calais is larger, but neither built, fitted up, nor furniſhed like this, which is new. It coſt 400,000 liv. (17,500l.) furniſhed, and is let at 14,000 liv. per ann. (612l. 10s.) with no rent for the firſt year. It contains 60 beds for maſters, and 25 ſtalls for horſes. Some of the apartments of two rooms, very neat, are 6 liv. a day; one good 3 liv. but for merchants 5 liv. per diem for dinner, ſupper, wine, and chamber, and 35*ſ.* for his horſe. It is, without compariſon, the firſt inn I have ſeen in France, and very cheap. It is in a ſmall ſquare cloſe to the theatre, as convenient for pleaſure or trade as the votaries of either can wiſh. The theatre coſt 450,000 liv.

and lets to the comedians at 17,000 liv. a year; it holds, when full, 120 louis d'or. The land the inn ſtands on was bought at 9 liv. a foot: in ſome parts of the city it ſells as high as 15 liv. This value of the ground induces them to build ſo high as to be deſtructive of beauty. The quay has nothing remarkable; the river is choaked with iſlands, but at the furtheſt part next to the ſea is a large range of houſes regularly fronted. An inſtitution common in the great commercial towns of France, but particularly flouriſhing in Nantes, is a *chamber de lecture*, or what we ſhould call a book-club, that does not divide its books, but forms a library. There are three rooms, one for reading, another for converſation, and the third is the library; good fires in winter are provided, and wax candles. Meſſrs. Epivent had the goodneſs to attend me in a water expedition, to view the eſtabliſhment of Mr. Wilkinſon, for boring cannon, in an iſland in the Loire below Nantes. Until that well known Engliſh manufacturer arrived, the French knew nothing of the art of caſting cannon ſolid, and then boring them. Mr. Wilkinſon's machinery, for boring four cannons, is now at work, moved by tide wheels; but they have erected a ſteam engine, with a new apparatus for boring ſeven more; M. de la Motte, who has the direction of the whole, ſhewed us alſo a model of this engine, about ſix feet long, five high, and four or five broad: which he worked for us, by making a ſmall fire under the boiler that is not bigger than a large tea-kettle; one of the beſt machines for a traveling philoſopher that I have ſeen. Nantes is as *enflammé* in the cauſe of liberty, as any town in France can be; the converſations I witneſſed here, prove how great a change is effected in the minds of the French, nor do I believe it will be poſſible for the preſent government to laſt half a century longer, unleſs the cleareſt and moſt decided talents are at the helm. The American revolution has laid the foundation of another in France, if government does not take care of itſelf *. The 23d one of the twelve priſoners from the Baſtile arrived here—he was the moſt violent of them all—and his impriſonment has been far enough from ſilencing him.

The 25th. It was not without regret that I quitted a ſociety both intelligent and agreeable, nor ſhould I feel comfortably if I did not hope to ſee Meſſrs. Epivents again; I have little chance of being at Nantes, but if they come a ſecond time to England, I have a promiſe of ſeeing them at Bradfield. The younger of theſe gentlemen ſpent a fortnight with Lord Shelburne at Bowood, which he remembers with much pleaſure; Colonel Barré and Dr. Prieſtley were there at the ſame time. To Aucenis is all incloſed: for ſeven miles many ſeats.——22½ miles.

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* It wanted no great ſpirit of prophecy to foretel this; but [illegible] events have ſhewn that I was very wide of the mark when I talked of fifty years.

The 26th. To the ſcene of the vintage. I had not before been witneſs to ſo much advantage as here; laſt autumn the heavy rains made it a melancholy buſineſs. At preſent, all is life and activity. The country all thickly and well incloſed. Glorious view of the Loire from a village, the laſt of Bretagne, where is a great barrier acroſs the road and cuſtom-houſes, to ſearch every thing coming from thence. The Loire takes the appearance of a lake large enough to be intereſting. There is on both ſides an accompanyment of wood, which is not univerſal on this river. The addition of towns, ſteeples, windmills, and a great range of lovely country, covered with vines; the character gay as well as noble. Enter Anjou, with a great range of meadows. Paſs St. George, and take the road to Angers. For ten miles quit the Loire and meet it again at Angers. Letters from Monſ. de Brouſſonet; but he is unable to inform me in what part of Anjou was the reſidence of the marquis de Tourbilly; to find out that nobleman's farm, where he made thoſe admirable improvements, which he deſcribes in the *Memoire ſur les defrichemens*, was ſuch an object to me, that I was determined to go to the place, let the diſtance out of my way be what it might.——30 miles.

The 27th. Among my letters, one to Monſ. de la Livoniere, perpetual ſecretary of the Society of Agriculture here. I found he was at his country-ſeat, try-ſeat, two leagues off at Mignianne. On my arrival at his ſeat, he was ſitting down to dinner with his family; not being paſt twelve, I thought to have eſcaped this awkwardneſs; but both himſelf and Madame prevented all embarraſſment by very unaffectedly deſiring me to partake with them, and making not the leaſt derangement either in table or looks, placed me at once at my eaſe, to an indifferent dinner, garniſhed with ſo much eaſe and chearfulneſs that I found it a repaſt more to my taſte than the moſt ſplendid tables could afford. An Engliſh family in the country, ſimilar in ſituation, taken unawares in the ſame way, would receive you with an unquiet hoſpitality, and an anxious politeneſs; and after waiting for a hurry-ſcurry derangement of cloth, table, plates, ſideboard, pot and ſpit, would give you perhaps ſo good a dinner, that none of the family, between anxiety and fatigue, could ſupply one word of converſation, and you would depart under cordial wiſhes that you might never return.—This folly, ſo common in England, is never met with in France: the French are quiet in their houſes, and do things without effort.—Monſ. Livoniere converſed with me much on the plan of my travels, which he commended greatly, but thought it very extraordinary that neither government, nor the Academy of Sciences, nor the Academy of Agriculture, ſhould at leaſt be at the expence of my journey. This idea is purely French; they have no notion of private people going out of their way for the public good, without being paid by the public; nor could he well comprehend me, when I told him that every thing is well done in England, except what is done with public money. I was greatly concerned to find that he could give me no intelligence concerning the reſidence of the late marquis de Tourbilly, as it would be a provoking circumſtance to paſs all through the province without finding his houſe, and afterwards hear perhaps that I had been ignorantly within a few miles of it. In the evening returned to Angers.——20 miles.

The 28th. To La Flêche. The chateau of Duretal, belonging to the dutcheſs d'Eſtiſſac, is boldly ſituated above the little town of that name, and on the banks of a beautiful river, the ſlopes to which that hang to the ſouth are covered with vines. The country chearful, dry, and pleaſant for reſidence. I enquired here of ſeveral gentlemen for the reſidence of the marquis de Tourbilly, but all in vain. The 30 miles to La Flèche the road is a noble one; of gravel, ſmooth, and kept in admirable order. La Flèche is a neat, clean, little town, not ill built, on the river that flows to Duretal, which is navigable; but the trade is inconſiderable. My firſt buſineſs here, as every where elſe in Anjou, was to enquire for the reſidence of the marquis de Tourbilly. I repeated my enquiries till I found that there was a place not far from La Flêche, called Tourbilly, but not what I wanted, as there was no Monſ.

de Tourbilly there, but a marquis de Galway, who inherited Tourbilly from his father. This perplexed me more and more; and I renewed my enquiries with ſo much eagerneſs, that ſeveral people, I believe, thought me half mad. At laſt I met with an ancient lady who ſolved my difficulty; ſhe informed me, that Tourbilly, about twelve miles from La Flêche, was the place I was in ſearch of: that it belonged to the marquis of that name, who had written ſome books ſhe believed; that he died twenty years ago inſolvent; that the father of the preſent marquis de Galway bought the eſtate. This was ſufficient for my purpoſe; I determined to take a guide the next morning, and, as I could not viſit the marquis, at leaſt ſee the remains of his improvements. The news, however, that he died inſolvent, hurt me very much; it was a bad commentary on his book, and foreſaw, that whoever I ſhould find at Tourbilly, would be full of ridicule, on a huſbandry that proved the loſs of the eſtate on which it was practiſed.——30 miles.

The 29th. This morning I executed my project; my guide was a countryman with a good pair of legs, who conducted me acroſs a range of ſuch ling waſtes as the marquis ſpeaks of in his memoir. They appear boundleſs here; and I was told that I could travel many—many days, and ſee nothing elſe: what fields of improvement to make, not to loſe eſtates! At laſt we arrived at Tourbilly, a poor village, of a few ſcattered houſes, in a vale between two riſing grounds, which are yet heath and waſte; the chateau in the midſt, with plantations of fine poplars leading to it. I cannot eaſily expreſs the anxious inquiſitive curioſity I felt to examine every ſcrap of the eſtate; no hedge or tree, no buſh but what was intereſting to me; I had read the tranſlation of the marquis's hiſtory of his improvements in Mr. Mills' huſbandry, and thought it the moſt intereſting morſel I had met with, long before I procured the original *Memoire ſur les defrichemens*; and determined that if ever I ſhould go to France to view improvements the recital of which had given me ſuch pleaſure. I had neither letter nor introduction to the preſent owner, the marquis de Galway. I therefore ſtated to him the plain fact, that I had read Monſ. de Tourbilly's book with ſo much pleaſure, that I wiſhed much to view the improvements deſcribed in it; he anſwered me directly in good Engliſh, received me with ſuch cordiality of politeneſs, and ſuch expreſſions of regard for the purport of my travels, that he put me perfectly in humour with myſelf, and conſequently with all around me. He ordered breakfaſt *a l'Angloiſe*; gave orders for a man to attend us in our walk, who I deſired might be the oldeſt labourer to be found of the late marquis de Tourbilly's. I was pleaſed to hear that one was alive who had worked with him from the beginning of his improvement. At breakfaſt Monſ. de Galway introduced me to his brother, who

who alſo ſpoke Engliſh, and regretted that he could not do the ſame to Madame de Galway, who was in the ſtraw: he then gave me an account of his father's acquiring the eſtate and chateau of Tourbilly. His great-grand-father came to Bretagne with King James II. when he fled from the Engliſh throne; ſome of the ſame family are ſtill living in the county of Cork, particularly at Lotta. His father was famous in that province for his ſkill in agriculture; and, as a reward for an improvement he had wrought on the *landes*, the ſtates of the province gave him a waſte tract in the iſland of Belleiſle, which at preſent belongs to his ſon. Hearing that the marquis de Tourbilly was totally ruined, and his eſtates in Anjou to be ſold by the creditors, he viewed them, and finding the land very improveable, made the purchaſe, giving about 15,000 louis d'ors for Tourbilly, a price which made the acquiſition highly advantages, notwithſtanding his having bought ſome law-ſuits with the eſtate. It is about 3000 arpents, nearly contiguous, the ſeigneury of two pariſhes, with the *haute juſtice*, &c. a handſome, large, and convenient chateau, offices very compleat, and many plantations, the work of the celebrated man concerning whom my enquiries were directed. I was almoſt breathleſs on the queſtion of ſo great an improver being ruined! "You are unhappy that a man ſhould be ruined by an art you love ſo much." Preciſely ſo. But he eaſed me in a moment,

ment, by adding, that if the marquis had done nothing but farm and improve, he had never been ruined. One day, as he was boring to find marl, his ill ſtars diſcovered a vein of earth, perfectly white, which on trial did not eſſerveſce with acids. It ſtruck him as an acquiſition for porcelain—he ſhewed it to a manufacturer——it was pronounced excellent: the marquis's imagination took fire, and he thought of converting the poor village of Tourbilly into a town, by a fabric of china——he went to work on his own account——raiſed buildings——and got together all that was neceſſary, except ſkill and capital.—— In fine, he made good porcelain, was cheated by his agents, and people, and at laſt ruined. A ſoap manufactory, which he eſtabliſhed alſo, as well as ſome law-ſuits relative to other eſtates, had their ſhare in cauſing his misfortunes: his creditors ſeized the eſtate, but permitted him to adminiſter it till his death, when it was ſold. The only part of the tale that leſſened my regret was, that, though married, he left no family; ſo that his aſhes will ſleep in peace, without his memory being reviled by an indigent poſterity. His anceſtors acquired the eſtate by marriage in the fourteenth century. His agricultural improvements, Monſ. Galway obſerved, certainly did not hurt him; they were not well done, nor well ſupported by himſelf, but they rendered the eſtate more valuable; and he never heard that they had brought him into any difficulties. I cannot but obſerve here, that there ſeems a fatality to attend country gentlemen whenever they attempt trade or manufacture. In England I never knew a man of landed property, with the education and habits of landed property, attempt either; but they were infallibly ruined; or if not ruined, conſiderably hurt by them. Whether it is that the ideas and principles of trade have ſomething in them repugnant to the ſentiments which *ought* to flow from education—or whether the habitual inattention of country gentlemen to ſmall gains and ſavings, which are the ſoul of trade, renders their ſucceſs impoſſible; to whatever it may be owing, the fact is ſuch, not one in a million ſucceeds. Agriculture, in the improvement of their eſtates, is the only proper and legitimate ſphere of their induſtry; and though ignorance renders this ſometimes dangerous, yet they can with ſafety attempt no other. The old labourer, whoſe name is Piron (as propitious I hope to farming as to wit), being arrived, we ſallied forth to tread what to me was a ſort of claſſic ground. I ſhall dwell but little on the particulars: they make a much better figure in the *Memoire ſur les defrichemens* than at Tourbilly; the meadows, even near the chateau, are yet very rough; the general features are rough: but the alleys of poplars, of which he ſpeaks in the memoirs, are nobly grown indeed, and do credit to his memory; they are 60 or 70 feet high, and girt a foot: the willows are equal. Why were they not oak?

to have tranſmitted to the farming travellers of another century the pleaſure I feel in viewing the more periſhable poplars of the preſent time; the cauſeways near the caſtle muſt have been arduous works. The mulberries are in a ſtate of neglect; Monſ. Galway's father not being fond of that culture, deſtroyed many, but ſome hundreds remain, and I was told that the poor people had made as far as 25lb. of ſilk, but none attempted at preſent. The meadows had been drained and improved near the chateau to the amount of 50 or 60 arpents, they are now ruſhy, but valuable in ſuch a country. Near them is a wood of Bourdeaux pines, ſown 35 years ago, and are now worth five or ſix liv. each. I walked into the boggy bit that produced the great cabbages he mentioned, it joins a large and moſt improveable bottom. Piron informed me that the marquis pared and burnt about 100 arpents in all, and he folded 250 ſheep. On our return to the chateau, Monſ. de Galway, finding what an enthuſiaſt I was in agriculture, ſearched among his papers to find a manuſcript of the marquis de Tourbilly's, written with his own hand, which he had the goodneſs to make me a preſent of, and which I ſhall keep amongſt my curioſities in agriculture. The polite reception I had met from Monſ. Galway, and the friendly attention he had given to my views, entering into the ſpirit of my purſuits, and wiſhing to promote it, would have induced me very cheerfully to have accepted his invitation of remaining ſome days with him; had I not been apprehenſive that the moment of madame Galway's being in bed, would render ſuch an unlooked for viſit inconvenient. I took my leave therefore in the evening, and returned to La Flêche by a different road.——25 miles.

The 30th. A quantity of moors to Le Mans, they aſſured me at Guerces, that they are here 60 leagues in circumference, with no great interruptions. At Le Mans I was unlucky in Monſ. Tournai, ſecretary to the Society of Agriculture, being abſent.——28 miles.

OCTOBER 1. Towards Alencon, the country a contraſt to what I paſſed yeſterday; good land, well incloſed, well built, and tolerably cultivated, with marling. A noble road of dark coloured ſtone, apparently ferruginous, that binds well. Near Beaumont vineyards in ſight on the hills, and theſe are the laſt in thus travelling northwards; the whole country finely watered by rivers and ſtreams, yet no irrigation.———30 miles.

The 2d. Four miles to Nouant, of rich herbage, under bullocks.——28 miles.

The 3d. From Gacé towards Bernay. Paſs the mariſhal duc de Broglio's chateau at Broglio, which is ſurrounded by ſuch a multiplicity of clipt hedges, double, treble, and quadruple, that he muſt half maintain the poor of the little town in clipping.——25 miles.

The 4th. Leave Bernay; where, and at other places in this country, are many mud walls, made of rich red loam, thatched at top, and well planted with fruit-trees: a hint very well worth taking for copying in England, where brick and ſtone are dear. Come to one of the richeſt countries in France, or indeed in Europe. There are few finer views than the firſt of Elbeuf, from the eminence above it, which is high; the town at your feet in the bottom; on one ſide the Seine preſents a noble reach, broken by wooded iſlands, and an immenſe amphitheatre of hill, covered with a prodigious wood, ſurrounding the whole.

The 5th. To Rouen, where I found the *hotel royal*, a contraſt to that dirty, impertinent, cheating hole the *pomme de pin*. In the evening to the theatre, which is not ſo large I think as that of Nantes, but not comparable in elegance or decoration; it is *ſombre* and dirty. Gretty's *Caravanne de Caire*, the muſic of which, though too much chorus and noiſe, has ſome tender and pleaſing paſſages. I like it better than any other piece I have heard of that celebrated compoſer. The next morning waited on Monſ. Scanegatty, *profeſſeur de phyſique dans la Societé Royale d'Agriculture*; he received me with politeneſs. He has a conſiderable room furniſhed with mathematical and philoſophical inſtruments and models. He explained ſome of the latter to me that are of his own invention, particularly one of a furnace for calcining gypſum, which is brought here in large quantities from Montmartre. Waited on Meſſrs. Midy, Roſſec and Co. the moſt conſiderable wool merchants in France, who were ſo kind as to ſhew me a great variety of wools, from moſt of the European countries, and permitted me to take ſpecimens. The next morning I went to Darnetal, where Monſ. Curmer, ſhewed me his manufacture. Return to Rouen, and dined with Monſ. Portier, *directeur general des fermes*, to whom I had brought a letter from the duc de la Rochefoucauld. The converſation turned, among other ſubjects, on the want of new ſtreets at Rouen, on compariſon with Havre, Nantes, and Bourdeaux; at the latter places it was remarked, that a merchant makes a fortune in ten or fifteen years, and builds away; but at Rouen, it is a commerce of œconomy, in which a man is long doing it, and therefore unable with prudence to make the ſame exertions. Every perſon at table agreed in another point which was diſcuſſed, that the wine provinces are the pooreſt in all France: I urged the produce being greater per arpent by far than of other lands; they adhered to the fact as one generally known and admitted. In the evening at the theatre, Madame du Freſne entertained me greatly; ſhe is an excellent actreſs, never overdoes her parts, and makes one feel by feeling herſelf. The more I ſee of the French theatre, the more I am forced to acknowledge the ſuperiority to our own, in the number of good performers, and in the paucity

city of bad ones ; and in the quantity of dancers, ſingers, and perſons on whom the buſineſs of the theatre depends, all eſtabliſhed on a great ſcale. I remark, in the ſentiments that are applauded, the ſame generous feelings in the audience in France, that have many times in England put me in good humour with my countrymen. We are too apt to hate the French, for myſelf I ſee many reaſons to be pleaſed with them ; attributing faults very much to their government ; perhaps in our own, our roughneſs and want of good temper are to be traced to the ſame origin.

The 8th. My plan had for ſome time been to go directly to England, on leaving Rouen, for the poſt-offices had been cruelly uncertain. I had received no letters for ſome time from my family, though I had written repeatedly to urge it ; they paſſed to a perſon at Paris who was to forward them ; but ſome careleſſneſs, or other cauſe, impeded all, at a time that others directed to the towns I paſſed, came regularly ; I had fears that ſome of my family were ill, and that they would not write bad news to me in a ſituation where knowing the worſt could have no influence in changing it for better. But the deſire I had to accept the invitation to La Roche Guyon, of the dutcheſs d'Anville's and the duc de la Rochefoucauld, prolonged my journey, and I ſet forward on this further excurſion. A truly noble view from the road above Rouen ; the city at one end of the vale, with the river flowing to it perfectly checkered with iſles of wood. The other divides into two great channels, between which the vale is all ſpread with iſlands, ſome arable, ſome meadow, and much wood on all. Paſs Pont l'Arch to Louviers. I had letters for the celebrated manufacturer Monſ. Decretot, who received me with a kindneſs that ought to have ſome better epithet than polite; he ſhewed me his fabric, unqueſtionably the firſt woollen one in the world, if ſucceſs, beauty of fabric, and an inexhauſtible invention to ſupply with taſte all the cravings of fancy, can give the merit of ſuch ſuperiority. Perfection goes no further than the Vigonia cloths of Monſ. Decretot, at 110 liv. (4l 16s. 3d . the aulne. He ſhewed me alſo his cotton-mills, under the direction of two Engliſhmen. Near Louviers is a manufacture of copper plates for the bottoms of the King's ſhips; a colony of Engliſhmen. I ſupped with Monſ. Decretot, paſſing a very pleaſant evening in the company of ſome agreeable ladies.—— 7 miles.

The 9th. By Guillon to Vernon; the vale flat rich arable. Among the notes, I had long ago taken of objects to ſee in France, was the plantation of mulberries, and the ſilk eſtabliſhment of the marechal de Belleiſle, at Biſſy, near Vernon; the attempts repeatedly made by the ſociety for the encouragement of arts, at London, to introduce ſilk into England, had made the ſimilar undertakings in the north of France more intereſting. I accordingly made all the enquiries that were neceſſary for diſcovering the ſucceſs of this meritorious attempt. Billy is a fine place, purchaſed on the death of the duc de Belleiſle by the duc de Penthievre, who has but one amuſement, which is that of varying his reſidence at the numerous ſeats he poſſeſſes in many parts of the kingdom. There is ſomething rational in this taſte; I ſhould like myſelf to have a ſcore of farms from the vale of Valencia to the Highlands of Scotland, and to viſit and direct their cultivation by turns. From Vernon, croſs the Seine, and mount the chalk hills again; after which mount again, and to La Roche Guyon, the moſt ſingular place I have ſeen. Madame d'Anville and the duc de la Rochefoucauld received me in a manner that would have made me pleaſed with the place had it been in the midſt of a bog. It gave me pleaſure to find alſo the dutcheſs de la Rochefoucauld here, with whom I had paſſed ſo much agreeable time at Bagnere de Luchon, a thoroughly good woman, with that ſimplicity of character which is baniſhed by pride of family or foppery of rank. The Abbé Rochon, the celebrated aſtronomer, of the academy of ſciences, with ſome other company, which, with the domeſtics and trappings of a grand ſeigneur, gave La Roche Guyon exactly the reſemblance of the reſidence of a great lord in England. Europe is now ſo much aſſimilated, that if one goes to a houſe, where the fortune is 15 or 20,000l. a-year, we ſhall find in the mode of living much more reſemblance than a young traveller will ever be prepared to look for.——23 miles.

The 10th. This is one of the moſt ſingular places I have been at. The chalk rock has been cut perpendicularly, to make room for the chateau. The kitchen, which is a large one, vaſt vaults, and extenſive cellars (magnificently filled by the way) with various other offices, are all cut out of the rock, with merely fronts of brick; the houſe is large, containing thirty-eight apartments. The preſent dutcheſs has added a handſome ſaloon of forty-eight feet long, and well propro-tioned, with four fine tablets of the Gobelin tapeſtry, alſo a library well filled. Here I was ſhewn the ink-ſtand that belonged to the famous Louvois, the miniſter of Louis XIV. known to be the identical one from which he ſigned the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and I ſuppoſe alſo the order to Turenne to burn the Palatinate. This marquis de Louvois was grandfather to the two dutcheſſes d'Anville and d'Eſtiſſac, who inherited all his fortune, as well as their own family one of the houſe of La Rochefoucauld, from which family I conceive, and not from Louvois, they inherited their diſpoſitions. From the principal apartment, there is a balcony that leads to the walks which ſerpentine up the mountain. Like all French ſeats, there is a town, and a great *potager* to remove before it would be conſonant with Engliſh ideas. Biſſy, the duc de Penthievre's, is juſt the ſame; before the chateau there is a gently falling vale with a little ſtream through it, that might be made any thing of for *lawning and watering*; exactly there, in full front of the houſe, they have placed a great kitchen-garden, with walls enough for a fortreſs. The houſes of the poor people here, as on the Loire in Touraine, are burrowed into the chalk rock, and have a ſingular appearance: here are two ſtreets of them, one above another; they are aſſerted to be wholeſome, warm in winter, and cool in ſummer, but others thought differently; and that they were bad for the health of the inhabitants. The duc de la Rochefoucauld had the kindneſs to order the ſteward to give me all the information I wanted relative to the agriculture of the country, and to ſpeak to ſuch perſons as was neceſſary on points that he was in doubt about. At an Engliſh nobleman's, there would have been three or four farmers aſked to meet me, who would have dined with the family amongſt the ladies of the firſt rank. I do not exaggerate, when I ſay, that I have had this at leaſt an hundred times in the firſt houſes of our iſlands. It is however, a thing that in the preſent ſtate of manners in France, would not be met with from Calais to Bayonne, except by chance in the houſe of ſome great lord that had been much in England *, and then not unleſs it was aſked for. The nobility in France have no more idea of practiſing agriculture, and making it an object of converſation, except on the mere theory, as they would ſpeak of a loom or a bowſprit, than of any other object the moſt remote from their habits and purſuits. I do not ſo much blame them for this neglect, as I do that herd of viſionary and abſurd writers on agriculture, who, from their chambers in cities, have, with an impertinence almoſt incredible, deluged France with nonſenſe and theory, enough to diſguſt and ruin the whole nobility of the kingdom.

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* I once knew it at the duc de Liancourt's.

The 12th. Part with regret from a ſociety I had every reaſon to be pleaſed with.——35 miles.

The 13th. The 20 miles to Rouen, the ſame features. Firſt view of Rouen ſudden and ſtriking; but the road doubling, in order to turn more gently down the hill, preſents from an elbow the fineſt view of a town I have ever ſeen; the whole city, with all its churches and convents, and its cathedral proudly riſing in the midſt, fills the vale. The river preſents one reach, croſſed by the bridge, and then dividing into two fine channels, forms a large iſland covered with wood; the reſt of the vale of verdure and cultivation, of gardens and habitations, finiſh the ſcene, in perfect uniſon with the great city that forms the capital feature. Wait on Monſ. d'Ambournay, ſecretary of the ſociety of agriculture, who was abſent when I was here before; we had an intereſting converſation on agriculture, and on the means of encouraging it. I found, from this very ingenious gentleman, that his plan of uſing madder green, which many years ago made ſo much noiſe in the agricultural world, is not practiſed at preſent any where; but he continues to think it perfectly practicable. In the evening to the play, where Madame Cretal, from Paris, acted *Nina*; and it proved the richeſt treat I have received from the French theatre. She performed it with an inimitable expreſſion, with a tenderneſs, a *naivetè*, and an elegance withal, that maſtered every feeling of the heart, againſt which the piece was written: her expreſſion is as delicious, as her countenance is beautiful; in her acting, nothing overcharged, but all kept within the ſimplicity of nature. The houſe was crouded, garlands of flowers and laurel were thrown on the ſtage, and ſhe was crowned by the other actors, but modeſtly removed them from her head, as often as they were placed there.——20 miles.

The 14th. Take the road to Dieppe. Meadows in the vale well watered, and hay now making. Sleep at Tote.——17½ miles.

The 15th. To Dieppe. I was lucky enough to find the paſſage-boat ready to ſail; go on board with my faithful ſure-footed blind friend. I ſhall probably never ride her again, but all my feelings prevent my ſelling her in France.——Without eyes ſhe has carried me in ſafety above 1500 miles; and for the reſt of her life ſhe ſhall have no other maſter than myſelf; could I afford it, this ſhould be her laſt labour: ſome ploughing, however, on my farm, ſhe will perform for me, I dare ſay, chearfully.

Landing at the neat, new-built town of Brighthelmſtone, offers a much greater contraſt to Dieppe, which is old and dirty, than Dover does to Calais; and in the caſtle inn I ſeemed for a while to be in fairy land; but I paid for the enchantment. The next day to lord Sheffield's, a houſe I never go to, but to receive equal pleaſure and inſtruction. I longed to make one for a few days in the evening library circle, but I took it ſtrangely into my head, from one or two expreſſions, merely accidental, in the converſation, coming after my want of letters to France, that I had certainly loſt a child in my abſence; and I hurried to London next morning, where I had the pleaſure of finding my alarm a falſe one; letters enough had been written, but all failed. To Bradfield.——202 miles.

1789.

MY two preceding journies had croſſed the whole weſtern half of France, in various directions; and the information I had received in making them, had made me as much a maſter of the general huſbandry, the ſoil, management and productions, as could be expected, without penetrating in every corner; and reſiding long in various ſtations, a method of ſurveying ſuch a kingdom as France, that would demand ſeveral lives inſtead of years. The eaſtern part of the kingdom remained. The great maſs of country, formed by the triangle, whoſe three points are Paris, Straſbourg and Moulins, and the mountainous region S. E. of the laſt town, preſented in the map an ample ſpace, which it would be neceſſary to paſs before I could have ſuch an idea of the kingdom as I had planned the acquiſition; I determined to make this third effort, in order to accompliſh a deſign which appeared more and more important, the more I reflected on it; and leſs likely to be executed by thoſe whoſe powers are better adapted to the undertaking than mine. The meeting of the States General of France alſo, who were now aſſembled, made it the more neceſſary to loſe no time; for in all human probability, that aſſembly will be the epoch of a new conſtitution, which will have new effects, and, for what I know, attended with a new agriculture; and to have the regal ſun in ſuch a kingdom, both riſe and ſet without the territory being known, muſt of neceſſity be regretted by every man ſolicitous for real political knowledge. The events of a century and half, including the brilliant reign of Louis XIV. will for ever render the ſources of the French power intereſting to mankind, and particularly that its ſtate may be known previous to the eſtabliſhment of an improved government, as the compariſon of the effects of the old and new ſyſtem will be not a little curious in future.

June 2. To London.. At night, *Il Generoſité d'Aleſſandro*, by Tarchi, in which Signor Marcheſi exerted his powers, and ſung a duet, that made me for ſome moments forget all the ſheep and pigs of Bradfield. I was, however, much better entertained after it, by ſupping at my friend Dr. Burney's, and meeting Miſs Burney; how ſeldom it is that we can meet two characters at once in whom great celebrity deducts nothing from private amiableneſs: how many dazzling ones that we have no deſire to live with! give me ſuch as to great talents, add the qualities that make us wiſh to *ſhut up doors* with them.

The 3d. Nothing buzzing in my ears but the fête given laſt night by the Spaniſh ambaſſador. The beſt fête of the preſent period is that which ten millions of people are giving to themſelves,

The feaſt of reaſon and the flow of ſoul.

The animated feelings of boſoms beating with gratitude for the eſcape of one common calamity, and the thrilling hope of the continuance of common bleſſings. Meet the count de Berchtold at Mr. Songa's; a reach of good ſenſe and important views:—Why does not the Emperor call him to his own country, and make him his prime miniſter? The world will never be well governed till princes know their ſubjects.

The 4th. To Dover in the machine, with two merchants from Stockholm, a German and a Swede; we ſhall be companions to Paris. I am more likely to learn ſomething uſeful from the converſation of a Swede and a German, than from the chance medley Engliſhmen of a ſtage-coach.——72 miles.

The 5th. Paſſage to Calais; 14 hours for reflection in a vehicle that does not allow one power to reflect.——21 miles.

The 6th. A Frenchman and his wife, and a French teacher from Ireland, full of foppery and affectation, which her own nation did not give her, were our company, with a young good-natured raw countryman of hers, at whom ſhe played off many airs and graces. The man and his wife contrived to produce a pack of cards, to baniſh, they ſaid, *l'enuye* of the journey; but they contrived alſo to fleece the young fellow of five louis. This is the firſt French diligence I have been in, and ſhall be the laſt; they are deteſtable. Sleep at Abbeville.——78 miles.

Theſe men and women, girls and boys, think themſelves (except the Swede) very cheerful becauſe very noiſy; they have ſtunned me with ſinging; my ears have been ſo tormented with French airs, that I would almoſt as ſoon have rode the journey blindfold on an aſs. This is what the French call good ſpirits; no truly chearful emotion in their boſoms; ſilent or ſinging; but for converſation they had none. I loſe all patience in ſuch company. Heaven ſend me a blind mare rather than another diligence! We were all this night, as well as all the day, on the road, and reached Paris at nine in the morning.——102 miles.

The 8th. To my friend Lazowſki, to know where were the lodgings I had written him to hire me, but my good dutcheſs d'Eſtiſſac would not allow him to execute my commiſſion. I found an apartment in her hotel prepared for me. Paris is at preſent in ſuch a ferment about the States General, now holding at Verſailles, that converſation is abſolutely abſorbed by them. Not a word of any thing elſe talked of. Every thing is conſidered, and juſtly ſo, as important in ſuch a criſis of the fate of four-and-twenty millions of people. It is now a ſerious contention whether the repreſentatives are to be called the *Commons* or the *Tiers Etat*; they call themſelves ſteadily the former, while the court and the great lords reject the term with a ſpecies of apprehenſion, as if it involved a meaningnot eaſily to be fathomed. But this point is of little conſequence, compared with another, that has kept the ſtates for ſometime in inactivity, the verification of their power ſeparately or in common. The nobility and the clergy demand the former, but the Commons ſteadily refuſe it; the reaſon why a circumſtance, apparently of no great conſequence, is thus tenaciouſly regarded, is that it may decide their ſitting for the future in ſeparate houſes or in one. Thoſe who are warm for the intereſt of the people declare that it will be impoſſible to reform ſome of the groſſeſt abuſes in the ſtate, if the nobility, by ſitting in a ſeparate chamber, ſhall have a negative on the wiſhes of the people: and that to give ſuch a *veto* to the clergy would be ſtill more prepoſterous; if therefore, by the verification of their powers in one chamber, they ſhall once come together, the popular party hope that there will remain, no power afterwards to ſeparate. The nobility and clergy foreſee the ſame reſult, and will not therefore agree to it. In this dilemma it is curious to remark the *feelings* of the moment. It is not my buſineſs to write memoirs of what paſſes, but I am intent to catch, as well as I can, the opinions of the day moſt prevalent. While I remain at Paris, I ſhall ſee people of all deſcriptions, from the coffee-houſe politicians to the leaders in the ſtates; and the chief object of ſuch rapid notes as I throw on paper, will be to catch the ideas of the moment; to compare them afterwards with the actual events that ſhall happen, will afford amuſement at leaſt. The moſt prominent feature that appears at preſent is, that an idea of common intereſt and common danger does not ſeem to unite thoſe, who, if not united, may find themſelves too weak to oppoſe the common danger that muſt ariſe from the people being ſenſible of a ſtrength the reſult of *their* weakneſs. The king, court, nobility, clergy, army, and parliament, are nearly in the ſame ſituation. All theſe conſider, with equal dread, the ideas of liberty, now afloat; except the firſt, who, for reaſons obvious to thoſe who know his character, troubles himſelf little, even with circumſtances, that concern his power the moſt intimately. Among the reſt, the feeling of danger is common, and they would unite, were there a head to render it eaſy, in order to do without the ſtates at all. That the commons themſelves look for ſome ſuch hoſtile union as more than probable, appears from an idea which gains ground, that they will find it neceſſary ſhould the other two orders continue to unite with them in one chamber, to declare themſelves boldly the repreſentatives of the kingdom at large, calling on the nobility and clergy to take their places—and to enter upon deliberations of buſineſs without them, ſhould they refuſe it. All converſation at preſent is on this topic, but opinions are more divided than I ſhould have expected There ſeem to be many who hate the clergy ſo cordially, that rather than permit them to form a diſtinct chamber would venture on a new ſyſtem, dangerous as it might prove.

The 9th. The buſineſs going forward at preſent in the pamphlet ſhops of Paris is incredible. I went to the Palais Royal to ſee what new things were publiſhed, and to procure a catalogue of all. Every hour produces ſomething new. Thirteen came out to-day, ſixteen yeſterday, and ninety-two laſt week. We think ſometimes that Debrett's or Stockdale's ſhops at London are crouded, but they are mere deſerts, compared to Deſein's, and ſome others here, in which one can ſcarcely ſqueeze from the door to the counter. The price of printing two years ago was from 27 liv. to 30 liv. per ſheet, but now it is from 60 liv. to 80 liv. This ſpirit of reading political tracts, they ſay, ſpreads into the provinces, ſo that all the preſſes of France are equally employed. Nineteen-twentieths of theſe productions are in favour of liberty, and commonly violent againſt the clergy and nobility; I have to-day beſpoke many of this deſcription, that have reputation; but enquiring for ſuch as had appeared on the other ſide of the queſtion, to my aſtoniſhment

ment I find there are but two or three that have merit enough to be known. Is it not wonderful, that while the preſs teems with the moſt levelling and even ſeditious principles, that if put in execution would over-turn the monarchy, nothing in reply appears, and not the leaſt ſtep is taken by the court to reſtrain this extreme licentiouſneſs of publication. It is eaſy to conceive the ſpirit that muſt thus be raiſed among the people. But the coffee-houſes in the Palais Royal preſent yet more ſingular and aſtoniſhing ſpectacles; they are not only crouded within, but other expectant crouds are at the doors and windows, liſtening *a gorge deployé* to certain orators, who from chairs or tables harangue each his little audience: the eagerneſs with which they are heard, and the thunder of applauſe they receive for every ſentiment of more than common hardineſs or violence againſt the preſent government, cannot eaſily be imagined. I am all amazement at the miniſtry permitting ſuch neſts and hot-beds of ſedition and revolt, which diſſeminate amongſt the people, every hour, principles that by and by muſt be oppoſed with vigour, and therefore it ſeems little ſhort of madneſs to allow the propagation at preſent.

The 10th. Every thing conſpires to render the preſent period in France critical: the want of bread is terrible: accounts arrive every moment from the provinces of riots and diſturbances, and calling in the military, to preſerve the peace of the markets. The prices reported are the ſame as I found at Abbeville and Amiens 5ſ. (2½.) a pound for white bread, and 3½ſ. to 4ſ. for the common ſort, eaten by the poor: theſe rates are beyond their faculties, and occaſion great miſery. At Meudon, the police, that is to ſay the intendant, ordered that no wheat ſhould be ſold on the market without the perſon taking at the ſame time an equal quantity of barley. What a ſtupid and ridiculous regulation, to lay obſtacles on the ſupply, in order to be better ſupplied; and to ſhew the people the fears and apprehenſions of government, creating thereby an alarm, and raiſing the price at the very moment they wiſh to ſink it. I have had ſome converſation on this topic with well informed perſons, who have aſſued me that the price is, as uſual, much higher than the proportion of the crop demanded, and there would have been no real ſcarcity if Mr. Necker would have let the corn-trade alone; but his edicts of reſtriction, which have been mere comments on his book on the legiſlation of corn, have operated more to raiſe the price than all other cauſes together. It appears plain to me, that the violent friends of the commons are not diſpleaſed at the high price of corn, which ſeconds their views greatly, and makes any appeal to the common feeling of the people more eaſy, and much more to their purpoſe than if the price was low. Three days paſt, the chamber of the clergy contrived a cunning propoſition; it was to ſend a de-a deputation to the commons, propoſing to name a commiſſion from the three orders to take into conſideration the miſery of the people, and to deliberate on the means of lowering the price of bread. This would have led to the deliberation by order, and not by heads, conſequently muſt be rejected, but unpopularly ſo from the ſituation of the people: the commons were equally dextrous; in their reply, they prayed and conjured the clergy to join them in the common hall of the ſtates to deliberate, which was no ſooner reported at Paris than the clergy became doubly an object of hatred; and it became a queſtion with the politicians of the *Caffé de Foy*, whether it was not lawful for the commons to decree the application of their eſtates towards eaſing the diſtreſs of the people?

The 11th. I have been in much company all day, and cannot but remark, that there ſeem to be no ſettled ideas of the beſt means of forming a new conſtitution. Yeſterday the Abbé Syeyes made a motion in the houſe of commons, to declare boldly to the privileged orders, that if they will not join the commons, the latter will proceed in the national buſineſs without them; and the houſe decreed it, with a ſmall amendment. This cauſes much converſation on what will be the conſequence of ſuch a proceeding; and on the contrary, on what may flow from the nobility and clergy continuing ſteadily to refuſe to join the commons, and ſhould they ſo proceed, to proteſt againſt all they decree, and appeal to the King to diſſolve the ſtates, and recal them in ſuch a form as may be practicable for buſineſs. In theſe moſt intereſting diſcuſſions, I find a general ignorance of the principles of government; a ſtrange and unaccountable appeal, on one ſide, to ideal and viſionary rights of nature; and, on the other, no ſettled plan that ſhall give ſecurity to the people for being in future in a much better ſituation than hitherto; a ſecurity abſolutely neceſſary. But the nobility, with the principles of great lords that I converſe with, are moſt diſguſtingly tenacious of all old rights, however hard they may bear on the people; they will not hear of giving way in the leaſt to the ſpirit of liberty, beyond the point of paying equal land-taxes, which they hold to be all that can with reaſon be demanded. The popular party, on the other hand, ſeem to conſider all liberty as depending on the privileged claſſes being loſt, and outvoted in the order of the commons, at leaſt for making the new conſtitution; and when I urge the great probability, that ſhould they once unite, there will remain no power of ever ſeparating them; and that in ſuch caſe, they will have a very queſtionable conſtitution, perhaps a very bad one; I am always told, that the firſt object muſt be for the people to get the power of doing good; and that it is no argument againſt ſuch a conduct to urge that an ill uſe may be made of it. But among ſuch men, the common idea is, that any thing tending towards a ſeparate order, like our houſe of lords, is abſolutely inconſiſtent with liberty; all which ſeems perfectly wild and unfounded.

The 12th. To the royal ſociety of agriculture, which meets at the *hotel de ville*, and of which being an *aſſocié*, I voted, and received a *jetton*, which is a ſmall medal given to the members, every time they attend, in order to induce them to mind the buſineſs of their inſtitution; it is the ſame at all royal academies, &c. and amounts, in a year, to a conſiderable and ill-judged expence; for what good is to be expected from men who would go only to receive their *jetton?* Whatever the motive may be, it ſeems well attended: near thirty were preſent; among them Parmentier, vice-preſident, Cadet de Vaux, Fourcroy, Tillet, Deſmarets, Brouſſonet, ſecretary, and Creté de Palieul, at whoſe farm I was two years ago, and who is the only practical farmer in the ſociety. The ſecretary reads the titles of the papers preſented, and gives ſome little account of them; but they are not read unleſs particularly intereſting, then memoirs are read by the members, or reports of references; and when they diſcuſs or debate, there is no order, but all ſpeak together as in a warm private converſation. The Abbé Reynal has given them 1200 liv. (52l. 10s.) for a premium on ſome important ſubject; and my opinion was aſked what it ſhould be given for. Give it, I replied, in ſome way for the introduction of turnips. But that they conceive to be an object of impoſſible attainment; they have done ſo much, and the government ſo much more, and all in vain, that they conſider it as a hopeleſs object. I did not tell them that all hitherto done has been abſolute folly; and that the right way to begin, was to undo every thing done. I am never preſent at any ſocieties of agriculture, either in France or England, but I am much in doubt with myſelf whether, when beſt conducted, they do moſt good or miſchief; that is, whether the benefits a national agriculture may by great chance owe to them, are not more than counterbalanced by the harm they effect; by turning the public attention to frivilous objects, inſtead of important ones, or dreſſing important ones in ſuch a garb as to make them trifles? The only ſociety that could be really uſeful would be that which, in the culture of a large farm, ſhould exhibit a perfect example of good huſbandry, for the uſe of ſuch as would reſort to it; conſequently one that ſhould conſiſt ſolely of practical men; and then query whether many good cooks would not ſpoil a good diſh. The ideas of the public on the great buſineſs going on at Verſailles change daily and even hourly. It now ſeems the opinion, that the commons, in their late violent vote, have gone too far; and that the union of the nobility, clergy, army, parliament, and King, will be by far too many for them; ſuch an union is ſaid to be in agitation; and that the count d'Artois, the Queen, and the party uſually known by her name, are taking ſteps to effect it, againſt the moment when the proceedings of the commons ſhall make it neceſſary to act with unity and vigour. The abolition of the parliaments is common converſation among the popular leaders, as a ſtep eſſentially neceſſary; becauſe, while they exiſt, they are tribunals to which the court can have reſort, ſhould they be inclined to take any ſtep againſt the exiſtence of the ſtates: thoſe bodies are alarmed, and ſee with deep regret, that their refuſal to regiſter the royal edicts, has created a power in the nation not only hoſtile, but dangerous to their own exiſtence. It is now very well known and underſtood on all hands, that ſhould the King get rid of the ſtates, and govern on any tolerable principles, all his edicts would be enregiſtered by all the parliaments. In the dilemma and apprehenſion of the moment, the people look very much to the duc d'Orleans, as to a head; but with palpable and general ideas of diſtruſt and want of confidence; they regret his character, and lament that they cannot depend on him in any ſevere and difficult trial: they conceive him to be without ſteadineſs, and that his greateſt apprehenſion is to be exiled from the pleaſures of Paris, and tell of many littleneſſes he practiſed before, to be recalled from baniſhment. They are, however, ſo totally without a head, that they are contented to look to him as one; and are highly pleaſed with what is every moment reported, that he is determined to go at the head of a party of the nobility, and verify their powers in common with the commons. All agree, that had he firmneſs, in addition to his vaſt revenue of ſeven millions (306,250l.) and four more (175,000l.) in reverſion, after the death of his father-in-law, the duc de Penthievre, he might, at the head of the popular cauſe do any thing.

The 13th. In the morning to the King's library, which I had not ſeen when before at Paris; it is a vaſt apartment, and, as all the world knows, nobly filled. Every thing is provided to accommodate thoſe who wiſh to read or tranſcribe—of whom there were ſixty or ſeventy preſent. Along the middle of the rooms are glaſs caſes, containing models of the inſtruments of many trades preſerved for the benefit of poſterity, being made on the moſt exact ſcale of proportion; among others the potter, founder, brickmaker, chymiſt, &c. &c. and lately added a very large one of the Engliſh garden, moſt miſerably imagined; but with all this not a plough, or an iota of agriculture; yet a farm might be much eaſier repreſented than the garden they have attempted, and with infinitely more uſe. I have no doubt but there may ariſe many caſes, in which the preſervation of inſtruments unaltered, may be of conſiderable utility; I think I ſee clearly, that ſuch a uſe would reſult in agriculture, and if ſo, why not in other arts? Theſe caſes of models, however, have ſo much the air of childrens' play-houſes, that I would not anſwer for my little girl, if I had her here, not crying for them. At the dutcheſs of d'Anville's, where meet the archbiſhop of Aix, biſhop of Blois, Prince de Laon, and duc and dutcheſs de la Rochefoucauld, the three laſt of my old Bagnere de Luchon acquaintance, lord and lady Camelford, lord Eyre, &c. &c.

All this day I hear nothing but anxiety of expectation for what the criſis in the ſtates will produce. The embarraſſment of the moment is extreme. Every one agrees that there is no miniſtry: the Queen is cloſely connecting herſelf with the party of the princes, with the count d'Artois at their head; who are all ſo adverſe to Monſ. Necker that every thing is in confuſion: but the King, who is perſonally the honeſteſt man in the world, has but one wiſh, which is to do right; yet, being without thoſe deciſive parts that enable a man to foreſee difficulties and to avoid them, finds himſelf in a moment of ſuch extreme perplexity, that he knows not what council to take refuge in: it is ſaid that Monſ. Necker is alarmed for his power, and anecdote reports things to his diſadvantage, which probably are not true:—of his trimming—and attempting to connect himſelf with the Abbé de Vermont, reader to the Queen, and who has great influence in all affairs in which he chuſes to interfere; this is hardly credible, as that party are known to be exceedingly adverſe to Monſ. Necker; and it is even ſaid, that, as the count d'Artois, Madame de Polignac, and a few others were, but two days ago, walking in the private garden of Verſailles they met Madame Necker, and deſcended even to hiſſing: if half this is true, it is plain enough that this miniſter muſt ſpeedily retire. All who adhere to the antient conſtitution, or rather government, conſider him as their mortal enemy; they aſſert, and truly, that he came in under circumſtances that would have enabled him to do every thing he pleaſed—he had king and kingdom at command—but that the errors he was guilty of, for want of ſome ſettled plan, have been the cauſe of all the dilemmas experienced ſince. They accuſe him heavily of aſſembling the notables, as a falſe ſtep that did nothing but miſchief: and aſſert that his letting the king go to the ſtates-general, before their powers were verified, and the neceſſary ſteps taken to keep the orders ſeparate, after giving double the repreſentation to the *tiers* to that of the other two orders, was madneſs. That he ought to have appointed commiſſaries to have received the verification before admittance; they accuſe him further of having done all this through an exceſſive and inſufferable vanity, which gave him the idea of guiding the deliberation of the ſtates by his knowledge and reputation. The character of a man, drawn by his enemies, muſt neceſſarily be charged; but theſe are his features here, of which all parties recognize ſome truth, however rejoiced they may be that error was a part of his conſtitution. It is expreſsly aſſerted by M. Necker's moſt intimate friends, that he has acted with good faith, and that he has been in principle a friend to the regal power, as well as to an amelioration of the condition of the people. The worſt thing I know of him is his ſpeech to the ſtates on their aſſembling,—a great opportunity, but loſt,—no great leading or maſterly views,—no deciſion on circumſtances in which the people ought to be relieved, and new principles of government adopted;——it is the ſpeech you would expect from a banker's clerk of ſome ability. Concerning it there is an anecdote worth inſerting; he knew his voice would not enable him to go through the whole of it, in ſo large a room, and to ſo numerous an aſſembly; and therefore he had ſpoken to Monſ. de Brouſſonet, of the academy of ſciences, and ſecretary to the royal ſociety of agriculture, to be in readineſs to read it for him. He had been preſent at an annual general meeting of that ſociety, when Monſ. Brouſſonet had read a diſcourſe with a powerful piercing voice, that was heard diſtinctly to the greateſt diſtance. This gentleman attended him ſeveral times to take his inſtructions, and be ſure of underſtanding the interlineations that were made, even after the ſpeech was finiſhed. M. Brouſſonet was with him the evening before the aſſembly of the ſtates, at nine o'clock: and next day, when he came to read it in public, he found ſtill more corrections and alterations, which Monſ. Necker had made after quitting him; they were chiefly in ſtile, and ſhew how very ſolicitous he was in regard to the form and decoration of his matter: the ideas in my opinion wanted this attention more than the ſtile. Monſ. Brouſſonet himſelf told me this little anecdote. This morning in the ſtates three cureés of Poitou have joined themſelves to the commons, for the verification of their powers, and were received with a kind of madneſs of applauſe; and this evening at Paris nothing elſe is talked of. The nobles have been all day in debate, without coming to any concluſion, and have adjourned to Monday.

The 14th. To the king's garden, where Monſ. Thouin had the goodneſs to ſhew me ſome ſmall experiments he has made on plants that promiſe greatly for the farmer, particularly the *lathyrus biennis* *, and the *melilotus ſybcrica* *, which now make an immenſe figure for forage; both are biennial; but will laſt three or four years if not ſeeded; the *Achillæa ſyberica* promiſes well, and an *aſtragalus*; he has promiſed me ſeeds. The Chineſe hemp has perfected its ſeeds, which it had not done before in France. The more I ſee of Monſ. Thouin the better I like him, he is one of the moſt amiable men I know.

To the repoſitory of the royal machines, which Monſ. Vandermond ſhewed and explained to me, with great readineſs and politeneſs. What ſtruck me moſt was Monſ. Vaucuſſon's machine for making a chain, which I was told Mr. Watt of Birmingham admired very much, at which my attendants ſeemed not diſpleaſed. Another for making the cogs indented in iron wheels. There is a chaff cutter, from an Engliſh original; and a model of the nonſenſical plough to go without horſes, theſe are the only ones in agriculture. Many of very ingenious contrivance for winding ſilk, &c. In the evening to the theatre *Francoiſe*, the Siege of Calais, by Monſ. de Belloy, not a good, but a popular performance.

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* I have ſince cultivated theſe plants in ſmall quantities, and believe them to be a very important object.

It is now decided by the popular leaders, that they will move to-morrow to declare all taxes illegal not raiſed by authority of the ſtates general, but to grant them immediately for a term; either for two years, or for the duration of the preſent ſeſſion of the ſtates. This plan is highly approved at Paris by all the friends of liberty; and it is certainly a rational mode of proceeding, founded on juſt principles, and will involve the court in a great dilemma.

The 15th. This has been a rich day, and ſuch an one as ten years ago none could believe would ever arrive in France; a very important debate being expected on what, in our houſe of commons, would be termed the ſtate of the nation. My friend Monſ. Lazowſki and myſelf were at Verſailles by eight in the morning. We went immediately to the hall of the ſtates to ſecure good ſeats in the gallery; we found ſome deputies already there, and a pretty numerous audience collected. The room is too large; none but ſtentorian lungs, or the fineſt cleareſt voices can be heard; however the very ſize of the apartment, which admits 2000 people, gave a dignity to the ſcene. It was indeed an intereſting one. The ſpectacle of the repreſentatives of twenty-five millions of people, juſt emerging from the evils of 200 years of arbitrary power, and riſing to the bleſſings of a freer conſtitution, aſſembled with open doors under the eye of the public, was framed to call into animated feelings every latent ſpark, every emotion of a liberal boſom. To baniſh whatever ideas might intrude of their being a people too often hoſtile to my own country, —and to dwell with pleaſure on the glorious idea of happineſs to a great nation—of felicity to millions yet unborn. Monſ. l'Abbé Syeyes opened the debate. He is one of the moſt zealous ſticklers for the popular cauſe; carries his ideas not to a regulation of the preſent government, which he thinks too bad to be regulated at all, but wiſhes to ſee it abſolutely overturned; being in fact a violent republican: this is the character he commonly bears, and in his pamphlets he ſeems pretty much to juſtify ſuch an idea. He ſpeaks ungracefully, and uneloquently, but logically, or rather reads ſo, for he read his ſpeech, which was prepared. His motion, or rather ſtring of motions, was to declare themſelves the repreſentatives known and verified of the French nation, admitting the right of all abſent deputies (the nobility and clergy) to be received among them on the verification of their powers. Monſ. de Mirabeau ſpoke without notes, for near an hour, with a warmth, animation, and eloquence, that entitles him to the reputation of an undoubted orator. He oppoſed the words *known* and *verified*, in the propoſition of Abbé Syeyes, with great force of reaſoning; and propoſed, in lieu, that they ſhould declare themſelves ſimply *Repreſentatives du peuple Francoiſe*: that no *veto* ſhould exiſt againſt their reſolves in any other aſſembly: that all taxes are illegal, but ſhould be granted during the preſent ſeſſion of the ſtates, and no longer: that the debt of the king ſhould become the debt of the nation, and be ſecured on funds accordingly. Monſ. de Mirabeau was well heard, and his propoſition much applauded. Monſ. de Mounier, a deputy from Dauphine, of great reputation, and who has alſo publiſhed ſome pamphlets, very well approved by the public, moved a different reſolution, to declare themſelves the legitimate repreſentatives of the majority of the nation: that they ſhould vote by head and not by order: and that they ſhould never acknowledge any right in the repreſentatives of the clergy or nobility to deliberate ſeparately. Monſ. Rabaud St. Etienne, a proteſtant from Languedoc, alſo an author, who has written in the preſent affairs, and a man of conſiderable talents, ſpoke alſo, and made his propoſition, which was to declare themſelves the repreſentatives of the people of France; to declare all taxes null; to regrant them during the ſitting of the ſtates; to verify and conſolidate the debt; and to vote a loan. All which were well approved except the loan, which was not at all to the feeling of the aſſembly. This gentleman ſpeaks clearly and with preciſion, and only paſſages of his ſpeech from notes. Monſ. Bernarve, a very young man, from Grenoble, ſpoke without notes with great warmth and animation. Some of his periods were ſo well rounded, and ſo eloquently delivered, that he met with much applauſe, ſeveral members crying —*bravo!*

In regard to their general method of proceeding, there are two circumſtances in which they are very deficient: the ſpectators in the galleries are allowed to interfere in the debates by clapping their hands, and other noiſy expreſſions of approbation: this is groſsly indecent; it is alſo dangerous; for, if they are permitted to expreſs approbation, they are, by parity of reaſon, allowed expreſſions of diſſent; and they may hiſs as well as clap; which it is ſaid, they have ſometimes done:—this would be, to over-rule the debate, and influence the deliberations. Another circumſtance, is the want of order among themſelves; more than once to-day there were an hundred members on their legs at a time, and Monſ. Baillie abſolutely without power to keep order. This ariſes very much from complex motions being

ing admitted; to move a declaration relative to their title, to their powers, to taxes, to a loan, &c. &c. all in one propoſition, appears to Engliſh ears prepoſterous, and certainly is ſo. Specific motions, founded on ſingle and ſimple propoſitions, can alone produce order in debate; for it is endleſs to have five hundred members declaring their reaſons of aſſent to one part of a complex propoſition, and their diſſent to another part. A debating aſſembly ſhould not proceed to any buſineſs whatever till they have ſettled the rules and orders of their proceedings, which can only be done by taking thoſe of other experienced aſſemblies, confirming them as they find uſeful, and altering ſuch as require to be adapted to different circumſtances. The rules and orders of debate in the houſe of commons of England, as I afterwards took the liberty of mentioning to Monſ. Rabaud St. Etienne, might have been taken at once in Mr. Hatſel's book, and would have ſaved them at leaſt a fourth of their time. They adjourned for dinner. Dined ourſelves with the duc de Liancourt, at his apartments in the palace, meeting twenty deputies.—I ſat by M. Rabaud St. Etienne, and had much converſation with him; they all ſpeak with equal confidence on the fall of deſpotiſm. They foreſee, that attempts, very adverſe to the ſpirit of liberty will be made, but the ſpirit of the people is too much excited at preſent to be cruſhed any more. Finding that the queſtion of to-day's debate cannot be decided to-day, and that in all probability it will be unfiniſhed even to-morrow, as the number that will ſpeak on it is very great. Return in the evening to Paris.

The 16th. To Dugny, ten miles from Paris, again with Monſ. de Brouſſonet, to wait on Monſ. Creté de Palieul, the only practical farmer in the ſociety of agriculture. Monſ. Brouſſonet, than whom no man can be more eager for the honour and improvement of agriculture, was deſirous that I ſhould witneſs the practice and improvements of a gentleman who ſtands ſo high in the liſt of good French farmers. Called firſt on the brother of Monſ. Creté who at preſent has the *poſte*, and conſequently 140 horſes; walked over his farm, and the crops he ſhewed me of wheat and oats were on the whole very fine, and ſome of them ſuperior; but I muſt confeſs I ſhould have been better pleaſed with them if he had not had his ſtables ſo well filled with a view different from that of the farm. And to look for a courſe of crops in France is vain; he ſows white corn twice, thrice, and even four times in ſucceſſion. At dinner, &c. had much converſation with the two brothers, and with ſome other neighbouring cultivators preſent on this point, in which I recommended either turnips or cabbages, according to the ſoil, for breaking their rotations of white corn. But every one of them, except Monſ. de Brouſſonet, was againſt me; they demanded, *Can* we ſow wheat after turnips and cabbages? On a ſmall portion you may with great ſucceſs; but the time of conſuming the greater part of the crop renders it impoſſible. *That is ſufficient, if we cannot ſow wheat after them, they cannot be good in France.* This idea is every where nearly the ſame in that kingdom. I then ſaid, that they might have half their land under wheat and yet be good farmers; thus;—1. Beans; —2. Wheat;—3. Tares;—4. Wheat;—5. Clover; —6. Wheat;—this they approved better of, but thought their own courſes more profitable. But, the moſt intereſting circumſtance of their farms is the chicory *(chicorium intybus)*. I had the ſatisfaction to find, that Monſ. Creté de Palieul had as great an opinion of it as ever; that his brother had adopted it; that it was very flouriſhing on both their farms; and on thoſe of their neighbours alſo; I never ſee this plant but I congratulate myſelf on having travelled for ſomething more than to write in my cloſet: and that the introduction of it in England would alone, if no other reſult had flowed from one man's exiſtence, have been enough to ſhew that he did not live in vain. Of this excellent plant, and Monſ. Creté's experiments on it, more elſewhere.

The 17th. All converſation on the motion of l'Abbé Syeyes being accepted, yet that of the count de Mirabeau better reliſhed. But his character is a dead weight upon him; there is a ſuſpicion that he has received 100,000 liv. from the Queen; a blind, improbable report; for his conduct would in every probability be very different had any ſuch tranſaction taken place: but when a man's life has not paſſed free from groſs errors, to uſe the mildeſt language, ſuſpicions are ever ready to fix on him, even when he is as free from what ought at the moment to give the imputation as any the moſt immaculate of their patriots. This report brings out others from their lurking holes; that he publiſhed, at her inſtigation, the anecdotes of the court of Berlin; and that the king of Pruſſia, knowing the cauſes of that publication, circulated the memoirs of Madame de la Motte all over Germany. Such are the eternal tales, ſuſpicions, and improbabilities for which Paris has always been ſo famous. One clearly, however, gathers from the complexion of converſation, even on the moſt ridiculous topics, provided of a public nature, how far, and for what reaſon, confidence is lodged in certain men. In every company, of every rank, you hear of the count de Mirabeau's talents; that he is one of the firſt pens of France, and the firſt orator; and yet that he could not carry from confidence ſix votes on any queſtion in the ſtates. His writings, however, ſpread in Paris and the provinces: he publiſhed a journal of the ſtates, written for a few days with ſuch force, and ſuch ſeverity, that it was ſilenced by an expreſs edict of government. This is attributed to Monſ. Necker, who was treated in it with ſo little ceremony, that his vanity was wounded to the quick. The number of ſubſcribers to the journal was ſuch, that I have heard the profit, to Monſ. Mirabeau, calculated at 80,000 liv. (3,500l.) a year. Since its ſuppreſſion, he publiſhes once or twice a week a ſmall pamphlet, to anſwer the ſame purpoſe of giving an account of the debates, or rather obſervations on them, entitled 1, 2, 3, &c. *Lettre des Comte de Mirabeau a ſes Commettans*, which, though violent, ſarcaſtic, and ſevere, the court has not thought proper to ſtop, reſpecting, I ſuppoſe, its title. It is a weak and miſerable conduct, to ſingle out any particular publication for prohibition, while the preſs groans with innumerable productions, whoſe tendency is abſolutely to overturn the preſent government; to permit ſuch pamphlets to be circulated all over the kingdom, even by the poſts and diligences in the hands of government, is a blindneſs and folly, from which there are no effects that may not be expected. In the evening to the comic opera; Italian muſic, Italian words, and Italian performers; and the applauſe ſo inceſſant and rapturous, that the ears of the French muſt be changing apace. What could Jean Jacques have ſaid, could he have been a witneſs to ſuch a ſpectacle at Paris!

The 18th. Yeſterday the commons decreed themſelves, in conſequence of the Abbe Syeyes's amended motion, the title of *Aſſembleé Nationale*; and alſo, conſidering themſelves then in activity, the illegality of all taxes; but granted them during the ſeſſion, declaring that they would, without delay, deliberate on the conſolidating of the debt; and on the relief of the miſery of the people. Theſe ſteps give great ſpirits to the violent partizans of a new conſtitution, but amongſt more ſober minds, I ſee evidently an apprehenſion, that it will prove a precipitate meaſure. It is a violent ſtep, which may be taken hold of by the court, and converted very much to the people's diſadvantage. The reaſoning of Monſ. de Mirabeau againſt it was forcible and juſt—*Si je voulois employer contre les autres motions les armes dont on ſe ſert pour attaquer la mienne, ne pourrois-je pas dire a montour: de quelque maniere que vous-vous qualifiez que vous ſoyez les repreſentans connus & verifies de la nation, les repréſentans de 25 millions d'hommes, les repreſentans de la majorité du peuple, duſſiez-vous même vous appeller l'Aſſemblée Nationalé, les etats généraux, empecherez-vous les claſſés privilegiés de continuer des aſſemblées que ſa majeſté a reconnues? Les empecherez-vous de prendre des deliberationes? Les empecherez-vous de pretendre au veto? Empecherez-vous le Roi de les recevoir? Des les reconnoitre, de leur continuer les mêmes titres qu'il leur adonnès juſqu'a preſent? Enfin, empecherez-vous la nation d'appeller le clergé, le clergé, la nobleſſe, la nobleſſe?*

To the royal ſociety of agriculture, where I gave my vote with the reſt, who were unanimous for electing general Waſhington an honorary member; this was a propoſal of Monſ. Brouſſonet, in conſequence of my having aſſured him, that the general was an excellent farmer, and had correſponded

reſponded with me on the ſubject. Abbé Commerel was preſent; he gave a pamphlet of his on a new project, the *choux a fauché*, and a paper of the ſeed.

The 19th. Accompanied Monſ. de Brouſſonet to dine with Monſ. de Parmentier, at the *hotel des invalids.* A preſident of the parliament, a Monſ. Mailly, brother-in-law to the chancellor, was there; Abbé Commerel, &c. &c. I remarked two years ago that Monſ. Parmentier is one of the beſt of men, and beyond all queſtion underſtands every circumſtance of the *boulangerie* better than any other writer, as his productions clearly manifeſt. After dinner, to the plains of Sablon, to ſee the ſociety's potatoes and preparation for turnips, of which I ſhall only ſay that I wiſh my brethren to ſtick to their *ſcientific* farming, and leave the practical to thoſe who underſtand it. What a ſad thing for philoſophical huſbandmen that God Almighty created ſuch a thing as couch (*triticum repens.*)

The 20th. News!—News!—Every one ſtares at what every one might have expected. A meſſage from the King to the preſidents of the three orders, that he ſhould meet them on Monday; and, under pretence of preparing the hall for the *ſeance royale*, the French guards were placed with bayonets to prevent any of the deputies entering the room. The circumſtances of doing this ill-judged act of violence have been as ill-adviſed as the act itſelf. Monſ. Bailly received no other notice of it than by a letter from the marquis de Brézé, and the deputies met at the door of the hall, without knowing that it was ſhut. Thus the ſeeds of diſguſt were ſown wantonly in the manner of doing a thing, which in itſelf was equally impalatable and unconſtitutional. The reſolution taken on the ſpot was a noble and firm one; it was to aſſemble inſtantly at the *Jeu de paume*, and there the whole aſſembly took a ſolemn oath never to be diſſolved but by their own conſent, and conſider themſelves, and act as the national aſſembly, let them be wherever violence or fortune might drive them, and their expectations were ſo little favourable, that expreſſes were ſent off to Nantes, intimating that the national aſſembly might poſſibly find it neceſſary to take refuge in ſome diſtant city. This meſſage, and placing guards at the hall of the ſtates, are the reſult of long and repeated councils, held in the king's preſence at Marly, where he has been ſhut up for ſome days, ſeeing nobody; and no perſon admitted, even to the officers of the court, without jealouſy and circumſpection. The king's brothers have no ſeat in the council, but the count d'Artois inceſſantly attends the reſolutions, conveys them to the Queen, and has long conferences with her. When this news arrived at Paris, the Palais Royal was in a flame, the coffee-houſes, pamphlet-ſhops, corridores, and gardens were crouded,——alarm and apprehenſion ſat in every eye,——the reports that were circulated eagerly, tending to ſhew the violent intentions of the court, as if it was bent on the utter extirpation of the French nation, except the party of the Queen, are perfectly incredible for their groſs abſurdity; but nothing was ſo glaringly ridiculous but the mob ſwallowed it with undiſcriminating faith. It was, however, curious to remark, among people of another deſcription (for I was in ſeveral parties after the news arrived), that the balance of opinions was clearly that the national aſſembly, as it called itſelf, had gone too far—had been too precipitate—and too violent ——had taken ſteps that the maſs of the people would not ſupport. From which we may conclude, that if the court, having ſeen the tendency of their late proceedings, ſhall purſue a firm and politic plan, the popular cauſe will have little to boaſt.

The 21ſt. It is impoſſible to have any other employment at ſo critical a moment, than going from houſe to houſe demanding news; and remarking the opinions and ideas moſt current. The preſent moment is, of all others, perhaps that which is moſt pregnant with the future deſtiny of France. The ſtep the commons have taken of declaring themſelves the national aſſembly, independent of the other orders, and of the king himſelf, precluding a diſſolution, is in fact an aſſumption of all the authority in the kingdom. They have at one ſtroke converted themſelves into the long parliament of Charles I. It needs not the aſſiſtance of much penetration to ſee that if ſuch a pretenſion and declaration are not done away, king, lords, and clergy are deprived of their ſhares in the legiſlature of France. So bold, and apparently deſperate a ſtep, full in the teeth of every other intereſt in the realm, equally deſtructive to the royal authority, by parliaments and the army, can never be allowed. If it is not oppoſed, all other powers will lie in ruins around that of the common. With what anxious expectation muſt one therefore wait to ſee if the crown will exert itſelf firmly on the occaſion, with ſuch an attention to an improved ſyſtem of liberty, as is abſolutely neceſſary to the moment! All things conſidered, that is, the characters of thoſe who are in poſſeſſion of power, no well digeſted ſyſtem and ſteady execution are to be looked for. In the evening to the play: Madame Rocquere did the queen in Hamlet; it may eaſily be ſuppoſed how that play of Shakeſpeare is cut in pieces. It has however effect by her admirable acting.

The 22d. To Verſailles at ſix in the morning, to be ready for the *ſeance royale.* Breakfaſting with the duc de Liancourt, we found that the king had put off going to the ſtates, till to-morrow morning. A committee of council was held laſt night, which ſat till midnight, at which were preſent Monſ. and the count d'Artois for the firſt time: an event conſidered as extraordinary, and attributed to the influence of the

Queen. The count d'Artois, the determined enemy of Monſ. Necker's plans, oppoſed his ſyſtem, and prevailed to have the *ſeance* put off to give time for a council in the king's preſence to-day. From the chateau we went to find out the deputies; reports were various where they were aſſembling. To the *Recolets*, where they had been, but finding it incommodious they went to the church of St. Louis, whither we followed them, and were in time to ſee M. Bailly take the chair, and read the king's letter, putting off the *ſeance* till to-morrow. The ſpectacle of this meeting, was ſingular —— the crowd that attended in and around the church was great,——and the anxiety and ſuſpenſe in every eye, with the variety of expreſſion that flowed from different views and different characters, gave to the countenances of all the world an impreſſion I had never witneſſed before. The only buſineſs of importance tranſacted, but which laſted till three o'clock, was receiving the oaths and the ſignatures of ſome deputies, who had not taken them at the *Jeu de paume*; and the union of three biſhops and 150 of the deputies of the clergy, who came to verify their powers, and were received by ſuch applauſe, with ſuch clapping and ſhouting, from all preſent, that the church reſounded. Apparently the inhabitants of Verſailles, which having a population of 60,000 people can afford a pretty numerous mob, are to the laſt perſon in the intereſt of the commons;

remarkable, as this town is abſolutely fed by the palace, and if the cauſe of the court is not popular here, it is eaſy to ſuppoſe what it muſt be in all the reſt of the kingdom. Dine with the duc de Liancourt, in the palace, a large party of nobility and deputies of the commons, the duc d'Orleans, amongſt them; the biſhop of Rodez, Abbé Syeyes, and Monſ. Rabaud St. Etienne. This was one of the moſt ſtriking inſtances of the impreſſion made on men of different ranks by great events. In the ſtreets, and in the church of St. Louis, ſuch anxiety was in every face, that the importance of the moment was written in the phyſiognomy; and all the common forms and ſalutations of habitual civility loſt in attention: but amongſt a claſs ſo much higher as thoſe I dined with, I was ſtruck with the difference. There were not, in thirty perſons, five in whoſe countenances you could gueſs that any extraordinary event was going forward: more of the converſation was indifferent than I ſhould have expected. Had it all been ſo, there would have been no room for wonder; but obſervations were made of the greateſt freedom, and ſo received as to mark that there was not the leaſt impropriety in making them. In ſuch a caſe, would not one have expected more energy of feeling and expreſſion, and more attention in converſation to the criſis that muſt in its nature fill every boſom? Yet they eat, and drank, and ſat, and walked, loitered and ſmirked and ſmiled, and chatted with that eaſy indifference, that made me ſtare at their inſipidity. Perhaps there is a certain nonchalance that is natural to people of faſhion from long habit, and which marks them from the vulgar, who have a thouſand aſperities in the expreſſion of their feelings, that cannot be found on the poliſhed ſurface of thoſe whoſe manners are ſmoothed by ſociety, not worn by attrition. Such an obſervation would therefore in all common caſes be unjuſt; but I confeſs the preſent moment, which is beyond all queſtion the moſt critical that France has ſeen from the foundation of the monarchy, ſince the council was aſſembled that muſt finally determine the king's conduct, was ſuch as might have accounted for a behaviour totally different. The duc d'Orleans preſence might do a little, but not much; his manner might do more; for it was not without ſome diſguſt, that I obſerved him ſeveral times playing off that ſmall ſort of wit, and flippant readineſs to titter, which, I ſuppoſe, is a part of his character, or it would not have appeared to-day. From his manner, he ſeemed not at all diſpleaſed. The Abbé Syeyes has a remarkable phyſiognomy, a quick rolling eye; penetrating the ideas of other people, but ſo cautiouſly reſerved as to guard his own. There is as much character in his air and manner as there is vacuity of it in the countenance of Monſ. Rabaud St. Etienne, whoſe phyſiognomy, however, is far from doing him juſtice, for he has undoubted talents. It ſeems agreed, that if, in the council the count d'Artois, carries his point, Monſ. Necker, the count de Montmorin, and Monſ. de St. Prieſt will reſign; in which caſe Monſ. Necker's return to power, and in triumph, will inevitably happen. Such a turn, however, muſt depend on events.—— Evening.—The count d'Artois plan accepted; the king will declare it in his ſpeech to-morrow. Monſ. Necker demanded to reſign, but it was refuſed by the king. All is now anxiety to know what the plan is.

The 23d. The important day is over: in the morning Verſailles ſeemed filled with troops: the ſtreets, about ten o'clock, were lined with the French guards, and ſome Swiſs regiments, &c.: the hall of the ſtates was ſurrounded, and centinels fixed in all the paſſages, and at the doors; and none but deputies admitted. This military preparation was ill-judged, for it ſeemed admitting the impropriety and unpopularity of the intended meaſure, and the expectation, perhaps fear of popular commotions. They pronounced, before the king left the chateau, that his plan was adverſe to the people, from the military parade with which it was uſhered in. The contrary, however, proved to be the fact; the propoſitions are known to all the world: the plan was a good one; much was granted to the people in great and eſſential points; and as it was granted before they had provided for theſe public neceſſities of finance, which occaſioned the ſtates being called together; and conſequently left them at full power in future to procure for the people all that opportunity might preſent, they apparently ought to accept them, provided ſome ſecurity is given for the future meetings of the ſtates, without which all the reſt would be inſecure; but as a little negociation may eaſily ſecure this, I apprehend the deputies will accept them conditionally: the uſe of ſoldiers, and ſome imprudencies in the manner of forcing the king's ſyſtem, relative to the interior conſtitution, and aſſembling of the deputies, as well as the ill-blood which had had time to brood for three days paſt in their minds, prevented the commons from receiving the king with any expreſſions of applauſe; the clergy, and ſome of the nobility, cried *vive le Roi!* but treble the number of mouths being ſilent, took off all effect. It ſeems they had previouſly determined to ſubmit to no violence: when the king was gone, and the clergy and nobility retired, the marquis de Brézé waiting a moment to ſee if they meant to obey the king's expreſs orders, to retire alſo to another chamber prepared for them, and perceiving that no one moved, addreſſed them,—*Meſſieurs, vous connoiſſez les intentions du Roi.* A dead ſilence enſued; and then it was that ſuperior talents bore the ſway, that overpowers in critical moments all other conſiderations. The eyes of the whole aſſembly were turned on the count de Mirabeau, who inſtantly replied to the marquis de Brézé—*Oui, Monſieur, nous avons entendre*

tendre les intentions qu'on a ſuggéreés au Roi, & *vous qui ne ſauriez être ſon organe auprès des etats généraux, vous qui n'ávez ici ni place, ni voix, ni droit de parler, vous n'étes pas fait pour nous rapeller ſon diſcours. Cependant pour eviter toute equivoque,* & *tout delai, je vous declare què ſi l'on vous a chargé de nous faire ſortir d'ici, vous devez demander des ordres pour employer la force, car nous ne quitterons nos places que par la puiſſance de la baionette.*—On which there was a general cry of—*Tel eſt le vœu del l'Aſſembleé.* They then immediately paſſed a confirmation of their preceding arrets; and, on the motion of the count de Mirabeau, a declaration that their perſons, individually and collectively, were ſacred; and that all who made any attempts againſt them ſhould be deemed infamous traitors to their country.

The 24th. The ferment at Paris is beyond conception; 10,000 people have been all this day in the Palais Royal; a full detail of yeſterday's proceedings was brought this morning, and read by many apparent leaders of little parties, with comments, to the people. To my ſurpriſe, the king's propoſitions are received with univerſal diſguſt. He ſaid nothing explicit on the periodical meeting of the ſtates; he declared all the old feudal rights to be retained as property. Theſe, and the change in the balance of repreſentation in the provincial aſſemblies, are the articles that give the greateſt offence. But inſtead of looking to, or hoping for further conceſſions on theſe points, in order to make them more conſonant to the general wiſhes; the people ſeem, with a ſort of phrenzy, to reject all idea of compromiſe, and to inſiſt on the neceſſity of the orders uniting, that full power may conſequently reſide in the commons, to effect what they call the regeneration of the kingdom, a favourite term, to which they affix no preciſe idea, but add the indefinite explanation of the general reform of all abuſes. They are alſo full of ſuſpicions at M. Necker's offering to reſign, to which circumſtance they ſeem to look more than to much more eſſential points. It is plain to me, from many converſations and harangues I have been witneſs to, that the conſtant meetings at the Palais Royal, which are carried to a degree of licentiouſneſs and fury of liberty, that is ſcarcely credible, united with the innumerable inflammatory publications that have been hourly appearing ſince the aſſembly of the ſtates, have ſo heated the peoples expectations, and given them the idea of ſuch total changes, that nothing the king or court could do, would now ſatisfy them; conſequently it would be idleneſs itſelf to make conceſſions that are not ſteadily adhered to, not only to be obſerved by the king, but to be enforced on the people, and good order at the ſame time reſtored. But the ſtumbling-block to this and every plan that can be deviſed, as the people know and declare in every corner, is the ſituation of the finances, which cannot poſſibly be reſtored but by liberal grants of the ſtates on one hand, or by a bankruptcy on the other. It is well known, that this point has been warmly debated in the council: Monſ. Necker has proved to them, that a bankruptcy is inevitable, if they break with the ſtates before the finances are reſtored; and the dread and terror of taking ſuch a ſtep, which no miniſter would at preſent dare to venture on, has been the great difficulty that oppoſed itſelf to the projects of the Queen and the count d'Artois. The meaſure they have taken is a middle one, from which they hope to gain a party among the people, and render the deputies unpopular enough to get rid of them: an expectation, however, in which they will infallibly be miſtaken. If, on the ſide of the people it is urged, that the vices of the old government make a new ſyſtem neceſſary, and that it can only be by the firmeſt meaſures that the people can be put in poſſeſſion of the bleſſings of a free government; it is to be replied, on the other hand, that the perſonal character of the king is a juſt foundation for relying that no meaſures of actual violence can be ſeriouſly feared: that the ſtate of the finances, under any poſſible regimen, whether of faith or bankruptcy, muſt ſecure their exiſtence, at leaſt for time ſufficient to ſecure by negociation, what may be hazarded by violence: that by driving things to extremities, they riſque an union between all the other orders of the ſtate, with the parliaments, army, and a great body even of the people, who muſt diſapprove of all extremities; and when to this is added the poſſibility of involving the kingdom in a civil war, now ſo familiarly talked of, that it is upon the lips of all the world, we muſt confeſs, that the commons, if they ſteadily refuſe what is now held out to them, put immenſe and certain benefits to the chance of fortune, to that hazard which may make poſterity curſe, inſtead of bleſs, their memories as real patriots, who had nothing in view but the happineſs of their country. Such an inceſſant buz of politics has been in my ears for ſome days paſt, that I went to night to the Italian opera, for relaxation. Nothing could be better calculated for that effect, than the piece performed, *La Villanella Rapita*, by Bianchi, a delicious compoſition. Can it be believed, that this people, who ſo lately valued nothing at an opera but the dances, and could hear nothing but a ſquall,—now attend with feeling to Italian melodies, applaud with taſte and rapture, and this without the meretricious aid of a ſingle dance! The muſic of this piece is charming, elegantly playful, airy, and pleaſing, with a duet, between Signora Mandini and Vigagnoni, of the firſt luſtre. The former is a moſt faſcinating ſinger,—her voice nothing, but her grace, expreſſion, ſoul, all ſtrung to exquiſite ſenſibility.

The 25th. The criticiſms that are made on Monſ. Necker's conduct, even by his friends, if above the level of the people, are ſevere. It is poſitively aſſerted, that Abbé Syeyes, Meſſrs. Mounier, Chapellier, Bernave, Target, Tourette, Rabaud, and other leaders, were almoſt on their knees to him, to inſiſt peremptorily on his reſignation being accepted, as they were well convinced that his retreat would throw the Queen's party into infinitely greater difficulties and embarraſſment than any other circumſtance. But his vanity prevailed over all their efforts, to liſten to the inſidious perſuaſions of the Queen, who ſpoke to him in a ſtyle of aſking a requeſt that would keep the crown on the king's head; at the ſame time that he yielded to do it, contrary to the intereſt of the friends of liberty, he courted the huzzas of the mob of Verſailles, in a manner that did much miſchief. The miniſters never go to and frôm the king's apartment on foot, acroſs the court, which Monſ. Necker took this opportunity of doing, though he himſelf had not done it in quiet times, in order to court the flattery of being called the father of the people, and moving with an immenſe and ſhouting multitude at his heels. Nearly at the time that the Queen, in an audience almoſt private, ſpoke as above to M. Necker, ſhe received the deputation from the nobility, with the Dauphin in her hand, whom ſhe preſented to them, claiming of their honour, the protection of her ſon's rights; clearly implying, that if the ſtep the king had taken, was not ſteadily aſſerted, the monarchy would be loſt, and the nobility ſunk. While M. Necker's mob was heard through every apartment of the chateau, the king paſſed in his coach to Marly, through a dead and mournful ſilence,—and that juſt after having given to his people, and the cauſe of liberty, more perhaps than ever any monarch had done before. Of ſuch materials are all mobs made,—ſo impoſſible is it to ſatisfy in moments like theſe, when the heated imagination dreſſes every viſionary project of the brain, in the bewitching colours of liberty. I feel great anxiety to know what will be the reſult of the deliberations of the commons, after their firſt proteſts are over, againſt the military violence which was ſo unjuſtifiably and injudiciouſly uſed. Had the king's propoſition come after the ſupplies were granted, and on any inferior queſtion, it would be quite another affair; but to offer this before one ſhilling is granted, or a ſtep taken, makes all the difference imaginable.——Evening.——The conduct of the court is inexplicable, and without plan: while the late ſtep was taken, to ſecure the orders ſitting ſeparate, a great body of the clergy has been permitted to go to the commons, and the duc d'Orleans, at the head of forty-ſeven of the nobility, has done the ſame: and, what is equally a proof of the unſteadineſs of the court, the commons are in the common hall of the ſtates, contrary to the expreſs command of the king. The fact is, the *ſeance royale* was contrary to the perſonal feelings of the king, and he was brought to it by the council, with much difficulty; and when it afterwards became, as it did every hour, to give new and effective orders to ſupport the ſyſtem then laid down, it was neceſſary to have a new battle for every point; and thus the ſcheme was only opened, and not perſiſted in:—this is the report, and apparently authentic: it is eaſy to ſee, that that ſtep had better, on a thouſand reaſons, not have been taken at all, for all vigour and effect of government will be loſt, and the people be more aſſuming than ever. Yeſterday at Verſailles, the mob was violent,—they inſulted, and even attacked all the clergy and nobility that are known to be ſtrenuous for preſerving the ſeparation of orders. The biſhop of Beauvais had a ſtone on his head, that almoſt ſtruck him down*. The archbiſhop of Paris had all his windows broken, and forced to move his lodgings; and the cardinal de la Rochefoucauld hiſſed and hooted. The confuſion is ſo great, that the court have only the troops to depend on; and it is now ſaid confidently, that if an order is given to the French guards to fire on the people, they will refuſe obedience: this aſtoniſhes all, except thoſe who know how they have been diſguſted by the treatment, conduct, and manœuvres of the duc de Chatelet, their colonel: ſo wretchedly have the affairs of the court, in every particular, been managed; ſo miſerable its choice of the men in offices, even ſuch as are the moſt intimately connected with its ſafety, and even exiſtence. What a leſſon to princes how they allow intriguing courtiers, women, and fools, to interfere, or aſſume the power that can be lodged, with ſafety, only in the hands of ability and experience.. It is aſſerted expreſsly, that theſe mobs have been excited and inſtigated by the leaders of the commons, and ſome of them paid by the duc d'Orleans. The diſtraction of the miniſtry is extreme.—At night to the theatre *Francoiſe*; the Earl of Eſſex, and the *Maiſon de Molicre*.

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* If they had knocked him on the head, he would not have been an object of much pity. At a meeting of the ſociety of agriculture in the country, where common farmers were admitted to dine with people of the firſt rank, this proud fool made difficulties of ſitting down in ſuch company.

The 26th. Every hour that paſſes ſeems to give the people freſh ſpirit: the meetings at the Palais Royal are more numerous, more violent, and more aſſured; and in the aſſembly of electors, at Paris, for ſending a deputation to the National Aſſembly, the language that was talked, by all ranks of people, was nothing leſs than a revolution in the government, and the eſtabliſhment of a free conſtitution: what they mean by a free conſtitution is eaſily underſtood—*a republic*; for the doctrine of the times runs every day more and more to that point; yet they profeſs, that the kingdom ought to be a monarchy too; or, at leaſt, that there ought to be a king. In the ſtreets one is ſtunned by the hawkers of ſeditious pamphlets, and deſcriptions of pretended events, that all tend to keep the people equally ignorant and alarmed. The ſupineneſs, and even ſtupidity of the court, is without example: the moment demands the greateſt deciſion,—and yeſterday, while it was actually a queſtion, whether he ſhould be a doge of Venice, or a king of France, the king went a hunting! The ſpectacle the Palais Royal preſented this night, till eleven o'clock, and, as we afterwards heard, almoſt till morning, is curious. The croud was prodigious, and fire-works of all ſorts were played off, and all the building was illuminated: theſe were ſaid to be rejoicings on account of the duc d'Orleans and the nobility joining the commons; but united with the exceſſive freedom, and even licentiouſneſs, of the orators, who harangue the people. With the general movement which before was threatening, all this buſtle and noiſe, which will not leave them a moment tranquil, has a prodigious effect in preparing them for whatever purpoſes the leaders of the commons ſhall have in view; conſequently they are groſsly and diametrically oppoſite to the intereſts of the court;—but all theſe are blind and infatuated. It is now underſtood by every body, that the king's offers, in the *ſeance royale*, are out of the queſtion. The moment the commons found a relaxation, even in the trifling point of aſſembling in the great hall, they diſregarded all the reſt, and conſidered the whole as null, and not to be taken notice of, unleſs

leſs enforced in a manner of which there were no ſigns. They lay it down for a maxim, that they have a right to a great deal more than what the king touched on, but that they will accept of nothing as the conceſſion of power: they will aſſume and ſecure all to themſelves, as matters of right. Many perſons I talk with, ſeem to think there is nothing extraordinary in this,—but it appears, that ſuch pretenſions are equally dangerous and inadmiſſible, and lead directly to a civil war, which would be the height of madneſs and folly, when public liberty might certainly be ſecured, without any ſuch extremity. If the commons are to aſſume every thing as their right, what power is there in the ſtate, ſhort of arms, to prevent them from aſſuming what is not their right? They inſtigate the people to the moſt extenſive expectations, and if they are not gratified, all muſt be confuſion; and even the king himſelf, eaſy and lethargic as he is, his indifference to power will, by and by, be ſeriouſly alarmed, and then he will be ready to liſten to meaſures, to which he will not at preſent give a moment's attention. All this ſeems to point ſtrongly to great confuſion, and even civil commotions; and to make it apparent, that to have accepted the king's offers, and made them the foundation of future negociation, would have been the wiſeſt conduct, and with that idea I ſhall leave Paris.

The 27th. The whole buſineſs now ſeems over, and the revolution complete. The king has been frightened by the mobs into overturning his own act of the *ſeance royale*, by writing to the preſidents of the orders of the nobility and clergy, requiring them to join the commons,—full in the teeth of what he had ordained before. It was repreſented to him, that the want of bread was ſo great in every part of the kingdom, that there was no extremity to which the people might not be driven: that they were nearly ſtarving, and conſequently ready to liſten to any ſuggeſtions, and on the *qui vive* for all ſorts of miſchief: that Paris and Verſailles would inevitably be burnt; and in a word, that all ſorts of miſery and confuſion would follow his adherence to the ſyſtem announced in the *ſeance royale*. His apprehenſions got the better of the party, who had for ſome days guided him; and he was thus induced to take this ſtep, which is of ſuch importance, that he will never more know where to ſtop, or what to refuſe; or rather he will find, that in the future arrangement of the kingdom, his ſituation will be very nearly that of Charles I. a ſpectator, without power, of the effective reſolutions of a long parliament. The joy this ſtep occaſioned was infinite: the aſſembly, uniting with the people, all hurried to the chateau. *Vive le Roi* might have been heard at Marly: the king and queen appeared in the balcony, and were received with the loudeſt ſhouts of applauſe; the leaders, who governed theſe motions, knew the value of the conceſſion much better than thoſe who made it. I have to-day had converſation with many perſons on this buſineſs; and, to my amazement, there is an idea, and even among many of the nobility, that this union of the orders is only for the verification of their powers, and for *making the conſtitution*, which is a new term they have adopted; and which they uſe as if a conſtitution was a pudding to be made by a receipt. In vain I have aſked, where is the power that can ſeparate them hereafter, if the commons inſiſt on remaining together, which may be ſuppoſed, as ſuch an arrangement will leave all the power in their own hands? And in vain I appeal to the evidence of the pamphlets written by the leaders of that aſſembly, in which they hold the Engliſh conſtitution cheap, becauſe the people have not power enough, owing to that of the crown and the houſe of lords. The event now appears ſo clear, as not to be difficult to predict: all real power will be henceforward in the commons, having ſo much inflamed the people in the exerciſe of it, they will find themſelves unable to uſe it temperately; the court cannot ſit to have their hands tied behind them; the clergy, nobility, parliaments, and army, will, when they find themſelves all in danger of annihilation, unite in their mutual defence; but as ſuch an union will demand time, they will find the people armed, and a bloody civil war muſt be the reſult. I have more than once declared this as my opinion, but do not find that others unite in it †. At all events, however, the tide now runs ſo ſtrongly in favour of the people, and the conduct of the court ſeems to be ſo weak, divided, and blind, that little can happen that will not clearly date from the preſent moment. Vigour and abilities would have turned every thing on the ſide of the court; for the great maſs of nobility in the kingdom, the higher clergy, the parliaments, and the army, were with the crown; but this deſertion of the conduct, that was neceſſary to ſecure its power, at a moment ſo critical, muſt lead to all ſorts of pretenſions. At night the fire-works, and illuminations, and mob, and noiſe, at the Palais Royal increaſed; the expence muſt be enormous; and yet nobody knows with certainty from whence it ariſes: ſhops there are, however, that for 12ſ. give as many ſquibs and ſerpents as would coſt five livres. There is no doubt of its being the duc d'Orleans's money: the people are thus kept in a continual ferment, are for ever aſſembl d, and ready to be in the laſt degree of commotion whenever called on by the men they have confidence in. Lately a company of Swiſs would have cruſhed all this; a regiment would do it now if led with firmneſs; but, let it laſt a fortnight longer, and an army will be wanting.—At the play, Mademoiſelle Contá, in the Miſanthrope of Moliere, charmed me. She is truly a great actreſs; eaſe, grace, perſon, beauty, wit, and ſoul. Mola did the miſanthrope, admirably. I will not take leave of the theatre Francois without once more giving it the preference to all I have ever ſeen. I ſhall leave Paris, however, truly rejoiced that the repreſentatives of the people have it undoubtedly in their power ſo to improve the conſtitution of their country, as to render all great abuſes in future, if not impoſſible, at leaſt exceedingly difficult, and conſequently will eſtabliſh to all uſeful purpoſes an undoubted political liberty; and if they effect this, it cannot be doubted but that they will have a thouſand opportunities to ſecure to their fellow-ſubjects the invaluable bleſſing of civil liberty alſo. The ſtate of the finances is ſuch, that the government may eaſily be kept virtually dependent on the ſtates, and their periodical exiſtence abſolutely ſecured. Such benefits will confer happineſs on 25 millions of people; a noble and animating idea, that ought to fill the mind of every citizen of the world, whatever be his country, religion, or purſuit. I will not allow myſelf to believe for a moment, that the repreſentatives of the people can ever ſo far forget their duty to the French nation, to humanity, and their own fame, as to ſuffer any inordinate and impracticable views,—any viſionary or theoretic ſyſtems,—any frivolous ideas of ſpeculative perfection: much leſs any ambitious private views, to impede their progreſs, or turn aſide their exertions, from that ſecurity which is in their hands, to place on the chance and hazard of public commotion and civil war, the invaluable bleſſings which are certainly in their power. I will not conceive it poſſible, that men who have eternal fame within their graſp, will place the rich inheritance on the caſt of a die, and, loſing the venture, be damned among the worſt and moſt profligate adventurers that ever diſgraced humanity.—The duc de Liancourt having made an immenſe collection of pamphlets, buying every thing that has a relation to the preſent period; and, among the reſt, the cahiers of all the diſtricts and towns of France of the three orders; it was a great object with me to read theſe, as I was ſure of finding in them a repreſentation of the grievances of the three orders, and an explanation of the improvements wiſhed for in the government and adminiſtration. Theſe cahiers being inſtructions given to their deputies, I have now gone through them all, with a pen in hand, to make extracts, and ſhall therefore leave Paris to-morrow.

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† I may remark at preſent, long after this was written, that, although I was totally miſtaken in my prediction, yet, on a reviſion, I think I was right in it, and that the common courſe of events would have produced ſuch a civil war, to which every thing tended, from the moment the commons rejected the king's propoſitions of the *ſeance royale*, which I now think, more than ever, that they ought, with qualifications, to have accepted. The events that followed were as little to be thought of as of myſelf being made king of France.

The 28th. Having provided myſelf a light French cabriolet for one horſe, or gig Anglois, and a horſe, I left Paris, taking leave of my excellent friend, Monſ. Lazowſki, whoſe anxiety for the fate of his country, made me reſpect his character as much as I had reaſon to love it for the thouſand attentions I was in the daily habit of receiving from him. My kind protectreſs, the dutcheſs d'Eſtiſſac, had the goodneſs to make me promiſe, that I would return again to her hoſpitable hotel, when I had finiſhed the journey I was about to undertake. Of the place I dined at on my road to Nangis, I forget the name, but it is a poſt-houſe on the left, at a ſmall diſtance out of the road. It afforded me a bad room, bare walls, cold raw weather, and no fire; for, when lighted, it ſmoked too much to be borne; —I was thoroughly out of humour: I had paſſed ſome time at Paris amidſt the fire, energy, and animation of a great revolution. And for thoſe moments not filled by political events, I had enjoyed the reſources of liberal and inſtructing converſation; the amuſements of the firſt theatre in the world, and the faſcinating accents of Mandini, had by turns ſolaced and charmed the fleeting moments; the change to inns, and thoſe French inns; the ignorance of every body of thoſe events that were now paſſing, and which ſo intimately concerned them; the deteſtable circumſtance of having no newſpapers, with a preſs much freer than the Engliſh, altogether formed ſuch a contraſt, that my heart ſunk with depreſſion. At Guignes, an itinerant dancing-maſter was fiddling to ſome children, of tradeſmen; to relieve my ſadneſs, I became a ſpectator of their innocent pleaſures, and, with great magnificence I gave four 12ſ. pieces for a cake for the children, which made them dance with freſh animation; but my hoſt, the poſtmaſter, who is a ſurly pickpocket, thought that if I was ſo rich, he ought alſo to receive the benefit, and made me pay 9 liv. 10ſ. for a miſerable tough chicken, a cutlet, a ſallad, and a bottle of ſorry wine. Such a dirty, pilfering diſpoſition, did not tend to bring me into better humour.——30 miles.

The 29th. To Nangis, the chateau of which belongs to the marquis de Guerchy, who laſt year at Caen had kindly made me promiſe to ſpend a few days here. A houſe almoſt full of company, and ſome of them agreeable, with the eagerneſs of Monſ. de Guerchy for farming, and the amiable *naiveté* of the marchioneſs, whether in life, politics, or a farm, were well calculated to bring me into tune again. But I found myſelf in a circle of politicians, with whom I could agree in hardly any other particular, except the general one of cordially wiſhing that France might eſtabliſh an indeſtructible ſyſtem of liberty; but for the means of doing it, we were far as the poles aſunder. The chaplain of Monſ. de Guerchy's regiment, who has a cure here, and I had known at Caen, Monſ. l'Abbé de ———, was particularly ſtrenuous for what is called the regeneration of the kingdom, by which it is impoſſible, from the explanation, to underſtand any thing more than a theoretic perfection of government; queſtionable in its origin, hazardous in its progreſs, and viſionary in its end; but always preſenting itſelf under a moſt ſuſpicious appearance to me, becauſe its advocates, from the pamphlets of the leaders in the National Aſſembly, to the gentlemen who make its panegyric at preſent, all affect to hold the conſtitution of England cheap in reſpect of liberty: and as that is unqueſtionably, and by their own admiſſion the beſt the world ever ſaw, they profeſs to appeal from practice to theory, which, in the arrangement of a queſtion of ſcience, might be admitted (though with caution); but, in eſtabliſhing the complex intereſts of a great kingdom, in *ſecuring* freedom to 25 millions of people, ſeems to me the very acmé of imprudence, the very quinteſſence of inſanity. My argument was an appeal to the Engliſh conſtitution; take it at once, which is the buſineſs of a ſingle vote; by your poſſeſſion of a real and equal repreſentation of the people, you have freed it from its only great objection; in the remaining circumſtances, which are but of ſmall importance, improve it—but improve it cautiouſly; for ſurely that ought to be touched with caution, which has given from the moment of its eſtabliſhment, felicity to a great nation; which has given greatneſs to a people deſigned by nature to be little; and, from being the humble copiers of every neighbour, has rendered them, in a ſingle century, rivals to the moſt ſucceſsful nations in thoſe decorative arts that embelliſh human life: and the maſters of the world in all thoſe that contribute to its convenience. I was commended for my attachment to *what I thought was liberty*; but anſwered, that the king of France muſt have no *veto* on the will of the nation; and that the army muſt be in the hands of the provinces, with an hundred ideas equally impracticable and prepoſterous. Yet theſe are the ſentiments which the court has done all in its power to ſpread through the kingdom; for, will poſterity believe, that while the preſs has ſwarmed with inflammatory productions, that tend to prove the bleſſings of theoretical confuſion, and ſpeculative licentiouſneſs, not one writer of talents has been employed to refute and confound the faſhionable doctrines, nor the leaſt care taken to diſſeminate works of another complexion? By the way, when the court found that the ſtates could not be aſſembled on the old plan, and that great innovations muſt accordingly be made, they ought to have taken the conſtitution of England for their model; in the mode of aſſembling, they ſhould have thrown the clergy and nobles into one chamber, with a throne for the king, when preſent. The commons ſhould have aſſembled in another, and each chamber have, as in England, verified their powers only to themſelves. And when the king held a *ſéance royale*, the commons ſhould have been ſent for to the bar of the lords, where ſeats ſhould have been provided; and the king, in the edict that conſtituted the ſtates, ſhould have copied from England enough of the rules and orders of proceeding to prevent thoſe preliminary diſcuſſions, which in France loſt two months, and gave time for heated imaginations to work upon the people too much. By taking ſuch ſteps, ſecurity would have been had, that if changes or events unforeſeen aroſe, they would at leaſt be met with in no ſuch dangerous channel as another form and order of arrangement would permit.——15 miles.

The 30th. My friend's chateau is a conſiderable one, and much better built than was common in England in the ſame period, 200 years ago; I believe, however, that this ſuperiority was univerſal in France, in all the arts. They were, I apprehend, in the reign of Henry IV. far beyond us in towns, houſes, ſtreets, roads, and in ſhort, in every thing. We have ſince, thanks to liberty, contrived to turn the tables on them. Like all the chateaus I have ſeen in France, it ſtands cloſe to the town, indeed joining the end of it; but the back *front*, by ſome very judicious plantations, has entirely the air of the country, without the ſight of any buildings. There the preſent marquis has formed an Engliſh lawn, with ſome agreeable winding walks of gravel, and other decorations, to ſkirt it. In this lawn they are making hay; and I have had the marquis, Monſ. l'Abbé, and ſome others on the ſtack to ſhew them how to make and tread it: ſuch hot politicans!—it is well they did not ſet the ſtack on fire. Nangis is near enough to Paris for *the* *people* to be politicians; the perruquier that dreſſed me this morning tells me, that every body is determined to pay no taxes, ſhould the National Aſſembly ſo ordain. But the ſoldiers will have ſomething to ſay. No, Sir, never:—be aſſured as we are, that the French ſoldiers will never fire on the people: but, if they ſhould, it is better to be ſhot than ſtarved. He gave me a frightful account of the miſery of the people; whole families in the utmoſt diſtreſs; thoſe that work have a pay inſufficient to feed them—and many that find it difficult to get work at all. I enquired of Monſ. de Guerchy concerning this, and found it true. By order of the magiſtrates no perſon is allowed to buy more than two buſhels of wheat at a market, to prevent monopolizing. It is clear to common ſenſe, that all ſuch regulations have a direct tendency to increaſe the evil, but it is in vain to reaſon with people whoſe ideas are immoveably fixed. Being here on a market-day, I attended, and ſaw the wheat ſold out under this regulation, with a party of dragoons drawn up before the market-croſs to prevent violence. The people quarrel with the bakers, aſſerting the prices they demand for bread are beyond the proportion of wheat, and proceeding from words to ſcuffling, raiſe a riot, and then run away with bread and wheat for nothing: this has happened at Nangis, and many other markets; the conſequence was, that neither farmers nor bakers would ſupply them till they were in danger of ſtarving, and, when they did come, prices under ſuch circumſtances muſt neceſſarily riſe enormouſly, which aggravated the miſchief, till troops became really neceſſary to give ſecurity to thoſe who ſupplied the markets. I have been ſifting Madame de Guerchy on the expences of living; our friend Monſ. l'Abbé joined the converſation, and I collect from it, that to live in a chateau like this, with ſix men-ſervants, five maids, eight horſes, a garden, and a regular table, with company, but never to go to Paris, might be done for 1000 louis a year. It would in England coſt 2000; the mode of living (not the price of things) is therefore cent. per cent. different.—There are gentlemen (nobleſſe) that live in this country on 6 or 8000 liv. (262l. to 350l.), that keep two men, two maids, three horſes, and a cabriolet; there are the ſame in England, but they are fools. Among the neighbours that viſited Nangis was Monſ. Trudaine de Montigny, with his new and pretty wife, to return the firſt viſit of ceremony: he has a fine chateau at Montigny, and an eſtate of 4000 louis a year. This lady was Mademoiſelle de Cour Breton, niece to Madame Calonne; ſhe was to have been married to the ſon of Monſ. Lamoignon, but much againſt her inclinations; finding that common refuſals had no avail, ſhe determined on a very uncommon one, which was to go to church, in obedience to her father's orders, and give a ſolemn NO inſtead of a *yea*. She was afterwards at

Dijon, and never ſtirred but ſhe was received with huzzas and acclamations by the people for refuſing to be allied with la Cour Pleniere; and her firmneſs was every where ſpoken of much to her advantage. Monſ. la Luzerne was with them, nephew to the French ambaſſador at London, who, in ſome broken Engliſh, informed me, that he had learned to box of Mendoza. No one can ſay that he has travelled without making acquiſitions. Has the duc d'Orleans learned to box alſo? The news from Paris is bad: the commotions increaſe greatly: and ſuch an alarm has ſpread, that the Queen has called the marechal de Broglio to the king's cloſet; he has had ſeveral conferences: the report is, that an army will be collected under him. It may be now neceſſary; but woeful management to have made it ſo.

JULY 2. To Meaux Monſ. de Guerchy was ſo kind as to accompany me to Columiers; I had a letter to Monſ. Anveé Dumeé. Paſs Roſoy to Maupertius, through a country chearfully diverſified by woods, and ſcattered with villages; and ſingle farms ſpread every where as about Nangis. Maupertius ſeems to have been the creation of the marquis de Monteſquiou, who has here a very fine chateau of his own building; an extenſive Engliſh garden, made by the count d'Artois' gardener, with the town, has all been of his own forming. I viewed the garden with pleaſure; a proper advantage has been taken of a good command of a ſtream, and many fine ſprings which riſe in the grounds; they are well conducted, and the whole executed with taſte. In the kitchen-garden, which is on the ſlope of a hill, one of theſe ſprings has been applied to excellent uſe: it is made to wind in many doubles through the whole on a paved bed, forming numerous baſons for watering the garden, and might, with little trouble, be conducted alternately to every bed as in Spain. This is a hint of real utility to all thoſe who form gardens on the ſides of hills; for watering with pots and pails is a miſerable, as well as expenſive ſuccedaneum to this infinitely more effective method. There is but one fault in this garden, which is its being placed near the houſe, where there ſhould be nothing but lawn and ſcattered trees when viewed from the chateau. The road might be hidden by a judicious uſe of planting. The road to Columiers is admirably formed of broken ſtone, like gravel, by the marquis of Monteſquieu, partly at his own expence. Before I finiſh with this nobleman, let me obſerve, that he is commonly eſteemed the ſecond family in France, and by ſome who admit his pretenſions, even the firſt; he claims from the houſe of Armagnac, which was undoubtedly from Charlemagne: the preſent king of France, when he ſigned ſome paper relative to this family, that ſeemed to admit the claim, or refer to it, remarked, that it was declaring one of his ſubjects to be a better gentleman than himſelf. But the houſe of Montmorenci, of which family are the dukes of Luxembourg and Laval, and the prince of Robec, is generally admitted to be the firſt. Monſ. de Monteſquieu is a deputy in the ſtates, one of the *quarante* in the French academy, having written ſeveral pieces: he is alſo chief miniſter to Monſieur the king's brother, an office that is worth 100,000 liv. a year (4,375l.) Dine with Monſ. and Madame Dumeé; converſation here, as in every other town of the country, ſeems more occupied by the dearneſs of wheat than on any other circumſtance; yeſterday was market-day, and a riot enſued of the populace, in ſpite of the troops, that were drawn up as uſual to protect the corn: it riſes to 46 liv. (2l. 3d.) the ſeptier, or half-quarter,—and ſome is ſold yet higher. To Meaux.——32 miles.

The 3d. Meaux was by no means in my direct road; but its diſtrict, Brie, is ſo highly celebrated for fertility, that it was an object not to omit. I was provided with letters for M. Bernier, a conſiderable farmer, at Chaucaunin, near Meaux; and for M. Gibert, of Neuf Moutier, a conſiderable cultivator, whoſe father and himſelf had between them made a fortune by agriculture. The former gentleman was not at home; by the latter I was received with great hoſpitality; and I found in him the ſtrongeſt deſire to give me every information I wiſhed. Monſ. Gibert has built a very handſome and commodious houſe, with farming-offices, on the moſt ample and ſolid ſcale. I was pleaſed to find his wealth, which is not inconſiderable, to have ariſen all from the plough. He did not forget to let me know, that he was noble; and exempted from all tailles; and that he had the honours of the chace, his father having purchaſed the charge of *Secretaire du Roi:* but he very wiſely lives *en fermier*. His wife made ready the table for dinner, and his bailiff, with the female domeſtic, who has the charge of the dairy, &c. both dined with us. This is in a true farming ſtyle; it has many conveniencies, and looks like a plan of living, which does not promiſe, like the foppiſh modes of little gentlemen, to run through a fortune, from falſe ſhame and ſilly pretenſions. I can find no other fault with his ſyſtem than having built a houſe enormouſly beyond his plan of living, which can have no other effect than tempting ſome ſucceſſor, leſs prudent than himſelf into expences that might diſſipate all his and his father's ſavings. In England that would certainly be the caſe: the danger, however, is not equal in France.

The 4th. To Chateau Thiery, following the courſe of the Marne. The country is pleaſantly varied, and hilly enough to render it a conſtant picture, were it incloſed. Thiery is beautifully ſituated on the ſame river. I arrived there by five o'clock, and wiſhed, in a period ſo intereſting to France, and indeed to all Europe, to ſee a newſpaper. I aſked for a coffee-houſe, not one in the town. Here are two pariſhes, and ſome ſands of inhabitants, and not a newſpaper to be ſeen by a traveller, even in a moment when all ought to be anxiety.—What ſtupidity, poverty, and want of circulation! This people hardly deſerve to be free; and ſhould there be the leaſt attempt with vigour to keep them otherwiſe, it can hardly fail of ſucceeding. To thoſe who have been uſed to travel amidſt the energic and rapid circulation of wealth, animation, and intelligence of England, it is not poſſible to deſcribe, in words adequate to one's feelings, the dulneſs and ſtupidity of France. I have been to day on one of their greateſt roads, within thirty miles of Paris, yet I have not ſeen one diligence, and met but a ſingle gentleman's carriage, nor any thing elſe on the road that looked like a gentleman.——30 miles.

The 5th. To Mareuil. The Marne, about 25 rods broad, flows in an arable vale to the right. The country hilly, and parts of it pleaſant; from one elevation there is a noble view of the river. Mareuil is the reſidence of Monſ. Le Blanc, of whoſe huſbandry and improvements, particularly in ſheep of Spain, and cows of Switzerland, Monſ. de Brouſſonet had ſpoken very advantageouſly. This was the gentleman alſo on whom I depended for information relative to the famous vineyards of Epernay, that produce the fine Champagne. What therefore was my diſappointment, when his ſervants informed me that he was nine leagues off on buſineſs. Is Madame Le

Blanc at home? *No, ſhe is at Dormans.* My complaining ejaculations were interrupted by the approach of a very pretty young lady, whom I found to be Mademoiſelle Le Blanc. *Her mama would return to dinner, her papa at night; and, if I wiſhed to ſee him, I had better ſtay.* When perſuaſion takes ſo pleaſing a form, it is not eaſy to reſiſt it. There is a manner of doing every thing that either leaves it abſolutely indifferent or that intereſts. The unaffected good humour and ſimplicity of Mademoiſelle Le Blanc entertained me till the return of her mama, and made me ſay to myſelf, *you will make a good farmer's wife.* Madame Le Blanc, when ſhe returned, confirmed the native hoſpitality of her daughter; aſſured me, that her huſband would be at home early in the morning, as ſhe muſt diſpatch a meſſenger to him on other buſineſs. In the evening we ſupped with Monſ. B. in the ſame village, who married Madame Le Blanc's niece; to paſs Mareuil, it has the appearance of a ſmall hamlet of inconſiderable farmers, with the houſes of their labourers; and the ſentiment that would ariſe in moſt boſoms, would be that of picturing the baniſhment of being condemned to live in it. Who would think that there ſhould be two gentlemen's families in it; and that in one I ſhould find Mademoiſelle Le Blanc ſinging to her ſyſtrum, and in the other Madame B. young and handſome, performing on an excellent Engliſh piano forte? Compared notes of the expences of living in Champagne and Suffolk;

—agreed, that 100 louis d'or a year in Champagne, were as good an income as 180 in England, which I believe true. On his return, Monſ. Le Blanc, in the moſt obliging manner, ſatisfied all my enquiries, and gave me letters to the moſt celebrated wine diſtricts.

The 7th. To Epernay, famous for its wines. I had letters for Monſ. Paretilaine, one of the moſt conſiderable merchants, who was ſo obliging as to enter, with two other gentlemen, into a minute diſquiſition of the produce and profit of the fine vineyards. The *hotel de Rohan* here is a very good inn, where I ſolaced myſelf with a bottle of excellent *vin mouſſeux* for 40*ſ.* and drank proſperity to *true* liberty in France.——12 miles.

The 8th. To Ay, a village not far out of the road to Rheims, very famous for its wines. I had a letter for Monſ. Laſnier, who has 60,000 bottles in his cellar, but unfortunately he was not at home. Monſ. Dorſe has from 30 to 40,000. All through this country the crop promiſes miſerably, not owing to the great froſt, but the cold weather of laſt week.

To Rheims, through a foreſt of five miles, on the crown of the hill, which ſeparates the narrow vale of Epernay from the great plain of Rheims. The firſt view of that city from this hill, juſt before the deſcent, at the diſtance of about four miles, is magnificent. The cathedral makes a great figure, and the church of St. Remy terminates the town proudly. Many times I have

I have had ſuch a view of towns in France, but when you enter them, all is a clutter of narrow, crooked, dark, and dirty lanes. At Rheims it is very different: the ſtreets are almoſt all broad, ſtraight, and well built, equal in that reſpect to any I have ſeen; and the inn, the *hotel de Moulinet*, is ſo large and well-ſerved as not to check the emotions raiſed by agreeable objects, by giving an impulſe to contrary vibrations in the boſom of the traveller, which at inns in France is too often the caſe. At dinner they gave me alſo a bottle of excellent wine. I ſuppoſe fixed air is good for the rheumatiſm; I had ſome writhes of it before I entered Champagne, but the *vin mouſſeux* has abſolutely baniſhed it. I had letters for Monſ. Cadot L'ainé, a conſiderable manufacturer, and the poſſeſſor of a large vineyard, which he cultivates himſelf; he was therefore a double fund to me. He received me very politely, anſwered my enquiries, and ſhewed me his fabric. The cathedral is large, but does not ſtrike me like that of Amiens, yet ornamented, and many painted windows. They ſhewed me the ſpot where the kings are crowned. You enter and quit Rheims through ſuperb and elegant iron gates: in ſuch public decorations, promenades, &c. French towns are much beyond Engliſh ones. Stopped at Sillery, to view the wine preſs of the marquis de Sillery; he is the greateſt wine-farmer in all Champagne, having in his own hands 180 arpents. Till I got to Sillery,

lery, I knew not that it belonged to the huſband of Madame de Genlis; but I determined, on hearing that it did, to pluck up impudence enough to introduce myſelf to the marquis, ſhould he be at home: I did not like to paſs the door of Madame de Genlis without ſeeing her: her writings are too celebrated. *La Petite Loge*, where I ſlept, is bad enough of all conſcience, but ſuch a reflection would have made it ten times worſe: the abſence, however, of both Monſ. and Madame quieted both my wiſhes and anxieties. He is in the ſtates.——28 miles.

The 9th. To Chalons, through a poor country and poor crops. M. de Brouſſonet had given me a letter to Monſ. Sabbatier, ſecretary to the academy of ſciences, but he was abſent. A regiment paſſing to Paris, an officer at the inn addreſſed me in Engliſh:—He had learned, he ſaid, in America, damme!—*He* had taken lord Cornwallis, damme!——Marechal Broglio was appointed to command an army of 50,000 men near Paris—it was neceſſary—the *tiers etât* were running mad—and wanted ſome wholeſome correction;——they want to eſtabliſh a republic—abſurd! Pray, Sir, what did you fight for in America? To eſtabliſh a republic. What was ſo good for the Americans, is it ſo bad for the French? Aye, damme! that is the way the Engliſh want to be revenged. It is, to be ſure, no bad opportunity. Can the Engliſh follow a better example? He then made many enquiries about what we thought and ſaid upon it in England: and I may remark, that almoſt every perſon I meet has the ſame idea—*The Engliſh muſt be very well contented at our confuſion.* They feel pretty pointedly what they deſerve.——12½ miles.

The 10th. To Ove. Paſs Courtiſſeau, a ſmall village, with a great church; and though a good ſtream, not an idea of irrigation. Roofs of houſes almoſt flat, with projecting eaves, reſembling thoſe from Pau to Bayonne. At St. Menehoud a dreadful tempeſt, after a burning day, with ſuch a fall of rain, that I could hardly get to Monſ. l'Abbé Michel, to whom I had a letter. When I found him, the inceſſant flaſhes of lightning would allow me no converſation; for all the females of the houſe came into the room for the Abbé's protection I ſuppoſe, ſo I took leave. The *vin de Champagne*, which is 40*ſ.* at Rheims, is 3 liv. at Chalons and here, and execrably bad; ſo there is an end of my phyſic for the rheumatiſm.——25 miles.

The 11th. Paſs Iſlets, a town (or rather collection of dirt and dung) of new features, that ſeem to mark, with the faces of the people, a country not French.——25 miles.

The 12th. Walking up a long hill, to eaſe my mare, I was joined by a poor woman, who complained of the times, and that it was a ſad country; demanding her reaſons, ſhe ſaid her huſband had but a morſel of land, one cow, and a poor little horſe, yet they had a *franchar* (42 lb.)

of

wheat, and three chickens, to pay as a quit-rent to one Seigneur; and four *franchar* of oats, one chicken and 1*ſ.* to pay to another, beſides very heavy tailles and other taxes, She had ſeven children, and the cow's milk helped to make the ſoup. But why, inſtead of a horſe, do not you keep another cow? Oh, her huſband could not carry his produce ſo well without a horſe; and aſſes are little uſed in the country. It was ſaid, at preſent, that *ſomething was to be done by ſome great folks for ſuch poor ones, but ſhe did not know who nor how*, but God ſend us better, *car les tailles & les droits nous ecraſent.*—This woman, at no great diſtance, might have been taken for ſixty or ſeventy, her figure was ſo bent, and her face ſo furrowed and hardened by labour,—but ſhe ſaid ſhe was only twenty-eight. An Engliſhman who has not travelled, cannot imagine the figure made by infinitely the greater part of the countrywomen in France; it ſpeaks, at the firſt ſight, hard and ſevere labour: I am inclined to think, that they work harder than the men, and this, united with the more miſerable labour of bringing a new race of ſlaves into the world, deſtroys abſolutely all ſymmetry of perſon and every feminine appearance. To what are we to attribute this difference in the manners of the lower people in the two kingdoms? To GOVERNMENT.——23 miles.

The 13th. Leave Mar-le-Tour at four in the morning: the village herdſman was ſounding his horn; and it was droll to ſee every door vomiting out its hogs or ſheep, and ſome a few goats, the flock collecting as it advances. Very poor ſheep, and the pigs with mathematical backs, large ſegments of ſmall circles. They muſt have abundance of commons here, but, if I may judge by the report of the animals carcaſes, dreadfully overſtocked. To Metz, one of the ſtrongeſt places in France; paſs three draw-bridges, but the command of water muſt give a ſtrengh equal to its works. The common garriſon is 10,000 men, but there are fewer at preſent. Waited on M. de Payen, ſecretary of the academy of ſciences; he aſked my plan, which I explained; he appointed me at four in the afternoon at the academy, as there would be *ſeance* held; and he promiſed to introduce me to ſome perſons who could anſwer my enquiries. I attended accordingly, when I found the academy aſſembled at one of their weekly meetings. Monſ. Payen introduced me to the members, and, before they proceeded to their buſineſs, they had the goodneſs to ſit in council on my enquiries, and to reſolve many of them. In the *Almanach des Trois Evechés* 1789, this academy is ſaid to have been inſtituted particularly for agriculture; I turned to the liſt of their honorary members to ſee what attention they had paid to the men who, in the preſent age, have advanced that art. I found an Engliſhman, Dom Cowley, of London. Who is Dom Cowley?—Dined at the table d'hôte, with ſeven officers, out of whoſe mouths, at this important moment, in which converſation is as free as the preſs, not one word iſſued for which I would give a ſtraw, nor a ſubject touched on of more importance, than a coat, or a puppy dog. At table d'hôtes of officers, you have a voluble garniture of bawdry or nonſenſe; at thoſe of merchants, a mournful and ſtupid ſilence. Take the maſs of mankind, and you have more good ſenſe in half an hour in England than in half a year in France—Government! Again:—all—all—is government ——15 miles.

The 14th. They have a *cabinet literaire* at Metz, ſomething like that I deſcribed at Nantes, but not on ſo great a plan; and they admit any perſon to read or go in and out for a day, on paying 4*ſ.* To this I eagerly reſorted, and the news from Paris, both in the public prints, and by the information of a gentleman, I found to be intereſting. Verſailles and Paris are ſurrounded by troops: 35,000 men are aſſembled, and 20,000 more on the road, large trains of artillery collected, and all the preparations of war. The aſſembling of ſuch a number of troops has added to the ſcarcity of bread; and the magazines that have been made for their ſupport, are not eaſily by the people diſtinguiſhed from thoſe they ſuſpect of being collected by monopoliſts. This has aggravated their evils almoſt to madneſs; ſo that the confuſion and tumult of the capital are extreme. A gentleman of an excellent underſtanding, and apparently of conſideration, from the attention paid him, with whom I had ſome converſation on the ſubject, lamented in the moſt pathetic terms, the ſituation of his country; he conſiders a civil war as impoſſible to be avoided. There is not, he added, a doubt but the court, finding it impoſſible to bring the National Aſſembly to terms, will get rid of them; a bankruptcy at the ſame moment is inevitable; the union of ſuch confuſion muſt be a civil war; and it is now only by torrents of blood that we have any hope of eſtabliſhing a freer conſtitution: yet it muſt be eſtabliſhed; for the old government is rivetted to abuſes that are inſupportable. He agreed with me entirely, that the propoſitions of the *ſeance royale*, though certainly not ſufficiently ſatisfactory, yet, were the ground for a negociation, that would have ſecured by degrees *all even that the ſword can give us, let it be as ſucceſsful as it will. The purſe—the power of the purſe is every thing; ſkilfully managed, with ſo neceſſitous a government as ours, it would, one after another, have gained all we wiſhed. As to a war, Heaven knows the event; and if we have ſucceſs, ſucceſs itſelf may ruin us; France may have a Cromwell in its boſom, as well as England.* Metz is, without exception, the cheapeſt town I have been in. The table d'hôte is 36*ſ.* a head, plenty of good wine included. We were ten, and had two courſes and a deſſert of ten diſhes each, and thoſe courſes plentiful. The ſupper is the ſame; I had mine, of a pint of wine and a large plate of chaudiés, in my chamber, for 10*ſ.* a horſe, hay, and corn 25*ſ.* and nothing for the apartment; my expence was therefore 71*ſ.* a day, or 2s. 11½d.; and with the table d'hôte for ſupper, would have been but 97*ſ.* or 4s. 0½d.—In addition, much civility and good attendance. It is at the *Faiſan.* Why are the cheapeſt inns in France the beſt?—The country to Pont-a-Mouſſon is all of bold feature.—The river Moſelle, which is conſiderable, runs in the vale, and the hills on either ſide are high. Not far from Metz there are the remains of an ancient aqueduct for conducting the waters of a ſpring acroſs the Moſelle: there are many arches left on this ſide, with the houſes of poor people built between them. At Pont-a-Mouſſon Monſ. Pichon, the ſub-delegué of the intendant, to whom I had letters, received me politely, ſatisfied my enquiries, which he was well able to do from his office, and conducted me to ſee whatever was worth viewing in the town. It does not contain much; the *école militaire*, for the ſons of the poor nobility, alſo the *couvent de Premonté*, which has a very fine library, 107 feet long and 25 broad. I was introduced to the abbot as a perſon who had ſome knowledge in agriculture.——17 miles.

The 15th. I went to Nancy, with great expectation, having heard it repreſented as the pretTieſt town in France. I think, on the whole, it is not undeſerving the character in point of building, direction, and breadth of ſtreets.—Bourdeaux is far more magnificent; Bayonne and Nantes are more lively; but there is more equality in Nancy; it is almoſt all good; and the public buildings are numerous. The *place royale*, and the adjoining area are ſuperb. Letters from Paris! all confuſion! the miniſtry removed: Monſ. Necker ordered to quit the kingdom without noiſe. The effect on the people of Nancy was conſiderable.—I was with Monſ. Willemet when his letters arrived, and for ſome time his houſe was full of enquirers; all agreed, that it was fatal news, and that it would occaſion great commotions. *What will be the reſult at Nancy?* The anſwer was in effect the ſame from all I put this queſtion to: *We are a provincial town, we muſt wait to ſee what is done at Paris; but every thing is to be feared from the people, becauſe bread is ſo dear, they are half ſtarved, and are conſequently ready for commotion.*—This is the general feeling; they are as nearly concerned as Paris; but they dare not ſtir; they dare not even have an opinion of their own till they know what Paris thinks; ſo that if a ſtarving populace were not in queſtion, no one would dream of moving. This confirms what I have often heard remarked, that the *deficit* would not have produced the revolution but in concurrence with the price of bread. Does not this ſhew the infinite conſequence of great cities to the liberty of mankind? Without Paris, I queſtion whether the preſent revolution, which is faſt working in France, could poſſibly have had an origin. It is not in the villages of Syria or Diarbekir that the Grand Seigneur meets with a murmur againſt his will; it is at Conſtantinople that he is obliged to manage and mix caution even with deſpotiſm. Mr. Willemet, who is demonſtrator of botany, ſhewed me the botanical garden, but it is in a condition that ſpeaks the want of better funds. He introduced me to a Monſ. Durival, who has written on the vine, and gave me one of his treatiſes, and alſo two of his own on botanical ſubjects. He alſo conducted me to Monſ. l'Abbé Grandpére, a gentleman curious in gardening, who, as ſoon as he knew that I was an Engliſhman, whimſically took it into his head to introduce me to a lady, my countrywoman, who hired, he ſaid, the greateſt part of his houſe. I remonſtrated againſt the impropriety of this, but all in vain; the Abbé had never travelled, and thought that if he were at the diſtance of England from France (the French are not commonly good geographers) he ſhould be very glad to ſee a Frenchman; and that, by parity of reaſoning, this lady muſt be the ſame to meet a countryman ſhe never ſaw or heard of. Away he went, and would not reſt till I was conducted into her apartment. It was the dowager Lady Douglas; ſhe was unaffected, and good enough not to be offended at ſuch a ſtrange intruſion.—She had been here but a few days; had two fine daughters with her, and a beautiful Kamchatka dog; ſhe was much troubled with the intelligence her friends in the town had juſt given her, that ſhe would, in all probability, be forced to move again, as the news of Monſ. Necker's removal, and the new miniſtry being appointed, would certainly occaſion ſuch dreadful tumults, that a foreign family would probably find it equally dangerous and diſagreeable.——18 miles.

The 16th. All the houſes at Nancy have tin eave troughs and pipes, which render walking the ſtreets much more eaſy and agreeable; it is alſo an additional conſumption, which is politically uſeful. Both this place and Luneville are lighted in the Engliſh manner, inſtead of the lamps being ſtrung acroſs the ſtreets as in other French towns. Before I quit Nancy, let me caution the unwary traveller, if he is not a great lord, with plenty of money that he does not know what to do with, againſt the *hotel d'Angleterre*; a bad dinner 3 liv. and for the room as much more. A pint of wine, and a plate of chaudié 20ſ. which at Metz was 10ſ. and in addition, I liked ſo little my treatment, that I changed my quarters to the *hotel de Halle*, where, at the table d'hôte, I had the company of ſome agreeable officers, two good courſes, and a deſſert, for 36ſ. with a bottle of wine. The chamber 20ſ.; for building, however, the *hotel d'Angleterre* is much ſuperior, and is the firſt inn. In the evening to Luneville. The country about Nancy is pleaſing.——17 miles.

The 17th. Luneville being the reſidence of Monſ. Lazowſki, the father of my much eſteemed friend, who was advertiſed of my journey, I waited on him in the morning; he received me with not politeneſs only, but hoſpitality—with a hoſpitality I began to think was not to be found on this ſide of the kingdom.—From Mareuil hither, I had really been ſo unaccuſtomed to receive any attentions of that ſort, that it awakened me to a train of new feelings agreeable enough.—An apartment was ready for me, which I was preſſed to occupy, deſired to dine, and expected to ſtay ſome days: he introduced me to his wife and family, particularly to M. l'Abbé Lazowſki, who, with the moſt obliging alacrity, undertook the office of ſhewing me whatever was worth ſeeing.—We examined, in a walk before dinner, the eſtabliſhment of the orphans; well regulated and conducted. Luneville wants ſuch eſtabliſhments, for it has no induſtry, and therefore is very poor; I was aſſured not leſs than half the population of the place, or 10,000 perſons are poor. Luneville is cheap. A cook's wages two, three, or four louis. A maid's, that dreſſes hair, three or four louis; a common houſe-maid, one louis; a common footman, or a houſe lad, three louis. Rent of a good houſe ſixteen or ſeventeen louis. Lodgings of four or five rooms, ſome of them ſmall, nine louis. After dinner, wait on M. Vaux dit Pompone, an intimate acquaintance of my friend's; here mingled hoſpitality and politeneſs alſo received me, and ſo much preſſed to dine with him to-morrow, that I ſhould certainly have ſtaid had it been merely for the pleaſure of more converſation with a very ſenſible and cultivated man, who, though advanced in years, has the talents and good humour to render his company univerſally agreeable: I was obliged to refuſe it; I was out of order all day. Yeſterday's heat was followed, after ſome lightning, by a cold night, and I laid, without knowing it, with the windows open, and caught cold I ſuppoſe, from the information of my bones. I am acquainted with ſtrangers as eaſily and quickly as any body, á habit that much travelling can ſcarcely fail to give, but to be ill among them would be *enuyante*, demand too much attention, and incroach on their humanity. This induced me to refuſe the obliging wiſhes of both the Meſſrs. Lazowſki's, Monſ. Pompone, and alſo of a pretty and agreeable American lady, I met at the houſe of the latter. Her hiſtory is ſingular, and yet very natural. She was Miſs Blake, of New-York; what carried her to Dominica I know not; but the ſun did not ſpoil her complexion: a French officer, Monſ. Tibalié, on taking the iſland, made her his captive; and himſelf became her own, fell in love, and married her; brought his prize to France, and ſettled her in his native town of Luneville. The regiment, of which he is major, being quartered in a diſtant province, ſhe complained of ſeeing her huſband not more than for ſix months in two years. She has been four years at Luneville; and having the ſociety of three children, is reconciled to a ſcene of life new to her. Monſ. Pompone, who, ſhe aſſured me, is one of the beſt men in the world, has parties every day at his houſe, not more to his own ſatisfaction than to her comfort.—This gentleman is another inſtance, as well as the major, of attachment to the place of nativity; he was born at Luneville; attended King Staniſlaus in ſome reſpectable office, near his perſon; has lived much at Paris, and with the great, and had firſt miniſters of ſtate for his intimate friends; but the love of the *natale ſolum* brought him back to Luneville, where he has lived beloved and reſpected for many years, ſurrounded by an elegant collection of books, amongſt which the poets are not forgotten, having himſelf no inconſiderable talents in transfuſing agreeable ſentiments into pleaſing verſes. He has ſome couplets of his own compoſition, under the portraits of his friends, which are pretty and eaſy. It would have given me much pleaſure to have ſpent ſome days at Luneville; an agreeable opening was made for me in two houſes, where I ſhould have met with a friendly and agreeable reception: but the miſfortunes of travelling are ſometimes the accidents that croſs the moments prepared for enjoyment; and at others, the ſyſtem of a journey inconſiſtent with the plans of deſtined pleaſure.

The 18th. To Haming, through an unintereſting country.——28 miles.

The 19th. To Savern, in Alſace: the country to Phalſbourg, a ſmall fortified town, on the frontiers, is much the ſame to the eye as hitherto. The women in Alſace all wear ſtraw hats, as large as thoſe worn in England; they ſhelter the face, and ſhould ſecure ſome pretty country girls, but I have ſeen none yet. Coming out of Phalſbourg, there are ſome hovels miſerable enough, yet have chimnies and windows, but the inhabitants in the loweſt poverty. From that town to Savern all a mountain of oak timber, the deſcent ſteep, and the road winding. In Savern, I found myſelf to all appearance veritably in Germany; for two days paſt much tendency to a change, but here not one perſon in an hundred has a word of French; the rooms are warmed by ſtoves; the kitchen-hearth is three or four feet high, and various other trifles ſhew, that you are among another people. Looking at a map of France, and reading hiſtories of Louis XIV. never threw his conqueſt or ſeizure of Alſace into the light which travelling into it did: to croſs a great range of mountains; to enter a level plain, inhabited by a people totally diſtinct and different from France, with manners, language, ideas, prejudices, and habits all different, made an impreſſion of the injuſtice and ambition of ſuch a conduct, much more forcible than ever reading had done: ſo much more powerful are things than words.——22 miles.

The 20th. To Straſbourg, through one of the richeſt ſcenes of ſoil and cultivation to be met with in France, and rivalled only by Flanders, which however, exceeds it. I arrived there at a critical moment, which I thought would have broken my neck; a detachment of horſe, with their trumpets on one ſide, a party of infantry, with their drums beating on the other, and a great mob hallooing, frightened my French mare; and I could ſcarcely keep her from trampling on Meſſrs. the *tiers etat.* On arriving at the inn, hear the intereſting news of the revolt of Paris.—The *Guardes Francoiſes* joining the people; the little dependence on the reſt of the troops; the taking the Baſtile; and the inſtitution of the *milice bourgeoiſe*; in a word, of the abſolute overthrow of the old government. Every thing being now decided, and the kingdom abſolutely in the hands of the aſſembly, they have the power to make a new conſtitution, ſuch as they think proper; and it will be a great ſpectacle for the world to view, in this enlightened age, the repreſentatives of twenty-five millions of people ſitting on the conſtruction of a new and better order and fabric of liberty, than Europe has yet offered. It will now be ſeen, whether they will copy the the conſtitution of England, freed from its faults, or attempt, from theory, to frame ſomething abſolutely ſpeculative: in the former caſe, they will prove a bleſſing to their country; in the latter they will probably involve it in inextricable confuſions and civil wars, perhaps not in the preſent period, but certainly at ſome future one. I hear nothing of their removing from Verſailles; if they ſtay there under the controul of an armed mob, they muſt make a government that will pleaſe the mob; but they will, I ſuppoſe, be wiſe enough to move to ſome central town Tours, Blois, or Orleans, where their deliberations may be free. But the Pariſian ſpirit of commotion ſpreads quickly; it is here; the troops that were near breaking my neck, are employed, to keep an eye on the people who ſhew ſigns of an intended revolt. They have broken the windows of ſome magiſtrates that are no favourites; and a great mob of them is at this moment aſſembled demanding clamourouſly to have meat at 5*ſ.* a pound. They have a cry among them that will conduct them to good lengths,—*Point d'impôt & vive les etâts.*—Waited on Monſ. Herman, profeſſor of natural hiſtory in the Univerſity here, to whom I had letters; he replied to ſome of my queſtions, and introduced me for others to Monſ. Zimmer, who having been in ſome degree a practioner, had underſtanding enough of the ſubject to afford me ſome information that was valuable. View the public buildings, and croſs the Rhine paſſing for ſome little diſtance into Germany, but no new features to mark a change; Alſace is Germany, and the change great on deſcending the mountains. The exterior of the cathedral is fine, and the tower ſingularly light and beautiful; it is well known to be one of the higheſt in Europe; commands a noble and rich plain, through which the Rhine, from the number of its iſlands, has the appearance of a chain of lakes rather than of a river.—Monument of marechal Saxe, &c. &c. I am puzzled about going to Carlſrhue,

Carlſrhue; the reſidence of the Margrave of Baden: it was an old intention to do it, if ever I was within an hundred miles; for there are ſome features in the reputation of that ſovereign, which made me wiſh to be there. He fixed Mr. Taylor, of Bifrons in Kent, whoſe huſbandry I deſcribe in my Eaſtern Tour, on a large farm; and the *œconomiſtes*, in their writings, ſpeak much of an experiment he made in their Phyſiocratical rubbiſh, which, however erroneous their principles might be, marked much merit in the prince. Monſ. Herman tells me alſo, that he has ſent a perſon into Spain to purchaſe rams for the improvement of wool, I wiſh he had fixed on ſomebody likely to underſtand a good ram, which a profeſſor of botany is not likely to do too well. This botaniſt is the only perſon Monſ. Herman knows at Carlſrhue, and therefore can give me no letter thither, and how can I go, unknown to all the world, to the reſidence of a ſovereign prince, for Mr. Taylor has left him, is a difficulty apparently inſurmountable.——22½ miles.

The 21ſt. I have ſpent ſome time this morning at the *cabinet literaire*, reading the gazettes and journals that give an account of the tranſactions at Paris: and I have had ſome converſation with ſeveral ſenſible and intelligent men on the preſent revolution. The ſpirit of revolt is gone forth into various parts of the kingdom; the price of bread has prepared the populace every where for all ſorts of violence; at Lyons there have been commotions as furious as at Paris, and the ſame at a great many other places: Dauphiné is in arms: and Bretagne in abſolute rebellion. The idea is, that the people will, from hunger, be driven to revolt; and when once they find any other means of ſubſiſtence than that of honeſt labour, every thing will be to be feared. Of ſuch conſequence it is to a country, and indeed to every country, to have a good police of corn; a police that ſhall, by ſecuring a high price to the farmer, encourage his culture enough to ſecure the people at the ſame time from famine. My anxiety about Carlſrhue is at an end; the Margrave is at Spaw; I ſhall not therefore think of going.——*Night*—I have been witneſs to a ſcene curious to a foreigner; but dreadful to Frenchmen that are conſiderate. Paſſing through the ſquare of the *hotel de ville*, the mob were breaking the windows with ſtones, notwithſtanding an officer and a detachment of horſe was in the ſquare. Perceiving that their numbers not only increaſed, but that they grew bolder and bolder every moment, I thought it worth ſtaying to ſee what it would end in, and clambered on to the roof of a row of low ſtalls oppoſite the building, againſt which their malice was directed. Here I beheld the whole commodiouſly. Perceiving that the troops would not attack them, except in words and menaces, they grew more violent, and furiouſly attempted to beat the doors in pieces with iron crows; placing ladders to the windows.

In about a quarter of an hour, which gave time for the aſſembled magiſtrates to eſcape by a back door, they burſt all open, and entered like a torrent with a univerſal ſhout of the ſpectators. From that minute a ſhower of caſements, ſaſhes, ſhutters, chairs, tables, ſophas, books, papers, pictures, &c. rained inceſſantly from all the windows of the houſe, which is ſeventy or eighty feet long, and which was then ſucceeded by tiles, ſkirting boards, banniſters, frame-work, and every part of the building that force could detach. The troops, both horſe and foot, were quiet ſpectators. They were at firſt too few to interpoſe, and, when they became more numerous, the miſchief was too far advanced to admit of any other conduct than guarding every avenue around, permiting none to go to the ſcene of action, but lettting every one that pleaſed retire with his plunder; guards being at the ſame time placed at the doors of the churches, and all public buildings. I was for two hours a ſpectator at different places of the ſcene, ſecure myſelf from the falling furniture, but near enough to ſee a fine lad of about 14 cruſhed to death by ſomething as he was handing plunder to a woman, I ſuppoſe his mother, from the horror that was pictured in her countenance. I remarked ſeveral common ſoldiers, with their white cockades, among the plunderers, and inſtigating the mob even in ſight of the officers of the detachment. There were amongſt them people ſo decently dreſſed, that I regarded them with no ſmall ſurprize:—they deſtroyed all the public archives; the ſtreets for ſome way around ſtrewed with papers; this has been a wanton miſchief; for it will be the ruin of many families unconnected with the magiſtrates.

The 22d. To Scheleſtadt. At Straſbourg, and the country I paſſed, the lower ranks of women wear their hair in a toupee in front, and behind braided into a circular plait, three inches thick, and is moſt curiouſly contrived to convince one that they rarely paſs a comb through it. I could not but picture them as the *nidus* of living colonies, that never approach me (they are not burthened with too much beauty,) but I ſcratched my head from ſenſations, of imaginary itching. The moment you are out of a great town all in this country is German; the inns have one common large room, many tables and cloths ready ſpread, where every company dines; gentry at ſome, and the poor at others. Cookery alſo German: *ſchnitz* is a diſh of bacon and fried pears; has the appearance of a meſs for the devil; but I was ſurprized, on taſting, to find it better than paſſable. At Scheleſtadt I had the pleaſure of finding the count de la Rochefoucauld, whoſe regiment (of Champagne), of which he is ſecond major, is quartered here. No attentions could be kinder than what I received from him; they were a renewal of the numerous ones I was in the habit of experiencing from his family; and he introduced me to a good farmer from whom I had the intelligence I wanted.——25 miles.

The 23d. An agreeable quiet day, with the count de la Rochefoucauld: dine with the officers of the regiment, the count de Loumené, the colonel, nephew to the cardinal de Loumené, preſent. Sup at my friend's lodgings; an officer of infantry, a Dutch gentleman who has been much in the Eaſt-Indies, and ſpeaks Engliſh there. This has been a refreſhing day; the ſociety of well informed people, liberal, polite, and communicative, has been a contraſt to the *ſombre* ſtupidity of table d'hôtes.

The 24th. To Iſenheim, by Colmar. The country is in general a dead level, with the Voge mountains very near to the right; thoſe of Suabia to the left; and there is another range very diſtant, that appears in the opening to the ſouth. The news at the table d'hôte at Colmar curious, that the Queen had a plot, nearly on the point of execution, to blow up the National Aſſembly by a mine, and to march the army inſtantly to maſſacre all Paris. A French officer preſent preſumed but to doubt of the truth of it, and was immediately overpowered with numbers of tongues. A deputy had written it; they had ſeen the letter, and not a heſitation could be admitted: I ſtrenuouſly contended, that it was folly and nonſenſe at the firſt bluſh, a mere invention to render perſons odious who, for what I knew, might deſerve to be ſo, but certainly not by ſuch means; if the angel Gabriel had deſcended and taken a chair at table to convince them, it would not have ſhaken their faith. Thus it is in revolutions, one raſcal writes, and an hundred thouſand fools believe.——25 miles.

The 25th. From Iſenheim, the country changes from the dead flat, to pleaſant views and inequalities, improving all the way to Beſort, but neither ſcattered houſes nor incloſures. Great riots at Befort:—laſt night a body of mob and peaſants demanded of the magiſtrates the arms in the magazine, to the amount of three or four thouſand ſtand; being refuſed, they grew riotous and threatened to ſet fire to the town, on which the gates were ſhut; and to-day the regiment of Bourgogne arrived for their protection. Monſ. Necker paſſed here to-day in his way from Baſle to Paris, eſcorted by 50 bourgeois horſemen, and through the town by the muſic of all the troops. But the moſt brilliant period of his life is paſt; from the moment of his reinſtatement in power to the aſſembling of the ſtates, the fate of France, and of the Bourbons, was then in his hands; and whatever may be the reſult of the preſent confuſions they will, by poſterity, be attributed to his conduct, ſince he had unqueſtionably the power of aſſembling the ſtates in whatever form he pleaſed: he might have had two chambers, three, or one; he might have given what would unavoidably have ſlid into the conſtitution of England; all was, in his hands; he had the greateſt opportunity of political architecture that ever was in the power of man: the great legiſlators of antiqutiy never poſſeſſed ſuch a moment: in my opinion he miſſed it completely, and threw that to the chance of the winds and waves, to which he might have given impulſe, direction, and life. I had letters to Monſ. de Bellonde, *commiſſaire de Guerre*; I found him alone: he aſked me to ſup, ſaying he ſhould have ſome perſons to meet me who could give me information. On my returning, he introduced me to Madame de Bellonde, and a circle of a dozen ladies, with three or four young officers, leaving the room himſelf to attend Madame, the princeſs of ſomething, who was on her flight to Switzerland. I wiſhed the whole company very cordially at the devil, for I ſaw, at one glance, what ſort of information I ſhould have. There was a little *coterie* in one corner liſtening to an officer's detail of leaving Paris. This gentleman further informed us, that the count d'Artois, and all the princes of the blood, except Monſieur, and the duke d'Orleans, the whole connection of Polignac, the marechal de Broglio, and an infinite number of the firſt nobility had fled the kingdom, and were daily followed by others; and laſtly, that the King, Queen, and royal family, were in a ſituation at Verſailles really dangerous and alarming, without any dependence on the troops near them, and, in fact, more like priſoners than free. Here is, therefore, a revolution effected by a ſort of magic; all powers in the realm are deſtroyed but that of the commons; and it now will remain to ſee what ſort of architects they are at rebuilding an edifice in the place of that which has been thus marvellouſly tumbled in ruins. Supper being announced, the company quitted the room, and as I did not puſh myſelf forward, I remained at the rear till I was very whimſically alone; I was a little ſtruck at the turn of the moment, and did not advance when I found myſelf in ſuch an extraordinary ſituation, in order to ſee whether it would arrive at the point it did. I then, ſmiling, took my hat, and walked fairly out of the houſe. I was, however, overtaken below; but I talked of buſineſs—or pleaſure—or of ſomething, or nothing—and hurried to the inn. I ſhould not have related this, if it had not been at a moment that carried with it its apology: the anxiety and diſtraction of the time muſt fill the head, and occupy the attention of a gentleman;—and, as to ladies, what can French ladies think of a man who travels for the plough? ——25 miles.

The 26th. For twenty miles to Liſle ſur Daube, the country nearly as before; but after that, to Baume les Dames, it is all mountainous and rock, much wood, and many pleaſing ſcenes of the river flowing beneath. The whole country is in the greateſt agitation; at one of the little towns I paſſed, I was queſtioned for not having a cockade of the *tiers etat.* They ſaid it was ordained by the *tiers*, and, if I was not a Seigneur, I ought to obey. *But ſuppoſe I am a Seigneur, what then, my friends?*—What then? they replied ſternly, why, be hanged; for that moſt likely is what you deſerve. It was plain this was no moment for joking, the boys and girls began to gather, whoſe aſſembling has every where been the preliminaries of miſchief; and if I had not declared myſelf an Engliſhman, and ignorant of the ordinance, I had not eſcaped very well. I immediately bought a cockade, but the huſſey pinned it into my hat ſo looſely, that before I got to Liſle it blew into the river, and I was again in the ſame danger. My aſſertion of being Engliſh would not do. I was a Seigneur, perhaps in diſguiſe, and without doubt a great rogue. At this moment a prieſt came into the ſtreet with a letter in his hand: the people immediately collected around him, and he then read aloud a detail from Befort, giving an account of M. Necker's paſſing, with ſome general features of news from Paris, and aſſurances that the condition of the people would be improved. When he had finiſhed, he exhorted them to abſtain from all violence; and aſſured them, they muſt not indulge themſelvs with any ideas of impoſitions being aboliſhed; which he touched on as if he knew that they had got ſuch notions. When he retired, they again ſurrounded me, who had attended to the letter like others; were very menacing in their manner; and expreſſed many ſuſpicions: I did not like my ſituation at all, eſpecially on hearing one of them ſay that I ought to be ſecured till ſomebody would give an account of me. I was on the ſteps of the inn, and begged they would permit me a few words; I aſſured them, that I was an Engliſh traveller, and to prove it, I deſired to explain to them a circumſtance in Engliſh taxation, which would be a ſatisfactory comment on what Monſ. l'Abbé had told them, to the purport of which I could not agree. He had aſſerted, that the impoſitions muſt be paid as heretofore: that the impoſitions muſt be paid was certain, but not as heretofore, as they might be paid as they were in England. Gentlemen, we have a great number of taxes in England, which you know nothing of in France; but the *tiers etat*, the poor do not pay them; they are laid on the rich; every window in a man's houſe pays; but if he has no more than ſix windows, he pays nothing; a Seigneur, with a great eſtate, pays the *vingtiemes* and *tailles*, but the little proprietor of a garden pays nothing; the rich for their horſes, their voitures, and their ſervants, and even for liberty to kill their own partridges, but the poor farmer nothing of all this: and what is more, we have in England a tax paid by the rich for the relief of the poor; hence the aſſertion of Monſ. l'Abbé, that becauſe taxes exiſted before they muſt exiſt again, did not at all prove that they muſt be levied in the ſame manner; our Engliſh method ſeemed much better. There was not a word of this diſcourſe, they did not approve of; they ſeemed to think that I might be an honeſt fellow, which I confirmed, by crying, *vive le tiers*, *ſans impoſitions*, when they gave me a bit of a huzza, and I had no more interruption from them. My miſerable French was pretty much on a par with their own *pâtois*. I got, however, another cockade, which I took care to have ſo faſtened as to loſe it no more. I do not half like travelling in ſuch an unquiet and fermenting moment; one is not ſecure for an hour beforehand.——35 miles.

The 27th. To Beſançon; the country mountain, rock, and wood, above the river; ſome ſcenes are fine. I had not arrived an hour before I ſaw a peaſant paſs the inn on horſeback, followed by an officer of the *guard bourgeois*, of which there are 1200 here, and 200 under arms, and his party-coloured detachment, and theſe by ſome infantry and cavalry. I aſked, why the militia took the *pas* of the king's troops? *For a very good reaſon*, they replied, *the troops would be attacked and knocked on the head, but the populace will not reſiſt the milice*. This peaſant, who is a rich proprietor, applied for a guard to protect his houſe, in a village where there is much plundering and burning. The miſchiefs which have been perpetrated in the country, towards the mountains and Veſoul, are numerous and ſhocking. Many chateaus have been burnt, others plundered, the ſeigneurs hunted down like wild beaſts, their wives and daughters raviſhed, their papers and titles burnt, and all their property deſtroyed: and theſe abominations not inflicted on marked perſons, who were odious for their former conduct or principles, but an indiſcriminating blind rage for the love of plunder. Robbers, galley-ſlaves, and villains of all denominations, have collected and inſtigated the peaſants to commit all ſorts of outrages. Some gentlemen at the table d'hôte informed me, that letters were received from the Maconois, the Lyonois, Auvergne, Dauphné, &c. and that ſimilar commotions and miſchiefs were perpetrating every where; and that it was expected they would pervade the whole kingdom. The backwardneſs of France is beyond credibility in every thing that pertains to intelligence. From Straſbourg hither, I have not been able to ſee a newſpaper. Here I aſked for the *Cabinet Literaire?* None. The gazettes? At the coffee-houſe. Very eaſily replied; but not ſo eaſily found. Nothing but the *Gazette de France*; for which at this period, a man of common ſenſe would not give one *ſol.* To four other coffee-houſes; at ſome no paper at all, not even the *Mercure*; at the *Caffé Militaire*, the *Courier de l'Europe* a fortnight old; and well dreſſed people are now talking of the news of two or three weeks paſt, and plainly by their diſcourſe know nothing of what is paſſing. The whole town of Beſançon has not been able to afford me a ſight of the *Journal de Paris*, nor of any paper that gives a detail of the tranſactions of the ſtates; yet it is the capital of a province, large as half a dozen Engliſh counties, and containing 25,000 ſouls,—with ſtrange to ſay! the poſt coming in but three times a week. At this eventful moment, with no licence, nor even the leaſt reſtraint on the preſs, not one paper eſtabliſhed at Paris for circulation in the provinces, with the neceſſary ſteps taken by *affiche*, or *placard*, to inform the people in all the towns of its eſtabliſhment. For what the country knows to the contrary, their deputies are in the Baſtile, inſtead of the Baſtile being razed; ſo the mob plunder, burn, and deſtroy, in complete ignorance: and yet, with all theſe ſhades of darkneſs, theſe clouds of tenebrity, this univerſal maſs of ignorance, there are men every day in the ſtates, who are puffing themſelves off for the FIRST NATION IN EUROPE! the GREATEST PEOPLE IN THE UNIVERSE! as if the political juntos, or literary circles of a capital conſtituted a people; inſtead of the univerſal illumination of knowledge, acting by rapid intelligence on minds prepared by habitual energy of reaſoning to receive, combine, and comprehend it. That this dreadful ignorance of the maſs of the people, of the events that moſt intimately concern them, is owning to the old government, no one can doubt; it is however curious to remark, that if the nobility of other provinces hunted like thoſe of Franche Compté, of which there is little reaſon to doubt, that whole order of men undergo a proſcription, ſuffer like ſheep, without making the leaſt effort to reſiſt the attack. This appears marvellous, with a body that have an army of 150,000 men in their hands; for though a part of thoſe troops would certainly diſobey their leaders, yet let it be remembered, that out of the 40,000, or poſſibly 100,000 nobleſſe of France, they might, if they had intelligence and union amongſt themſelves, fill half the ranks of more than half the regiments of the kingdom, with men who have fellow-feelings and fellow-ſufferings with themſelves; but no meetings, no aſſociations among them; no union with military men; no taking refuge in the ranks of regiments to defend or avenge their cauſe; fortunately for France they fall without a ſtruggle, and die without a blow. That univeral circulation of intelligence, which in England tranſmits the leaſt vibration of feeling or alarm, with electric ſenſibility, from one end of the kindom to another, and which unites in bands of connection men of ſimilar intereſts and ſituations, has no exiſtence in France. Thus it may be ſaid, perhaps with truth, that the fall of the king, court, lords, nobles, army, church, and parliaments is owing to a want of intelligence being quickly circulated, conſequently is owing to the very effects of that thraldom in which they held the people: it is therefore a retribution rather than a puniſhment.——18 miles.

The 28th. At the table d'hôte laſt night a perſon gave an account of being ſtopped at Salins for want of a paſſport, and ſuffering the greateſt inconveniencies; I found it neceſſary, therefore, to demand one for myſelf, and went accordingly to the *Bureau*; this was the houſe of a Monſ. Bellamy, an attorney; with whom the following dialogue enſued:

Mais, Monſieur, qui me repondra de vous? Eſt ce que perſonne vous connoit? Connoiſſez vous quelqun a Beſançon?

Non perſonne, mon deſſein etoit d'aller a Veſoul d'où j'aurois eu des lettres, mais j'ai changé de route a cauſe de ces tumultes.

Monſieur je ne vous connois pas, & ſi vous etes inconnu a Beſançon vous ne pouvez avoir de paſſport.

Mais voici mes lettres j'en ai pluſieurs pour d autres villes en France, il y a en même d'adreſſées a Veſoul e a Arbois, ouvrez & liſez les, & vous trouverez que je ne ſuis pas inconnu ailleurs quoique je le ſois a Beſançon.

N'importe; je ne vous connois pas, il n'y a perſonne ici qui vous connoiſſe ainſi vous n'aurez point de paſſport.

Je vous dit Monſieur que ces lettres vous expliqueront.

Il me faut des gens, et non pas des lettres pour m'expliquer qui vous etes; ces lettres ne me valent rien.

Cette façon d'agir me paroît aſſez ſinguliere; apparaement que vous la croyez tres honnête; pour moi, Monſieur, j'en penſe bien autrement.

Eh Monſieur je ne m'en ſoucie de ce que vous en penſez.

En verité voici ce qui ſ'appelle, avoir des manieres gracieuſes envers un etranger; c'eſt la premiere, fois que j'ai eu a faire avec ces Meſſieurs du tiers etat, & vous m'avourez qu'il n'y a rein ici qui puiſſe me donner une haute idée du caractere de ces Meſſieurs là.

Monſieur, cela n'eſt forté gal.

Je donnerai a mon retour en Angleterre le detail de mon voyage au publique, & aſſurément Monſieur je n'oublirai pas d'enregiſtrer ce trait de vôtre politeſſe, il vous fait tant d'honneure, & à ceux pour qui vous agiſſez.

Monſieur je regarde tout cela avec la derniere indifference.

My gentleman's manner was more offenſive than his words; he walked backward and forward among his parchments, with an air *veritablement d'un commis de bureau.*—Theſe paſſports are new things from new men, in new power, and ſhew that they do not bear their new honours too meekly. Thus it is impoſſible for me, without running my head againſt a wall, to go ſee the Salins, or to Arbois, where I have a letter from M. de Brouſſonet, but I muſt take my chance and get to Dijon as faſt as I can, where the preſident de Virly knows me, having ſpent ſome days at Bradfield, unleſs indeed being a preſident and a nobleman he has got knocked on the head by the *tiers etat.* At night to the play; miſerable

performers; the theatre, which has not been built many years, is heavy; the arch that parts the ſtage from the houſe is like the entrance of a cavern, and the line of the amphitheatre, that of a wounded eel; I do not like the air and manners of the people here—and I would ſee Beſançon ſwallowed up by an earthquake before I would live in it. The muſic, and bawling, and ſqueaking of *l'Epreuve Villageoiſe* of Gretry, which is wretched, had no power to put me in better humour. I will not take leave of this place, to which I never deſire to come again, without ſaying that they have a fine promenade; and that Monſ. Arthaud, the arpenteur, to whom I applied for information, without any letter of recommendation was liberal and polite, and anſwered my enquiries ſatisfactorily.

The 29th. To Orechamp the country is bold and rocky, with fine woods, and yet it is not agreeable; it is like many men that have eſtimable points in their characters, and yet we cannot love them. Poorly cultivated too. Coming out of St. Veté, a pretty riant landſkip of the river doubling through the vale, enlivened by a village and ſome ſcattered houſes: the moſt pleaſing view I have ſeen in Franche Compté——23 miles.

The 30th. The mayor of Dole is made of as good ſtuff as the notary of Beſançon; he would give no paſſport; but as he accompanied his refuſal with neither airs nor graces, I let him paſs.

To avoid the centinels, I went round the town. The country to Auxonne is chearful. Croſs the Soane at Auxonne; it is a fine river, through a region of flat meadow of beautiful verdure; commons of great herds of cattle; vaſtly flooded, and the hay-cocks underwater. To Dijon is a fine country, but wants wood. My paſſport demanded at the gate: and as I had none, two *bourgeois* muſqueteers conducted me to the *hotel de ville*, where I was queſtioned, but finding that I was known at Dijon, they let me go to my inn. Out of luck: Monſ. de Virly, on whom I moſt depended for Dijon, is at Bourbon le Bains, and Monſ. de Morveau, the celebrated chymiſt, who I expected would have had letters for me, had none, and though he received me very politely, when I was forced to announce myſelf as his brother in the royal ſociety of London, yet I felt very awkwardly; however, he deſired to ſee me again next morning. They tell me here, that the intendant is fled; and that the prince of Condé, who is governor of Burgundy, is in Germany: they poſitively aſſert, and with very little ceremony, that they would both be hanged, if they were to come here at preſent; ſuch ideas do not mark too much authority in the *milice burgeoiſe*, as they have been inſtituted to ſtop and prevent hanging and plundering. They are too weak, however, to keep the peace: the licence and ſpirit of depredation, of which I heard ſo much in croſſing Franche Compté, has taken place, but not equally in Burgundy. In this inn, *la Ville de Lyon*, there is at preſent a gentleman, unfortunately a ſeigneur, his wife, family, three ſervants, an infant but a few months old, who eſcaped from their flaming chateau half naked in the night; all their property loſt except the land itſelf; and this family valued and eſteemed by the neighbours, with many virtues to command the love of the poor, and no oppreſſions to provoke their enmity. Such abominable actions muſt bring the more deteſtation to the cauſe from being unneceſſary; the kingdom might have been ſettled in a real ſyſtem of liberty, without the *regeneration* of fire and ſword, plunder, and bloodſhed. Three hundred *bourgeois* mount guard every day at Dijon, armed, but not paid at the expence of the town: they have alſo ſix pieces of cannon. The nobleſſe of the place, as the only means of ſafety, have joined them—ſo that there are croix de St. Louis in the ranks. The *palais des etats* here, is a large and ſplendid building, but not ſtriking proportionably to the maſs and expence. The arms of the prince of Condé are predominant; and the great ſalon is called the *Salle a manger de Prince*. A Dijon artiſt has painted the battle of Seniff, and the Grande Condé thrown from his horſe, and a cieling, both well excuted. Tomb of the duke of Bourgogne, 1404. A picture by Rubens at the Chartreuſe. They talk of the houſe of Monſ. de Montigny, but his ſiſter being in it, not ſhewn. Dijon, on the whole, is is a handſome town; the ſtreets, though old built, are wide, and very well paved, with the addition, uncommon in France, of *trotoirs.*——28 miles.

The 31ſt. Waited on Monſ. de Morveau, who has, moſt fortunately for me, received, only this morning, from Monſ. de Virly, a recommendation of me, with four letters from Monſ. de Brouſſonet; but Monſ. Vaudrey, of this place, to whom one of them is addreſſed, is abſent. We had ſome converſation on the intereſting topic to all philoſophers, phlogiſton; Monſ. de Morveau contends vehemently for its non-exiſtence; treats Dr. Prieſtley's laſt publication as wide of the queſtion; and declared, that he conſiders the controverſy as much decided as the queſtion of liberty is in France. He ſhewed me part of the article *air* in the New Encyclopædia by him, to be publiſhed ſoon; in which work, he thinks he has, beyond controverſy, eſtabliſhed the truth of the doctrine of the French chymiſts of its non-exiſtence. Monſ. de Morveau requeſted me to call on him in the evening to introduce me to a learned and agreeable lady; and engaged me to dine with him to-morrow. On leaving him, I went to ſearch coffee-houſes; but will it be credited, that I could find but one in this capital of Burgundy, where I could read the newſpapers?—At a poor little one in the ſquare, I read a paper, after waiting an hour to get it. The people I have found every where deſirous of reading newſpapers; but it is rare that they can gratify themſelves: and the general ignorance of what is paſſing may be collected from this, that I found nobody at Dijon had heard of the riot at the town-houſe of Straſbourg; I deſcribed it to a gentleman, and a party collected around me to hear it; not one of them had heard a ſyllable of it, yet it is nine days ſince it happened; had it been nineteen, I queſtion whether they would more than have received the intelligence; but, though they are ſlow in knowing what has really happened, they are very quick in hearing what is impoſſible to happen. The current report at preſent, to which all poſſible credit is given, is, that the Queen has been convicted of a plot to poiſon the King and Monſieur, and give the regency to the count d'Artois; to ſet fire to Paris, and blow up the *Palais Royale* by a mine!—Why do not the ſeveral parties in the ſtates cauſe papers to be printed, that ſhall tranſmit only their own ſentiments and opinions? In order that no man in the nation, arranged under the ſame ſtandard of reaſoning, may want the facts that are neceſſary to govern his arguments, and the concluſions that great talents have drawn from thoſe facts. The king has been adviſed to take ſeveral ſteps of authority againſt the ſtates, but none of his miniſters have adviſed the eſtabliſhment of journals, and their ſpeedy circulation, that ſhould undeceive the people in thoſe points his enemies have miſrepreſented. When numerous papers are publiſhed in oppoſition to each other, the people take pains to ſift into and examine the truth; and that inquiſitiveneſs alone—the very act of ſearching, enlightens them; they become informed, and it is no longer eaſy to deceive them. At the table d'hôte only three, myſelf, and two noblemen, driven from their eſtates, as I conjecture by their converſation, but they did not hint at any thing like their houſes being burnt. Their deſcription of the ſtate of that part of the province they come from, in the road from Langres to Gray, is terrible; the number of châteaus burnt not conſiderable, but three in five plundered, and the poſſeſſors driven out of the country, and glad to ſave their lives. One of theſe gentlemen is a very ſenſible well informed man; he conſiders all rank, and all the rights annexed to rank, as deſtroyed in fact in France; and that the leaders of the National Aſſembly having no property, or very little themſelves, are determined to attack that alſo, and attempt an equal diviſion. The expectation is got among many of the people; but whether it takes place or not, he conſiders France as *abſolutely ruined.* That, I replied, was going too far, for the deſtruction of rank did not imply *ruin.* "I call nothing ruin," he replied, "but a general and confirmed civil war, or diſmemberment of the kingdom, in my opinion, both are inevitable; not perhaps this year, or the next, or the year after that, but whatever government is built on the foundation now laying in France, cannot ſtand any rude ſhocks; an unſucceſsful or a ſucceſsful war will equally deſtroy it."—He ſpoke with great knowledge of hiſtorical events, and drew his political concluſions with much acumen. I have met very few ſuch men at table d'hôtes. It may be believed, I did not forget M. de Morveau's appointment. He was as good as his word; Madame Picardet is as agreeable in converſation as ſhe is learned in the cloſet; a very pleaſing unaffected woman; ſhe has tranſlated Scheele from the German, and a part of Mr. Kirwan from the Engliſh; a treaſure to M. de Morveau, for ſhe is able and willing to converſe with him on chymical ſubjects, and on any others that tend either to inſtruct or pleaſe. I accompanied them in their evening's promenade. She told me, that her brother, Monſ. de Poule, was a great farmer, who had ſowed large quantities of ſainfoin, which he uſed for fattening oxen; ſhe was ſorry he was engaged ſo cloſely in the municipal buſineſs at preſent, that he could not attend me to his farm.

AUGUST 1. Dined with Monſ. de Morveau by appointment; Monſ. Profeſſeur Chauſée, and Monſ. Picardet of the party. It was a rich day to me; the great and juſt reputation of Monſ. de Morveau, for being not only the firſt chymiſt of France, but one of the greateſt that Europe has to boaſt, was alone ſufficient to render his company intereſting; but to find ſuch a man void of affectation; free from thoſe airs of ſuperiority which are ſometimes found in celebrated characters, and that reſerve which oftener throws a veil over their talents, as well as conceals their deficiencies for which it is intended—was very pleaſing. Monſ. de Morveau is a lively, converſable, eloquent man, who, in any ſtation of life, would be ſought as an agreeable companion. Even in this eventful moment of revolution, the converſation turned almoſt entirely on chymical ſubjects. I urged him, as I have done Dr. Prieſtley more than once, and Monſ. La Voiſier alſo, to turn his enquiries a little to the application of his ſcience to agriculture; that there was a fine field for experiments in that line, which could ſcarcely fail of making diſcoveries; to which he aſſented; but added, that he had no time for ſuch enquiries: it is clear, from his converſation, that his views are entirely occupied by the non-exiſtence of phlogiſton, except a little on the means of eſtabliſhing and enforcing the new nomenclature. While we were at dinner a proof of the New Encyclopædia was brought him, the chymical part of which work is printed at Dijon, for the convenience of Monſ. de Morveau. I took the liberty of telling him, that a man who can deviſe the experiments which ſhall be moſt concluſive in aſcertaining the queſtions of a ſcience, and has talents to draw all the uſeful concluſions from them, ſhould be entirely employed in experiments, and their regiſter; and if I was king, or miniſter of France, I would make that employment

ment ſo profitable to him, that he ſhould do nothing elſe. He laughed, and aſked me, if I was ſuch an advocate for working, and ſuch an enemy to writing what I thought of my friend Dr. Prieſtley? And he then explained to the two other gentlemen, that great philoſopher's attention to metaphyſics, and polemic divinity. If an hundred had been at table, the ſentiment would have been the ſame in every boſom. Monſ. M. ſpoke, however, with great regard for the experimental talents of the Doctor, as indeed who in Europe does not?—I afterwards reflected on Monſ. de Morveau's not having time to make experiments that ſhould apply chymiſtry to agriculture, yet have plenty for writing in ſo voluminous a work as Pankouck's. I lay it down as a maxim, that no man can eſtabliſh or ſupport a reputation in any branch of experimental philoſophy, ſuch as ſhall really deſcend to poſterity, otherwiſe than by experiment; and that commonly the more a man works, and the leſs he writes the better, at leaſt the more valuable will be his reputation. The profit of writing has ruined that of many (thoſe who know Monſ. de Morveau will be very ſure I am far enough from having him in my eye; his ſituation in life puts it out of the queſtion); that compreſſion of materials, which is luminous; that brevity which appropriates facts to their deſtined points, are alike inconſiſtent with the principles that govern all compilations; there are able and reſpectable

able men now in every country for compiling; experimenters of genius ſhould range themſelves in another claſs. If I were a ſovereign, and capable conſequently of rewarding merit, the moment I heard of a man of real genius engaged in ſuch a work, I would give him double the bookſeller's price to let it alone, and to employ himſelf in paths that did not admit a rival at every door. There are who will think that this opinion comes oddly from one who has publiſhed ſo many books as I have; but I hope it will be admitted, to come naturally at leaſt from one who is writing a work from which he does not expect to make one penny, who, therefore, has ſtronger motives to brevity than temptations to prolixity. The view of this great chymiſt's laboratory will ſhew that he is not idle:—it conſiſts of two large rooms, admirably furniſhed indeed. There are ſix or ſeven different furnaces (of which Macquer's is the moſt powerful), and ſuch a variety and extent of apparatus, as I have ſeen no where elſe, with a furniture of ſpecimens from the three kingdoms, as looks truly like buſineſs. There are little writing deſks, with pens and paper, ſcattered every where, and in his library alſo, which is convenient. He has a large courſe of eudiometrical experiments going on at preſent, particularly with Fontana's and Volta's eudiometers. He ſeems to think, that eudiometrical trials are to be depended on: keeps his nitrous air in quart bottles, ſtopped with common corks, but reverſed; and that the air is always the ſame, if made from the ſame materials. A very ſimple and elegant method of aſcertaining the proportion of vital air, he explained to us, by making the experiment; putting a morſel of proſphorus into a glaſs retort, confined by water or mercury, and inflaming it, by holding a bougie under it. The diminution of air marks the quantity that was vital on the antiphlogiſtic doctrine. After one extinction, it will boil, but not enflame. He has a pair of ſcales made at Paris, which, when loaded with 3000 grains, will turn with the twentieth part of one grain; an air pump, with glaſs barrels, but one of them broken and repaired; the count de Buffon's ſyſtem of burning lens; an abſorber; a reſpirator, with vital air in a jar on one ſide, and lime-water in another; and abundance of new and moſt ingenious inventions for facilitating enquiries in the new philoſophy of air. Theſe are ſo various, and at the ſame time ſo well contrived to anſwer the purpoſe intended, that this ſpecies of invention ſeems to be one very great and eſſential part of Monſ. de Morveau's merit; I wiſh he would follow Dr. Prieſtley's idea of *publiſhing his tools*, it would add not inconſiderably to his great and well earned reputation, and at the ſame time promote the enquiries he engages in amongſt all other experimenters. M. de Morveau had the goodneſs to accompany me in the afternoon to the academy of ſciences: they have a very handſome ſalon,

ornamented

ornamented with the buſts of Dijon worthies; of ſuch eminent men as this city has produced, Boſſuet—Fevret—De Broſſes—De Crebillon—Pyron—Bonhier—Rameau—and laſtly Buffon; and ſome future traveller will doubtleſs ſee here, that of a man inferior to none of thoſe, Monſ. de Morveau, by whom I had now the honour of being conducted. In the vening we repaired again to Madame Picardet, and accompanied her promenade: I was pleaſed, in converſation on the preſent diſturbances of France, to hear Monſ. de Morveau remark, that the outrages committed by the peaſants aroſe from their defects of *lumieres*. In Dijon it had been publicly recommended to the *curées* to enlighten them ſomewhat politically in their ſermons, but all in vain, not one would go out of the uſual routine of his preaching.—*Quere*, Would not one newſpaper enlighten them more than a ſcore of prieſts? I aſked Monſ. de Morveau, how far it was true that the chateaus had been plundered and burnt by the peaſants alone; or whether by thoſe troops of *brigands*, reported to be formidable? He aſſured me, that he has made ſtrict enquiries to aſcertain this matter, and is of opinion, that all the violences in this province, that have come to his knowledge, have been committed by the peaſants only; much has been reported of *brigands*, but nothing proved. At Beſancon I heard of 800; but how could a troop of 800 banditti march through a country, and leave their exiſtence the leaſt queſtionable?—as ridiculous as Mr. Bayes's army *incog.*

The 2d. To Beaune; a range of hills to the right under vines, and a flat plain to the left, all open and too naked. At the little inſignificant town of Nuys, forty men mount guard every day, and a large corps at Beaune. I am provided with a paſſport from the mayor of Dijon, and a flaming cockade of the *tiers etat*, and therefore hope to avoid difficulties; though the reports of the riots of the peaſants are ſo formidable, that it ſeems impoſſible to travel in ſafety. Stop at Nuys for intelligence concerning the vineyards of this country, ſo famous in France, and indeed in all Europe; and examine the *Clos de Veaugeau*, of 100 *journaux*, walled, in and belonging to a convent of [redacted].—When are we to find theſe fellows chuſing badly? The ſpots they appropriate ſhew what a righteous attention they give to things of the ſpirit.——2 miles.

The 3d. Going out of Chagnie, where I quitted the great Lyons road, paſs by the canal of Chaulais, which goes on very poorly; it is a truly uſeful undertaking, and therefore left undone; had it been for boring cannon, or coppering, men of war, it would have been finiſhed long ago. To Montcenis a diſagreeable country; ſingular in its features. It is the ſeat of one Monſ. *Weelkainſong*'s eſtabliſhments for caſting and boring cannon: I have already deſcribed one near Nantes. The French ſay, that this active Engliſhman is brother-in-law of Dr. Prieſtly, and therefore a friend of mankind; and that he taught them to bore cannon, in order to give liberty to America. The eſtabliſhment is very conſiderable; there are from 500 to 600 men employed, beſides colliers; five ſteam engines are erected for giving the blaſts, and for boring; and a new one building. I converſed with an Engliſhman who works in the glaſs-houſe, in the cryſtal branch; there were once many, but only two are left at preſent: he complained of the country, ſaying there was nothing good in it but wine and brandy; of which things I queſtion not but he makes a ſufficient uſe.——25 miles.

The 4th. By a miſerable country moſt of the way, and through hideous roads to Autun. The firſt ſeven or eight miles the agriculture quite contemptible. From thence to Autun all, or nearly all, incloſed, and the firſt ſo for many miles. From the hill before Autun an immenſe view down on that town, and the flat country of the Bourbonnois for a great extent.—View at Autun the temple of Janus—the walls—the cathedral—the abbey. The reports here of *brigands*, and burning and plundering, are as numerous as before; and when it was known in the inn that I came from Burgundy and Franche Compté, I had eight or ten people introducing themſelves, in order to aſk for news. The rumour of *brigands* here had got to 1600 ſtrong. They were much ſurprized to find, that I gave no credit to the exiſtence of *brigands*, as I was well perſuaded, that all the outrages that had been committed, were the work of the peaſants only, for the ſake of plundering. This they had no conception of, and quoted a liſt of chateaus burnt by them; but on analyſing theſe reports, they plainly appeared to be ill founded.——20 miles.

The 5th, The extreme heat of yeſterday made me feveriſh; and this morning I waked with a ſore throat. I was inclined to waſte a day here for the ſecurity of my health; but we are all fools in trifling with the things moſt valuable to us. Loſs of time, and vain expence, are always in the head of a man who travels as much *en philoſophe* as I am forced to do. To Maiſon de Bourgogne, I thought myſelf in a new world; the road is not only excellent, of gravel, but the country is incloſed and wooded. There are many gentle inequalities, and ſeveral ponds that decorate them. The weather, ſince the commencement of Auguſt, has been clear, bright, and burning; too hot to be perfectly agreeable in the middle of the day, but no flies, and therefore I do not regard the heat. This circumſtance may, I think, be fixed on as the teſt. In Languedoc, &c. theſe heats, as I have experienced, are attended by myriads, and conſequently they are tormenting. One had need be ſick at this *Maiſon de Bourgogne*; a healthy ſtomach would not be eaſily filled; yet it is the poſt-houſe. In the evening to Luſy, another miſerable poſt-houſe. Note, through all Burgundy the women wear flapped men's hats, which have not nearly ſo good an effect as the ſtraw ones of Alſace.—— 22 miles.

The 6th. To eſcape the heat, out at four in the morning, to Bourbon Lancy, through the ſame country incloſed, but villainouſly cultivated, and all amazingly improveably. If I had a large tract in this country, I think I ſhould not be long in making a fortune; climate, prices, roads, incloſures, and every advantage, except government. All from Autun to the Loire is a noble field for improvement, not by expenſive operations of manuring and draining, but merely by ſubſtituting crops adapted to the ſoil. When I ſee ſuch a country thus managed, and in the hands of ſtarving *metayers*, inſtead of fat farmers, I know not how to pity the ſeigneurs, great as their preſent ſufferings are. I met one of them, to whom I opened my mind:—he pretended to talk of agriculture, finding I attended to it; and aſſured me, that he had Abbé Roziere's *corps complete*, and he believed, from his accounts, that this country would not do for any thing but rye. I aſked him, whether he or Abbé Roziere knew the right end of a plough? He aſſured me, that he was *un homme de grand merite, beaucoup d'agriculteur*. Croſs the Loire by a ferry; it is here the ſame naſty ſcene of ſhingle, as in Touraine. Enter the Bourbonnois; the ſame incloſed country,

try, and a beautiful gravel road. At *Chavanne le Roi*, Monſ. Joly, the *aubergiſte*, informed me of three domains (farms) to be ſold, adjoining almoſt to his houſe, which is new and well built. I was for appropriating his inn at once in my imagination for a farm-houſe, and had got hard at work on turnips and clover, when he told me, that if I would walk behind his ſtable, I might ſee, at a ſmall diſtance, two of the houſes; he ſaid the price would be about 50 or 60,000 liv. (2,625l.), and would altogether make a noble farm. If I were twenty years younger, I ſhould think ſeriouſly of ſuch a ſpeculation; but there again is the folly and deficiency of life; twenty years ago, ſuch a thing would, for want of experience, have been my ruin; and, now I have the experience, I am too old for the undertaking.—— 27 miles.

The 7th. Moulins appears to be but a poor ill built town. I went to the *Belle Image*, but found it ſo bad, that I left it, and went to the *Lyon d'Or*, which is worſe. This capital of the Bourbonnois, and on the great poſt road to Italy, has not an inn equal to the little village of Chavanne. To read the papers, I went to the coffee-houſe of Madame Bourgeau, the beſt in the town, where I found near twenty tables ſet for company, but, as to a newſpaper, I might as well have demanded an elephant. Here is a feature of national backwardneſs, ignorance, ſtupidity, and poverty: In the capital of a great province, the ſeat of an intendant, at a moment like the preſent, with a National Aſſembly voting a revolution, and not a newſpaper to inform the people whether Fayette, Mirabeau, or Louis XVI. is on the throne. Companies at a coffee-houſe, numerous enough to fill twenty tables, and curioſity not active enough to command one paper. What impudence and folly!—Folly in the cuſtomers of ſuch a houſe not to inſiſt on half a dozen papers, and all the journals of the aſſembly; and impudence of the woman not to provide them! Could ſuch a people as this ever have made a revolution, or become free? Never, in a thouſand centuries: The enlightened mob of Paris, amidſt hundreds of papers and publications, have done the whole. I demanded why they had no papers? *They are too dear*; but ſhe made me pay 24*ſ.* for one diſh of coffee, with milk, and a piece of butter about the ſize of a walnut. It is a great pity there is not a camp of *brigands* in your coffee-room, Madame Bourgeau. Among the many letters for which I am indebted to Monſ. Brouſſonet, few have proved more valuable than one I had for Monſ. l'Abbé de Barut, principal of the college of Moulins, who entered with intelligence and animation into the object of my journey, and took every ſtep that was poſſible to get me well informed. He carried me to Monſ. le count de Grimau, lieutenant general of the Balliage, and director of the ſociety of agriculture at Moulins, who kept us to dinner. He appears to be a man of conſiderable fortune, of information, and knowledge, agreeable and polite. He diſcourſed with me on the ſtate of the Bourbonnois; and aſſured me, that eſtates were rather given away than ſold: that the *metayers* were ſo miſerably poor, it was impoſſible for them to cultivate well. I ſtarted ſome obſervations on the modes which ought to be purſued; but all converſation of that ſort is time loſt in France. After dinner, M. Grimau carried me to his villa, at a ſmall diſtance from the town, which is very prettily ſituated, commanding a view of the vale of the Allier. Letters from Paris, which contain nothing but accounts truly alarming, of the violences committed all over the kingdom, and particularly at and in the neighbourhood of the capital. M. Necker's return, which it was expected would have calmed every thing, has no effect at all; and it is particularly noted in the National Aſſembly, that there is a violent party evidently bent on driving things to extremity: men who, from the violence and conflicts of the moment, find themſelves in a poſition, and of an importance that reſults merely from public confuſion, will take effectual care to prevent the ſettlement, order, and peace, which, if eſtabliſhed, would be a mortal blow to their conſequence: they mount by the ſtorm, and would ſink in a calm. Among other perſons to whom Monſ. l'Abbe Barut introduced me, was the marquis de Goutte, *chef d'eſcadre* of the French fleet, who was taken by admiral Boſcawen at Louiſbourg, in 1758, and carried to England, where he learned Engliſh, of which he yet retains ſomething. I had mentioned to Monſ. l'Abbé Barut, that I had a commiſſion from a perſon of fortune in England, to look out for a good purchaſe in France; and knowing that the marquis would ſell one of his eſtates, he mentioned it to him. Monſ. de Goutte gave me ſuch a deſcription of it, that I thought, though my time was ſhort, that it would be very well worth beſtowing one day to view it, as it was no more than eight miles from Moulins, and, propoſing to take me to it the next day in his coach, I readily conſented. At the time appointed, I attended the marquis, with M. l'Abbé Barut, to his chateau of Riaux, which is in the midſt of the eſtate he would ſell on ſuch terms, that I never was more tempted to ſpeculate: I have very little doubt but that the perſon who gave me a commiſſion to look out for a purchaſe, is long ſince ſickened of the ſcheme, which was that of a reſidence for pleaſure, by the diſturbances that have broken out here: ſo that I ſhould clearly have the refuſal of it myſelf. It would be upon the whole a more beneficial purchaſe than I had any conception of, and confirms Monſ. de Grimau's aſſertion, that eſtates are here rather given away than ſold. The chateau is large and very well built, containing two good rooms, either of which would hold a company of thirty people, with three ſmaller ones on the ground floor;

on the ſecond ten bed-chambers, and over them good garrets, ſome of which are well fitted up; all ſorts of offices ſubſtantially erected, and on a plan proportioned to a large family, including barns new built, for holding half the corn of the eſtate in the ſtraw, and granaries to contain it when threſhed. Alſo a wine preſs and ample cellaring, for keeping the produce of the vineyards in the moſt plentiful years. The ſituation is on the ſide of an agreeable riſing, with views not extenſive, but pleaſing, and all the country round of the ſame features I have deſcribed, being one of the fineſt provinces in France. Adjoining the chateau is a field of five or ſix arpents, well walled in, about half of which is in culture as a garden, and thoroughly planted with all ſorts of fruits. There are twelve ponds, through which a ſmall ſtream runs, ſufficient to turn two mills, that let at 1000 liv. (43l. 15s.) a-year. The ponds ſupply the proprietor's table amply with fine carp, tench, perch, and eels; and beſides yield a regular revenue of 1000 liv. There are 20 arpents of vines that yield excellent white and red wine, with houſes for the vignerons; woods more than ſufficient to ſupply the chateau with fuel; and laſtly, nine domains or farms let to *metayers*, tenants at will, at half produce, producing in caſh, 10,500 liv. (459l. 7s. 6d.) conſequently, the groſs produce, farms, mills, and fiſh, is 12,500 liv. The quantity of land, I conjecture from viewing it, as well as from notes taken, may be above 3000 arpents or acres, lying all contiguous and near the chateau. The out goings for thoſe taxes paid by the landlord; repairs, *gaurd de chaſſe*, game-keeper (for here are all the ſeigneural rights, *haut juſtice*, &c.) ſteward, expences on wine; &c. amount to about 4400 liv. (192l. 10s.) It yields therefore net ſomething more than 8000 liv. (350l.) a year. The price aſked is 300,000 liv. (13,125l.); but for this price is given in the furniture complete of the chateau, all the timber, amounting, by valuation of oak only, to 40,000 liv. (1750l.) and all the cattle on the eſtate, viz. 1000 ſheep, 60 cows, 72 oxen, 9 mares, and many hogs. Knowing, as I did, that I could, on the ſecurity of this eſtate, borrow the whole of the purchaſe-money, I withſtood no trifling temptation when I turned my back on it. The fineſt climate in France, perhaps in Europe; a beautiful and healthy country; excellent roads; a navigation to Paris; wine, game, fiſh, and every thing that ever appears on a table, except the produce of the tropics; a good houſe, a fine garden, ready markets for every ſort of produce; and, above all the reſt, 3000 acres of incloſed land, capable in a very little time of being, without expence, quadrupled in its produce, altogether formed a picture ſufficient to tempt a man who had been five-and-twenty years in the conſtant practice of huſbandry adapted to this ſoil. But the ſtate of government—the poſſibility that the leaders of the Paris democracy might in their wiſdom aboliſh property as well as rank; and that in buying an eſtate I might be purchaſing my ſhare in a civil war—deterred me from engaging at preſent, and induced me only to requeſt that the marquis would give me the refuſal of it, before he ſold it to any body elſe. When I have to connect with a perſon for a purchaſe, I ſhall wiſh to deal with ſuch an one as the marquis de Goutte. He has a phyſiognomy that pleaſes me; the eaſe and politneſs of his nation is mixed with great probity and honour; and is not rendered leſs amiable by an appearance of dignity that flows from an ancient and reſpectable family. To me he ſeems a man in whom one might, in any tranſaction, place implicit confidence. I could have ſpent a month in the Bourbonnois, looking at eſtates to be ſold; adjoining to that of M. de Goutte's is another of 270,000 liv. purchaſe, Ballain; Monſ. l'Abbé Barut having made an appointment with the proprietor, carried me in the afternoon to ſee the chateau and a part of the lands; all the country is the ſame ſoil, and in the ſame management. It conſiſts of eight farms, ſtocked with cattle and ſheep by the landlords; and here too the ponds yield a regular revenue. Income at preſent 10,000 liv. (437l. 10s.) a year; price 260,000 liv. (11,375l.) and 10,000 liv. for wood—twenty-five years purchaſe. Alſo near St. Poncin another of 400,000 liv. (17,500l. , the woods of which, 450 acres, produce 5000 liv. a year; 80 acres of vines, the wine ſo good as to be ſent to Paris; good land for wheat, and much ſown; a modern chateau, *avec toutes les aiſances*, &c. And I heard of many others. I conjecture that one of the fineſt contiguous eſtates in Europe might at preſent be laid together in the Bourbonnois. And I am further informed, that there are at preſent 6000 eſtates to be ſold in France; if things go on as they do at preſent, it will not be a queſtion of buying eſtates, but kingdoms, and France itſelf will be under the hammer. I love a ſyſtem of policy that inſpires ſuch confidence as to give a value to land, and that renders men ſo comfortable on their eſtates as to make the ſale of them the laſt of their ideas. Return to Moulins.——30 miles.

The 10th. Took my leave of Moulins, where eſtates and farming have driven even Maria and the poplar from my head, and left me no room for the tombeau de Montmorenci; having paid extravagantly for the mud walls, cobweb tapeſtry, and unſavoury ſcents of the *Lyon d'Or* I turned my mare towards Chateauneuf, on the road to Auvergne. The accompanyment of the river makes the country pleaſant. I found the inn full, buſy, and buſtling. Monſeigneur, the biſhop, coming to the fete of St. Laurence, patron of the pariſh here; aſking for the *commodité*, I was deſired to walk into the garden. This has happened twice or thrice to me in France; I did not before find out that they were ſuch good cultivators in this country; I am not well made for diſpenſing this ſort of fertility; but my lord the biſhop and thirty fat prieſts will, after a dinner that has employed all the cooks of the vicinity, doubtleſs contribute amply to the amelioration of the lettuces and onions of Monſ. le Maitre de la Poſte. To St. Poncin.——30 miles.

The 11th. Early to Riom, in Auvergne. Near that town the country is intereſting; a fine wooded vale to the left, every where bounded by mountains; and thoſe nearer to the right of an intereſting outline. Riom, part of which is pretty enough, is all volcanic; it is built of lava from the quaries of volvic, which are highly curious to a naturaliſt. The level plain, which I paſſed in going to Clermont, is the commencement of the famous Limagne of Auvergne, aſſerted to be the moſt fertile of all France; but that is an error, I have ſeen richer land in both Flanders and Normandy. This plain is as level as a ſtill lake; the mountains are all volcanic, and conſequently intereſting.—Paſs a ſcene of very fine irrigation, that will ſtrike a farming eye, to Mont Ferrand, and after that to Clermont. Riom, Ferrand, and Clermont, are all built, or rather perched, on the tops of rocks. Clermont is in the midſt of a moſt curious country, all volcanic; and is built and paved with lava: much of it forms one of the worſt built, dirtieſt, and moſt ſtinking places I have met with. There are many ſtreets that can, for blackneſs, dirt, and ill ſcents, only be repreſented by narrow channels cut in a night dunghill. The contention of nauſeous ſavours, with which the air is impregnated, when briſk mountain gales do not ventilate theſe excrementitious lanes, made me envy the nerves of the good people, who, for what I know, may be happy in them. It is the fair, the town full, and the table d'hôtes crouded.——25 miles.

The 12th. Clermont is partly free from the reproach I throw on Moulins and Beſançon, for there is a *ſalle a lecture* at a Monſ. Bovares, a bookſeller, where I found ſeveral newſpapers and journals; but at the coffee-houſe, I enquired for them in vain:—they tell me alſo, that the people here are great politicians, and attend the arrival of the courier with impatience. The conſequence is, there have been no riots; the moſt ignorant will always be the readieſt for miſchief. The great news juſt arrived from Paris, of the utter abolition of tythes, feudal rights, game, warrens, pidgeons, &c. has been received with the greateſt joy by the maſs of the people, and by all not immediately intereſted; and ſome even of the latter approve highly of the declaration: but I have had much converſation with two or three very ſenſible people, who complain bitterly of the groſs injuſtice and cruelty of any ſuch declarations of what will be done, but is not effected and regulated at the moment of declaring. Monſ. l'Abbé Arbre, to whom Monſ. de Brouſſonet's letter introduced me, had the goodneſs not only to give me all the information relative to the curious country around Clermont, which particularly depended on his enquiries as a naturaliſt, but alſo introduced me to Monſ. Chabrol, as a gentleman who has attended much to agriculture, and who anſwered my enquiries in that line with great readineſs.

The 13th. At Roya, near Clermont, a village in the volcanic mountains, which are ſo curious, and of late years ſo celebrated, are ſome ſprings, reported by philoſophical travellers to be the fineſt and moſt abundant in France; to view theſe objects, and more ſtill, a very fine irrigation, ſaid alſo to be practiſed there, I engaged a guide. Report, when it ſpeaks of things of which the reporter is ignorant, is ſure to magnify; the irrigation is nothing more than a mountain ſide converted by water to ſome tolerable meadow, but done coarſely, and not well underſtood. That in the vale, between Riom and Ferrand, far exceeds it. The ſprings are curious and powerful: they guſh, or rather burſt from the rock, in four or five ſtreams, each powerful enough turn a mill, into a cave a little below the village. About half a league higher there are many others; they are indeed ſo numerous, that ſcarcely a projection of the rocks or hills is without them. At the village, I found that my guide, inſtead of knowing the country perfectly, was in reality ignorant; I therefore took a woman to conduct me to the ſprings higher up the mountain; on my return, ſhe was arreſted by a ſoldier of the *guarde bourgeois* (for even this wretched village is not without its national militia), for having, without permiſſion, become the guide of a ſtranger. She was conducted to a heap of ſtones, they call the chateau. They told me they had nothing to do with me; but as to the woman, ſhe ſhould be taught more prudence for the future: as the poor devil was in jeopardy on my account, I determined at once to accompany them for the chance of getting her cleared, by atteſting her innocence. We were followed by a mob of all the village, with the woman's children crying bitterly, for fear their mother ſhould be impriſoned. At the caſtle, we waited ſome time, and were then ſhewn into another apartment, where the town committee was aſſembled; the accuſation was heard; and it was wiſely remarked by all, that, in ſuch dangerous times as theſe, when all the world knew that ſo great and powerful a perſon as the queen was conſpiring againſt France in the moſt alarming manner, for a woman to become the conductor of a ſtranger—and of a ſtranger who had been making ſo many ſuſpicious enquiries as I had, was a high offence. It was immediately agreed, that ſhe ought to be impriſoned. I aſſured them ſhe was perfectly innocent; for it was impoſſible that any guilty motive ſhould be her inducement; finding me curious to ſee the ſprings, having viewed the lower ones, and wanting a guide for ſeeing thoſe higher in the mountains, ſhe offered herſelf: that ſhe certainly had no other than the induſtrious view of getting a few *ſols* for her poor family. They then turned their enquiries againſt myſelf, that if I wanted to ſee ſprings only, what induced me to aſk a multitude of queſtions concerning the price, value, and product of the lands? What had ſuch enquiries to do with ſprings and volcanoes? I told them, that cultivating ſome land in England, rendered ſuch things intereſting to me perſonally: and laſtly, that if they would ſend to Clermont, they might know, from ſeveral reſpectable perſons, the truth of all I aſſerted; and therefore I hoped, as it was the woman's firſt indiſcretion, for I could not call it offence, they would diſmiſs her. This was refuſed at firſt, but aſſented to at laſt, on my declaring, that if they impriſoned her, they ſhould do the ſame by me, and anſwer it as they could. they conſented to let her go, with a reprimand, and I departed; *not* marvelling, for I have done with that, at their ignorance, in imagining that the Queen ſhould conſpire ſo dangerouſly againſt their rocks and mountains. I found my guide in the midſt of the mob, who had been very buſy in putting as many queſtions about me, as I had done about their crops.—There were two opinions, one party thought I was a *commiſſaire*, come to aſcertain the damage done by the hail: the other, that I was an agent of the Queen's, who intended to blow the town up with a mine, and ſend all that eſcaped to the gallies, The care that muſt have been taken to render the character of that princeſs deteſted among the people, is incredible; and there ſeems every where to be no abſurdities too groſs, nor circumſtances too impoſſible for their faith. In the evening to the theatre, the *Optimiſt* well acted. Before I leave Clermont, I muſt remark, that I dined, or ſupped, five times at the table d'hôte, with from twenty to thirty merchants and tradeſmen, officers, &c.; and it is not eaſy for me to expreſs the inſignificance,—the inanity of the converſation. Scarcely any politics, at a moment when every boſom ought to beat with none but political ſenſations. The ignorance or the ſtupidity of theſe people muſt be abſolutely incredible; not a week paſſes without their country abounding with events that are analyzed and debated by the carpenters and blackſmiths of England. The abolition of tythes, the deſtruction of the *gabelle*, game made property, and feudal rights deſtroyed, are French topics, that are tranſlated into Engliſh within ſix days after they happen, and their conſequences, combinations, reſults, and modifications, become the diſquiſition and entertainment of the grocers, chandlers, drapers, and ſhoemakers, of all the towns of England; yet the ſame people in France do not think them worth their converſation, except in private. Why? becauſe converſation in private wants little knowledge; but in public, it demands more, and therefore I ſuppoſe, for I confeſs there are a thouſand difficulties attending the ſolution, they are ſilent. But how many people, and how many ſubjects, on which volubility is proportioned to ignorance? Account for the fact as you pleaſe, but it is confirmed with me, and admits no doubt.

The 14th. To Izoire, the country all intereſting, from the number of conic mountains that riſe in every quarter; ſome are crowned with towns;—on others are Roman caſtles, and the knowledge that the whole is the work of ſubterranean fire, though in ages far too remote for any record to announce, keeps the attention perpetually alive. Monſ. de l'Arbre had given me a letter to Monſ. Brés, doctor of phyſic, at Izoire: I found him, with all the townſmen, collected at the *hotel de ville*, to hear a newſpaper read. He conducted me to the upper end of the room, and ſeated me by himſelf: the ſubject of the paper was the ſuppreſſion of the religious houſes, and the commutation of tythes. I obſerved that the auditors, among whom were ſome of the lower claſs, were very attentive; and the whole company ſeemed well pleaſed with whatever concerned the tythes and the monks. Monſ. Brés, who is a ſenſible and intelligent gentleman, walked with me to his farm, about half a league from the town, on a ſoil of ſuperior richneſs; like all other farms, this is in the hands of a *metayer*. Supped at his houſe afterwards, in an agreeable company, with much animated political converſation. We diſcuſſed the news of the day; they were inclined to approve of it very warmly; but I contended, that the National Aſſembly did not proceed on any regular well digeſted ſyſtem: that they ſeemed to have a rage for pulling down, but no taſte for rebuilding: that if they proceeded much further in ſuch a plan, deſtroying every thing, but eſtabliſhing nothing, they would at laſt bring the kingdom into ſuch confuſion, that they would even themſelves be without power to reſtore it to peace and order; and that ſuch a ſituation would, in its nature, be on the brink of the precipice of bankruptcy and civil war.—I ventured further, to declare it as my idea, that without an upper houſe, they never could have either a good or a durable conſtitution. We had a difference of opinion on theſe points; but I was glad to find, that there could be a fair diſcuſſion, —and that, in a company of ſix or ſeven gentlemen, two would venture to agree with a ſyſtem ſo unfaſhionable as mine,——17 miles.

The 15th. The country continues intereſting to Brioud. On the tops of the mountains of Auvergne are many old caſtles, and towns, and villages. Paſs the river, by a bridge of one great arch, to the village of Lampdes. At that place, wait on Monſ. Greyſſier de Talairat, *avocat* and *ſubdelegé*, to whom I had a letter; and who was ſo obliging as to anſwer, with attention, all my enquiries into the agriculture of the neighbourhood. He enquired much after lord Briſtol; and was not the worſt pleaſed with me, when he heard that I came from the ſame province in England. We drank his lordſhip's health, in the ſtrong white wine, kept four years in the ſun, which lord Briſtol had much commended.——18 miles.

The 16th. Early in the morning, to avoid the heat, which has rather incommoded me, to Fix. Croſs the river by a ford, near the ſpot where a bridge is building, and mount gradually into a country, which continues intereſting to a naturaliſt, from its volcanic origin; for all has been either overturned, or formed by fire. Paſs Chomet; and deſcending, remark a heap of baſaltic columns by the road, to the right; they are ſmall, but regular ſexagons. Pōulaget appears in the plain to the left. Stopped at St. George, where I procured mules, and a guide, to ſee the baſaltic columns at Chilliac, which, however, are hardly ſtriking enough to reward the trouble. At Fix, I ſaw a field of fine clover; a ſight that I have not been regaled with, I think, ſince Alſace. I deſired to know to whom it belonged? to Monſ. Coſſier, doctor of medicine. I went to his houſe to make enquiries, which he was obliging enough to gratify, and indulged me in a walk over the principal part of his farm. He gave me a bottle of excellent *vin blanc mouſſeux*, made in Auvergne. I enquired of him the means of going to the mine of antimony, four leagues from hence; but he ſaid the country was ſo *curagè* in that part, and had lately been miſchievous, that he adviſed me by all means to give up the project. This country, from climate, as well as pines, muſt be very high. I have been for three days paſt melted with heat; but to day, though the ſun is bright, the heat has been quite moderate, like an Engliſh ſummer's day, and I am aſſured that they never have it hotter; but complain of the winter's cold being very ſevere,—and that the ſnow in the laſt was ſixteen inches deep on the level. The intereſting circumſtance of the whole is the volcanic origin: all buildings and walls are of lava: the roads are mended with lava, pozzolana, and baſaltes; and the face of the country every where exhibits the origin in ſubterranean fire. The fertility, however, is not apparent, without reflection. The crops are not extraordinary, and many bad; but then the height is to be conſidered. In no other country that I have ſeen are ſuch great mountains as theſe, cultivated ſo high; here corn is ſeen every where, even to their tops, at heights where it is as uſual to find rock, wood, or ling (*erica vulgaris.*).——42 miles.

The 17th. The whole range of the fifteen miles to Le Puy en Velay, is wonderfully intereſting. Nature, in the production of this country, ſuch as we ſee it at preſent, muſt have proceeded by means not common elſewhere. It is all in its form tempeſtuous as the billowy ocean. Mountain riſes beyond mountain, with endleſs variety: not dark and dreary, like thoſe of equal height in other countries, but ſpread with cultivation (feeble indeed) to the very tops. Some vales ſunk among them, of beautiful verdure, pleaſe the eye. Towards Le Puy the ſcenery is ſtill more ſtriking, from the addition of ſome of the moſt ſingular rocks any where to be ſeen. The caſtle of Polignac, from which the duke takes his title, is built on a bold and enormous one, it is almoſt of a cubical form, and towers perpendicularly above the town, which ſurrounds it at its foot. The family of Polignac claim an origin of great antiquity; they have pretenſions that go back, I forget whether to Hector or Achilles; but I never found any one in converſation inclined to allow them more than being in the firſt claſs of French families, which they undoubtedly are. Perhaps there is no where to be met with a caſtle more formed to give a *local* pride of family than this of Polignac: the man hardly exiſts that would not feel a certain vanity, at having given his own name, from remote antiquity, to ſo ſingular and ſo commanding a rock; but if, with the name, it belonged to me, I would ſcarcely ſell it for a province. The building is of ſuch antiquity, and the ſituation ſo romantic, that all the feudal ages paſs in review in one's imagination, by a ſort of magic influence; you recognize it for the reſidence of a lordly baron, who, in an age more diſtant and more reſpectable, though perhaps equally barbarous, was the patriot defender of his country againſt the invaſion and tyranny of Rome. In every age, ſince the horrible combuſtions of nature which produced it, ſuch a ſpot would be choſen for ſecurity and defence. To have given one's name to a caſtle, without any lofty pre-eminence or ſingularity of nature, in the midſt, for inſtance, of a rich plain, is not equally flattering to our feelings; all antiquity of family derives from ages of great barbarity, when civil commotions and wars ſwept away and confounded the inhabitants of ſuch ſituations. The Bretons of the plains of England, were driven to Bretagne; but the ſame people, in the mountains of Wales, ſtuck ſecure, and remain there to this day. About a gun-ſhot from Polignac is another rock, not ſo large, but equally remarkable; and in the town of Le Puy, another commanding one riſes to a vaſt height; with another more ſingular for its tower-like form,—on the top of which St. Michael's church is built. Gypſum and lime-ſtone abound; and the whole country is volcanic; the very meadows are on lava: every thing, in a word, is either the product of fire, or has been diſturbed or toſſed about by it. At Ley Puy, fair day, and a table d'hôte, with ignorance as uſual. Many coffee-houſes, and even conſiderable ones, but not a ſingle newſpaper to be found in any.—— 15 miles.

The 18th. Leaving Puy, the hill which the road mounts on the way to Coſterous, for four or five miles, commands a view of the town far more pictureſque than that of Clermont. The mountain, covered with its conical town, crowned by a vaſt rock, with thoſe of St. Michael and of Polignac, form a moſt ſingular ſcene. The road is a noble one, formed of lava and pozzolana. The adjacent declivities have a ſtrong diſpoſition to run into baſaltic pentagons and ſexagons; the ſtones put up in the road, by way of poſts, are parts of baſaltic columns. The inn at Pradelles, kept by three ſiſters, Pichots, is one of the worſt I have met with in France. Contraction, poverty, dirt, and darkneſs.——20 miles.

The 19th. To Thuytz; pine woods abound; there are ſaw-mills, and with ratchet wheels to bring the tree to the ſaw, without the conſtant attention of a man, as in the Pyrenees; a great improvement. Paſs by a new and beautiful road, along the ſide of immenſe mountains of granite; cheſnut trees ſpread in every quarter, and cover with luxuriance of vegetation rocks apparently ſo naked, that earth ſeems a ſtranger. This beautiful tree is known to delight in volcanic ſoils and ſituations: many are very large; I meaſured one fifteen feet in circumference, at five from the ground; and many are nine to ten feet, and fifty to ſixty high. At Maiſſe the fine road ends, and then a rocky, almoſt natural one for ſome miles; but for half a mile before Thuytz recover the new one again, which is here equal to the fineſt to be ſeen, formed of volcanic materials, forty feet broad, without the leaſt ſtone, a firm and naturally level cemented ſurface. They tell me that 1800 toiſes of it, or about 2½ miles, coſt 180,000 liv. (8250l.) It conducts, according to cuſtom, to a miſerable inn, but with a large ſtable; and in every reſpect Monſ. Grenadier excels the Demoiſelles Pichots. Here mulberries firſt appear, and with them flies; for this is the firſt day I have been incommoded. At Thuytz I had an object which I ſuppoſed would demand a whole day: it is within four hours ride of the *Montagne de la coup au Colet d'Aiſa*, of which M. Faujas de St. Fond has given a plate, in his *Reſearches ſur les volcanoes eteints*, that ſhews it to be a remarkable object: I began to make enquiries, and arrangements for having a mule and a guide to go thither the next morning; the man and his wife attended me at dinner, and did not ſeem, from the difficulties they raiſed at every moment, to approve my plan: having aſked them ſome queſtions about the price of proviſions, and other things, I ſuppoſe they regarded me with ſuſpicious eyes, and thought that I had no good intentions. I deſired, however, to have the mule—ſome difficulties were made——I muſt have two mules—Very well, get me two. Then returning, a man was not to be had; with freſh expreſſions of ſurpriſe, that I ſhould be eager to ſee mountains that did not concern me. After raiſing freſh difficulties to every thing I ſaid, they at laſt plainly told me, that I ſhould have neither mule nor man; and this with an air that evidently made the caſe hopeleſs. About an hour after, I received a polite meſſage from the marquis Deblou, ſeigneur of the pariſh, who hearing that an inquiſitive Engliſhman was at the inn, enquiring after volcanoes, propoſed the pleaſure of taking a walk with me. I accepted the offer with alacrity, and going directly towards his houſe met him in the road. I explained to him my motives and my difficulties; he ſaid, the people had got ſome abſurd ſuſpicions of me from my queſtions, and that the preſent time was ſo dangerous and critical to all travellers, that he would adviſe me by no means to think of any ſuch excurſions from the great road, unleſs I found much readineſs in the people to conduct me: that at any other moment than the preſent, he ſhould be happy to do it himſelf, but that at preſent it was impoſſible for any perſon to be too cautious. There was no reſiſting this reaſoning, and yet to loſe the moſt curious volcanic remains in the country, for the crater of the mountain is as diſtinct in the print of Monſ. de St. Fond, as if the lava was now running from it, was a mortifying circumſtance. The marquis then ſhewed me his garden and his chateau, amidſt the mountains; behind it is that of Gravene, which is an extinguiſhed volcano likewiſe, but the crater not diſcernible without difficulty. In converſation with him and another gentleman, on agriculture, particularly the produce of mulberries, they mentioned a ſmall piece of land that produced, by ſilk only; 120 liv. (5l. 5s.) a year, and being contiguous to the road we walked to it. Appearing very ſmall for ſuch a produce, I ſtepped it to aſcertain the contents, and minuted them in my pocket-book. Soon after, growing dark, I took my leave of the gentlemen, and retired to my inn. What I had done had more witneſſes than I dreamt of; for at eleven o'clock at night, a full hour after I had been aſleep, the commander of a file of twenty *milice bourgeois*, with their muſquets, or ſwords, or ſabres, or pikes, entered my chamber, ſurrounded my bed, and demanded my paſſport. A dialogue enſued, too long to minute; I was forced firſt to give them my paſſport, and, that not ſatisfying them, my papers. They told me that I was undoubtedly a conſpirator with the Queen, the count d'Artois, and the count d'Entragues (who has property here), who had employed me as an *arpenteur*, to meaſure their fields, in order to double their taxes. My papers being in Engliſh ſaved me. They had taken it into their heads that I was not an Engliſhman—only a pretended one; for they ſpeak ſuch a jargon themſelves, that their ears were not good enough to diſcover by my language that I was an undoubted foreigner. Their finding no maps, or plans, nor any thing that they could convert by ſuppoſition to a *cadaſtre* of their pariſh, had its effect, as I could ſee by their manner, for they converſed entirely in Patois. Perceiving, however, that they were not ſatisfied, and talked much of the count d'Entragues, I opened a bundle of letters that were ſealed—theſe, gentlemen, are my letters of recommendation to various cities of France and Italy, open which you pleaſe, and you will find, for they are written in French, that I am an honeſt Engliſhman, and not the rogue you take me for. On this they held a freſh conſultation and debate, which ended in my favour; they refuſed to open the letters, prepared to leave me, ſaying, that my numerous queſtions about lands, and meaſuring a field, while I pretended to come after volcanoes, had raiſed great ſuſpicions, which they obſerved were natural at a time when it was known to a certainty that the Queen, the count d'Artois, and the count d'Entragues were in a conſpiracy againſt the Vivarais. And thus, to my entire ſatisfaction, they wiſhed me good night, and left me to the bugs, which ſwarmed in the bed like flies in a honey-pot. I had a narrow eſcape—it would have been a delicate ſituation to have been kept priſoner probably in ſome common goal, or, if not, guarded at my own expence, while they ſent a courier to Paris for orders, and me to pay the piper.——20 miles.

The 20th. The ſame impoſing mountain features continue to Villeneuve de Berg. The road, for half a mile, leads under an immenſe maſs of baſaltic lava, run into configurations of various forms, and reſting on regular columns; this vaſt range bulges in the centre into a ſort of promontory. The height, form, and figures, and the deciſive volcanic character the whole maſs has taken, render it a moſt intereſting ſpectacle to the learned and unlearned eye. Juſt before Aubenas, miſtaking the road, which is not half finiſhed, I had to turn; it was on the ſlope of the declivity, and very rare that any wall or defence is found againſt the precipices. My French mare has an ill talent of backing too freely when ſhe begins: unfortunately ſhe exerciſed it at a moment of imminent danger, and backed the chaiſe, me, and herſelf down the precipice; by great good luck, there was at the ſpot a ſort of ſhelf of rock, that made the immediate fall not more than five feet direct. I leaped out of the chaiſe in the moment, and fell unhurt: the chaiſe was overthrown and the mare on her ſide, entangled in the harneſs, which kept the carriage from tumbling down a precipice of ſixty feet. Fortunately ſhe lay quietly, for had ſhe ſtruggled both muſt have fallen. I called ſome lime-burners to my aſſiſtance, who were with great difficulty brought to ſubmit to directions, and not each purſue his own idea to the certain precipitation of both mare and chaiſe. We extricated her unhurt, ſecured the chaiſe, and, then with ſtill greater difficulty, regained the road with both. This was, by far the narroweſt eſcape I have had. A bleſſed country for a broken limb—confinement ſinement for ſix weeks or two months at the *Cheval Blanc*, at Aubenas, an inn that would have been purgatory to one of my hogs:—alone,—without relation, friend, or ſervant, and not one perſon in ſixty that ſpeaks French.—Thanks to the good providence that preſerved me! What a ſituation—I ſhudder at the reflection more than I did falling in the jaws of the precipice. Before I got from the place there were ſeven men about me, I gave them a 3 liv. piece to drink, which for ſometime they refuſed to accept, thinking, with unaffected modeſty, that it was too much. At Aubenas repaired the harneſs, and leaving that place viewed the ſilk mills, which are conſiderable. Reach Villeneuve de berg. I was immediately hunted out by the *milice bourgeoiſe. Where is your certificate?* Here again the old objection that my features and perſon were not deſcribed.—*Your papers?* The importance of the caſe, they ſaid, was great: and looked as big as if a marſhal's batton was in hand. They tormented me with an hundred queſtions; and then pronounced that I was a ſuſpicious looking perſon. They could not conceive why a Suffolk farmer could travel into the Vivarais? Never had they heard of any perſon travelling for agriculture! They would take my paſſport to the *hotel de ville*—have the permanent council aſſembled—and place a centinel at my door. I told them they might do what they pleaſed, provided they did not prohibit my dinner, as I was hungry; they then departed. In about half an hour a gentleman-like man, a *Croix de St. Louis* came, aſked me ſome queſtions very politely, and ſeemed not to conclude that Maria Antonietta and Arthur Young were at this moment in any very dangerous conſpiracy. He retired, ſaying, he hoped I ſhould not meet with any difficulties. In another half hour a ſoldier came to conduct me to the *hotel de ville*; where I found the council aſſembled; I had a good many queſtions aſked; and ſome expreſſions of ſurpriſe that an Engliſh farmer ſhould travel ſo far for agriculture—they had never heard of ſuch a thing;—but all was in a polite liberal manner; and though travelling for agriculture was as new to them, as if it had been like the antient philoſopher's tour of the world on a cow's back, and living on the milk,—yet they did not deem any thing in my recital improbable, ſigned my paſſport very readily, aſſured me of every aſſiſtance and civility I might want, and diſmiſſed me with the politeneſs of gentlemen. I deſcribed my treatment at Thuytz, which they loudly condemned. I took this opportunity to beg to know where that Pradel was to be found in this country, of which Oliver de Serres was ſeigneur, the well known French writer on agriculture in the reign of Henry IV. They at once pointed out of the window of the room we were in to the houſe, which in this town belonged to him, and informed me that Pradel was within a league. As this was an object I had noted before I came to

France, the information gave me no ſlight ſatisfaction. The mayor, in the courſe of the examination, preſented me to a gentleman who had tranſlated Sterne into French, but who did not ſpeak Engliſh; on my return to the auberge I found that this was Monſ. de Boiſſiere, *avocat general* of the parliament of Grenoble. I did not care to leave the place without knowing ſomething more of one who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his attention to Engliſh literature; and I wrote to him a note, begging permiſſion to have the pleaſure of ſome converſation with a gentleman who had made our inimitable author ſpeak the language of a people he loved ſo well. Monſ. de Boiſſiere came to me immediately, conducted me to his houſe, introduced me to his lady and ſome friends, and as I was much intereſted concerning Oliver de Serres, he offered to take a walk with me to Pradel. It may eaſily be ſuppoſed that this was too much to my mind to be refuſed, and few evenings have been more agreeably ſpent. I regarded the reſidence of the great parent of French agriculture, and who was undoubtedly one of the firſt writers on the ſubject that had then appeared in the world, with that ſort of veneration, which thoſe only can feel who have addicted themſelves ſtrongly to ſome predominant purſuit, and find it in ſuch moments indulged in its moſt exquiſite feelings. Two hundred years after his exertions, let me do honour to his memory, he was an excellent farmer and a true patriot, and would not have been ſixed on by Henry IV. as his chief agent in the great project of introducing the culture of ſilk in France, if he had not poſſeſſed a conſiderable reputation; a reputation well earned, ſince poſterity has confirmed it. The period of his practice is too remote to gain any thing more than a general outline of what may now be ſuppoſed to have been his farm. The baſis of it is limeſtone; there is a great oak wood near the chateau, and many vines, with plenty of mulberries, ſome apparently old enough to have been planted by the hand of the venerable genius that has rendered the ground claſſic. The eſtate of Pradel, which is about 5000 liv. (218l. 15s.) a year, belongs at preſent to the marquis of Mirabel, who inherits it in right of his wife, as the deſcendant of De Serres. I hope it is exempted for ever from all taxes; he whoſe writings laid the foundation for the improvement of a kingdom, ſhould leave to his poſterity ſome marks of his countrymen's gratitude. When the preſent biſhop of Siſteron was ſhewn, like me, the farm of De Serres, he remarked, that the nation ought to erect a ſtatue to his memory. The ſentiment is not without merit, though no more than common ſnuff-box chat; but if this biſhop has a well cultivated farm in his hands it does him honour. Supped with Monſ. and Madame de Boiſſiere, &c. and had the pleaſure of an agreeable and intereſting converſation.——21 miles.

The 21ſt. Monſ. de Boiſſiere, wiſhing to take my advice in the improvement of a farm, which he had taken into his hands, ſix or ſeven miles from Berg, in my road to Viviers, accompanied me thither. I adviſed him to form one well executed and well improved incloſure every year—to finiſh as he advances, and to do well what he attempts to do at all; and I cautioned him againſt the common abuſe of that excellent huſbandry, paring and burning. I ſuſpect, however, that his *homme d'affaire* will be too potent for the Engliſh traveller.—I hope he has received the turnip-ſeed I ſent him. Dine at Viviers, and paſs the Rhone. After the wretched inns of the Vivarais, dirt, filth, bugs, and ſtarving, to arrive at the *hotel de Monſieur*, at Montilimart, a great and excellent inn, was ſomething like the arrival in France from Spain: the contraſt is ſtriking; and I ſeemed to hug myſelf, that I was again in a chriſtian country among the Milors Ninchitreas, and my Ladi Bettis, of Monſ. Chabot.——23 miles.

The 22d. Having a letter to Monſ. Faujas de St. Fond, the celebrated naturaliſt, who has favoured the world with many important works on volcanoes, aeroſtation, and various other branches of natural hiſtory, I had the ſatisfaction, on enquiring, to find that he was at Montilimart; and, waiting on him—to perceive, that a man of diſtinguiſhed merit was handſomely lodged, with every thing about him that indicated an eaſy fortune. He received me with the frank politeneſs inherent in his character; introduced me, on the ſpot to a Monſ. l'Abbé Berenger, who reſided near his country-ſeat, and was, he ſaid, an excellent cultivator; and likewiſe to another gentleman, whoſe taſte had taken the ſame good direction. In the evening Monſ. Faujas took me to call on a female friend, who was engaged in the ſame enquiries, Madame Cheinet, whoſe huſband is a member of the National Aſſembly; if he has the good luck to find at Verſailles ſome other lady as agreeable as her he has left at Montilimart, his miſſion will not be a barren one; and he may perhaps be better employed than in voting regenerations. This lady accompanied us in a walk for viewing the environs of Montilimart; and it gave me no ſmall pleaſure to find, that ſhe was an excellent farmereſs, practiſes conſiderably, and had the goodneſs to anſwer manyof my enquiries, particularly in the culture of ſilk. I was ſo charmed wirh the *naivcté* of character, and pleaſing converſation of this very agreeable lady, that a longer ſtay here would have been delicious——but the plough!

The 23d. By appointment, accompanied Monſ. Faujas to his country-ſeat and farm at l'Oriol, fifteen miles north of Montilimart, where he is building a good houſe. I was pleaſed to find his farm amount to 280 ſepterés of land: I ſhould have liked it better, had it not been in the hands of a *metayer*. Monſ. Faujas pleaſes me much; the livelineſs, vivacity, *phlogiſton* of his character, do not run into pertneſs, foppery, or affectation; he adheres ſteadily to a ſubject; and ſhews, that to clear up any dubious point, by the attrition of different ideas in converſation, gives him pleaſure; not through a vain fiuency of colloquial powers, but for better underſtanding a ſubject. The next day, Monſ. l'Abbé Berenger, and another gentleman, paſſed it at Monſ. Faujas': we walked to the Abbé's farm. He is of the good order of beings, and pleaſes me much; *curé* of the pariſh, and preſident of the permanent council. He is at preſent warm on a project of reuniting the proteſtants to the church; ſpoke, with great pleaſure, of having perſuaded them, on occaſion of the general thankſgiving for the eſtabliſhment of liberty, to return thanks to God, and ſing the *Te Deum* in the catholic church, in common as brethern, which, from confidence in his character, they did. His is firmly perſuaded, that, by both parties giving way a little, and ſoftening or retrenching reciprocally ſomewhat in points that are diſagreeable, they may be brought together. The idea is ſo liberal, that I queſtion it for the multitude, who are never governed by reaſon, but by trifles and ceremonies,—and who are uſually attached to their religion, in proportion to the abſurdities it abounds with. I have not the leaſt doubt but the mob in England would be much more ſcandalized at parting with the creed of St. Athanaſius, than the whole bench of biſhops, whoſe illumination would perhaps reflect correctly that of the throne. Monſ. l'Abbbé Berenger has prepared a memorial, which is ready to be preſented to the National Aſſembly, propoſing and explaining this ideal union of the two religions; and he had the plan of adding a clauſe, propoſing that the clergy ſhould have permiſſion to marry. He was convinced, that it would be for the intereſt of morals, and much for that of the nation, that the clergy ſhould not be an inſulated body, but holding by the ſame intereſts and connections as other people. He remarked, that the life of a *curé*, and eſpecially in the country, is melancholy; and, knowing my paſſion, obſerved, that a man never could be ſo good a farmer, on any poſſeſſion he might have, excluded from being ſucceeded by his children. He ſhewed me his memoir, and I was pleaſed to find that there is at preſent great harmony between the two religions, owing certainly to ſuch good *curés*. The number of proteſtants is very conſiderable in this neighbourhood. I ſtrenuouſly contended for the inſertion of the clauſe reſpecting marriage; aſſured him, that at ſuch a moment as this, it would do all who were concerned in this memorial the greateſt credit; and that they ought to conſider it as a demand of the rights of humanity, violently, injuriouſly, and, relative to the nation, impolitically, with-held. Yeſterday, in going with Monſ. Faujas, we paſſed a congregation of proteſtants, aſſembled, Druid-like, under five or ſix ſpreading oaks, to offer their thankſgiving to the great Parent of their happineſs and hope.—In ſuch a climate as this, is it not a worthier temple, built by the great hand they revere, than one of brick and mortar?—This was one of the richeſt days I have enjoyed in France; we had a long and truly farming dinner; drank a l'Anglois ſucceſs to THE PLOUGH! and had ſo much agricultural converſation, that I wiſhed for my farming friends in Suffolk to partake my ſatisfaction. If Monſ. Faujus de St. Fond comes to England, as he gives me hope, I ſhall introduce him to them with pleaſure. In the evening return to Montilimart.——30 miles.

The 25th. To Chateau Rochemaur, acroſs the Rhone. It is ſituated on a baſaltic rock, nearly perpendicular, with every columnar proof of its volcanic origin. See Monſ. de Faujas' *Recherches*. In the afternoon to Piere Latte, through a country ſteril, unintereſting, and far inferior to the environs of Montilimart.——22 miles.

The 26th. To Orange, the country not much better; a range of mountains to the left: ſee nothing of the Rhone. At that town there are remains of a large Roman building, ſeventy or eighty feet high, called a circus, of a triumphal arch, which, though a good deal decayed, manifeſts, in its remains, no ordinary decoration, and a pavement in the houſe of a poor perſon, which is very perfect and beautiful, but much inferior to that of Niſmes. The *vent de bize* has blown ſtrongly for ſeveral days, with a clear ſky, tempering the heats, which are ſometimes ſultry and oppreſſive; it may, for what I know, be wholeſome to French conſtitutions, but it is diabolical to mine; I found myſelf very indifferent, and as if I was going to be ill, a new and unuſual ſenſation over my whole body: never dreaming of the wind, I knew not what to attribute it to, but my complaint coming at the ſame time, puts it out of doubt; beſides, inſtinct now, much more than reaſon, makes me guard as much as I can againſt it. At four or five in the morning it is ſo cold that no traveller ventures out. It is more penetratingly drying than I had any conception of; other winds ſtop the cutaneous perſpiration; but this piercing through the body ſeems, by its ſenſation, to deſiccate all the interior humidity.——20 miles.

The 27th. To Avignon.—Whether it was becauſe I had read much of this town in the hiſtory of the middle ages, or becauſe it had been the reſidence of the Popes, or more probably from the ſtill more intereſting memoirs which Petrarch has left concerning it, in poems that will laſt as long as Italian elegance and human feelings ſhall exiſt, I know not—but I approached the place with a ſort of intereſt, attention, and expectancy, that few towns have kindled. Laura's tomb, is in the church of the Cordeliers; it is nothing but a ſtone in the pavement, with a figure engraven on it partly effaced, ſurrounded by an inſcription in Gothic letters, and another in the wall adjoining, with the armorial of the family of Sade. 'How incredible is the power of great talents, when employed in delineating paſſions common to the human race. How many millions of women, fair as Laura, have been beloved as tenderly—but, wanting a Petrarch to illuſtrate the paſſion, have lived and died in oblivion! whilſt his lines, not written to die, conduct thouſands under the impulſe of feelings, which genius only can excite, to mingle in idea their melancholy ſighs with thoſe of the poet who conſecrated theſe remains to immortality!—There is a monument of the brave Crillon in the ſame church; and I ſaw other churches and pictures—but Petrarch and Laura are predominant at Avignon.——19 miles.

The 28th. Wait upon Pere Brouillony, provincial viſitor, who, with great politeneſs, procured me the information I wiſhed, by introducing me to ſome gentlemen underſtanding in agriculture. From the rock of the legates palace, there is one of the fineſt views of the windings of the Rhone that is to be ſeen: it forms two conſiderable iſlands, which, with the reſt of the plain, richly watered, cultivated, and covered with mulberries, olives, and fruit-trees, have a fine boundary in the mountains of Provence, Dauphiné, and Languedoc.—The circular road fine. I was ſtruck with the reſemblance between the women here and in England. It did not at once occur in what it conſiſted; but it is their caps; they dreſs their heads quite different from the French women. A better particularity, is there being no wooden ſhoes here, nor, as I have ſeen, in Provence *.——I have often complained of the ſtupid ignorance I met with at table d'hôtes. Here, if poſſible, it has been worſe than common. The politeneſs of the French is proverbial, but it never could ariſe from the manners of the claſſes that frequent theſe tables. Not one time in forty will a foreigner, as ſuch, receive the leaſt mark of attention. The only political idea here is, that if the Engliſh ſhould attack France, they have a million of men in arms to receive them; and their ignorance ſeems to know no diſtinction between men in arms in their towns and villages, or in action without the kingdom. They conceive, as Sterne obſerves, much better than they combine: I put ſome queſtions to them, but in vain: I aſked, if the union of a ruſty firelock and a *bourgeois* made a ſoldier?—I aſked them, in which of their wars they had wanted men? I demanded, whether they had ever felt any other want than that of money?

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[*] We were, like you, ſtruck with the reſemblance of the women at Avignon to thoſe of England, but not for the reaſon you give; it appeared to us to originate from their complexions being *naturally* ſo much better than that of the other French women, more than their head-dreſs, which differs as much from ours, as it does from the French: *Note by a female friend.*

money? And whether the converſion of a million of men, into the bearers of muſquets, would made money more plentiful? I aſked, if perſonal ſervice was not a tax? And whether paying the tax of the ſervice of a million of men increaſed their faculties of paying other and more uſeful taxes? I begged them to inform me, if the regeneration of the kingdom, which had put arms into the hands of a million of mob, had rendered induſtry more productive, internal peace more ſecure, confidence more enlarged, or credit more ſtable? And laſtly, I aſſured them, that ſhould the Engliſh attack them at preſent, they would probably make the weakeſt figure they had done from the foundation of their monarchy: but, gentlemen, the Engliſh, in ſpite of the example you ſet them in the American war, will diſdain ſuch a conduct; they regret the conſtitution you are forming, becauſe they think it a bad one—but whatever you may eſtabliſh, you will have no interruption, but many good wiſhes from your neighbour. It was all in vain; they were well perſuaded their government was the beſt in the world; that it was a monarchy, and no republic, which I contended; and that the Engliſh thought it good, becauſe they would unqueſtionably aboliſh their houſe of lords, in the enjoyment of which accurate idea I left them.—In the evening to Lille, a town which has loſt its name in the world, 'n the more ſplendid fame of Vaucluſe. There can hardly be met with a richer, or better cultivated ſixteen miles; the irrigation is ſuperb. Lille is moſt agreeably ſituated. On coming to the verge of it I found fine plantations of elms, with delicious ſtreams, bubbling over pebbles on either ſide; well dreſſed people were enjoying the evening at a ſpot, I had conceived to be only a mountain village. It was a ſort of fairy ſcene to me. Now, thought I, how deteſtable to leave this fine wood and water, and enter a naſty, beggarly, walled, hot, ſtinking town; one of the contraſts moſt offenſive to my feelings. What an agreeable ſurpriſe, to find the inn without the town, in the midſt of the ſcenery I had admired! and more, a good and civil inn. I walked on the banks of this claſſic ſtream for an hour, with the moon gazing on the waters, that will run for ever in mellifluous poetry: retired to ſup on the moſt exquiſite trout and craw fiſh in the world. To-morrow to the famed origin.——16 miles.

The 29th. I am delighted with the environs of Lille; beautiful roads, well planted, ſurround and paſs off in different directions, as if from a capital town, umbrageous enough to form promenades againſt a hot ſun; and the river ſplits and divides into ſo many ſtreams, and is conducted with ſo much attention that it has a delicious effect, eſpecially to an eye that recogniſes all the fertility of irrigation. To the fountain of Vaucluſe, which is juſtly ſaid to be as celebrated almoſt as that of Helicon. Croſſing a plain, which is not ſo beautiful as one's idea of Tempe; the mountain preſents an almoſt perpendicular rock, at the foot of which is an immenſe and very fine cavern, half filled with a pool of ſtagnant, but clear water, this is the famous fountain; at other ſeaſons it fills the whole cavern, and boils over in a vaſt ſtream among rocks; its bed now marked by vegetation. At preſent the water guſhes out 200 yards lower down, from beneath maſſes of rock, and in a very ſmall diſtance forms a conſiderable river, which almoſt immediately receives deviations by art for mills and irrigation. On the ſummit of a rock above the village, but much below the mountain, is a ruin, called, by the poor people here, the chateau of Petrarch—who tell you it was inhabited by Monſ. Petrarch and Madame Laura. The ſcene is ſublime; but what renders it truly intereſting to our feelings, is the celebrity which great talents have given it. The power of rocks, and water, and mountains, even in their boldeſt features, to arreſt attention, and fill the boſom with ſenſations that baniſh the inſipid feelings of common life—holds not of inanimate nature. To give energy to ſuch ſenſations, it muſt receive animation from the creative touch of a vivid fancy: deſcribed by the poet, or connected with the reſidence, actions, purſuits, or paſſions of great geniuſſes; it lives, as it were, perſonified by talents, and commands the intereſt that breathes around whatever is conſecrated by fame. To Orgon. Quit the Pope's territory, by croſſing the Durance; there view the ſkeleton of the navigation of Boiſgelin, the work of the archbiſhop of Aix, a noble project, and, where finiſhed, perfectly well executed; a hill is pierced by it for a quarter of a mile, a work that rivals the greateſt ſimilar exertions. It has, however, ſtood ſtill many years for want of money. The *vent de bize* gone, and the heat increaſed, the wind now S. W. my health better to a moment, which proves how pernicious it is, even in Auguſt.——20 miles.

The 30th. I forgot to obſerve that, for a few days paſt, I have been peſtered with all the mob of the country ſhooting: one would think that every ruſty gun in Provence is at work, killing all ſorts of birds; the ſhot has fallen five or ſix times in my chaiſe and about my ears. The National Aſſembly has declared that every man has a right to kill game on his own land; and advancing this maxim ſo abſurd as a declaration, though ſo wiſe as a law, without any ſtatute of proviſion to ſecure the right of game to the poſſeſſor of the ſoil, according to the tenor of the vote, has, as I am every where informed, filled all the fields of France with ſportſmen to an utter nuiſance. The ſame effects have flowed from declarations of right relative to tythes, taxes, feudal rights, &c. In the declarations, conditions and compenſations are talked of; but an unruly ungovernable multitude ſeize the benefit of the abolition, and laugh at the obligations or recompenſe. Out by day break for Salon, in order to view the Crau, one of the moſt ſingular diſtricts in France for its ſoil, or rather want of ſoil, being apparently a region of ſea flints, yet feeding great her dsof ſheep: View the improvement of Monſieur Paſquali, who is doing great things, but roughly: I wiſhed to ſee and converſe with him, but unfortunately he was abſent from Salon. At night to St. Canat. ——46 miles.

The 31ſt. To Aix. Many houſes without glaſs windows. The women with men's hats, and no wooden ſhoes. At Aix waited on Monſ. Gibelin, celebrated for his tranſlations of the works of Dr. Prieſtley, and of the Philoſophical Tranſactions. He received me with that eaſy and agreeable politeneſs natural to his character, being apparently a friendly man. He took every method in his power to procure me the information I wanted, and engaged to go with me the next day to Tour D'Aigues to wait on the baron of that name, preſident of the parliament of Aix, to whom alſo I had letters; and whoſe eſſays, in the *Trimeſtres* of the Paris ſociety of agriculture, are among the moſt valuable on rural œconomics in that work.——12 miles.

September 1ſt. Tour d'Aigues is twenty miles north of Aix, on the other ſide of the Durance, which we croſſed at a ferry. The country about the chateau is bold and hilly, and ſwells in four or five miles into rocky mountains. The preſident received me in a very friendly manner, with a ſimplicity of manners that gives a dignity to his character, void of affectation; he is very fond of agriculture and planting. The afternoon was paſſed in viewing his home-farm, and his noble woods, which are uncommon in this naked province. The chateau of Tour d'Aigues, before much of it was accidentally conſumed by fire, muſt have been one of the moſt conſiderable in France; but at preſent a melancholy ſpectacle is left. The baron is an enormous ſufferer by the revolution; a great extent of country, which belonged in abſolute right to his anceſtors, has been granted for quit rents, *cens*, and other feudal payments, ſo that there is no compariſon between the lands retained and thoſe thus granted by his family. The loſs of the *droits honorifiques* is much more than has been apparent, and is an utter loſs of all influence; it was natural to look for ſome plain and ſimple mode of compenſation; but the declaration of the National Aſſembly allows none; and it is feelingly known in this chateau, that the ſolid payments which the Aſſembly have declared to be *rachetable* are every hour falling to nothing, without a ſhadow of recompenſe. The people are in arms, and at this moment very unquiet. The ſituation of the nobility in this country is pitiable; they are under apprehenſions that nothing will be left them, but ſimply ſuch houſes as the mob allows to ſtand unburnt; that the *metayers* will retain their farms without paying the landlord his half of the produce; and that, in caſe of ſuch a refuſal, there is actually neither law nor authority in the country to prevent it. Here is, however, in this houſe, a large and an agreeable ſociety, and cheerful to a miracle, conſidering the times, and what ſuch a great baron is loſing, who has inherited from his anceſtors immenſe poſſeſſions, now frittering to nothing by the revolution. This chateau, ſplendid even in ruins, the venerable woods, park, and all the enſigns of family and command, with the fortune, and even the lives of the owners at the mercy, and trampled on by an armed rabble. What a ſpectacle! The baron has a very fine and well filled library, and one part of it totally with books and tracts on agriculture, in all the languages of Europe. His collection of theſe is nearly as numerous as my own. ——20 miles.

The 2d. Monſ. Le Preſident dedicated this day for an excurſion to his mountain-farm, five miles off, where he has a great range, and one of the fineſt lakes in Provence, two thouſand toiſes round, and forty feet deep. Directly from it riſes a fine mountain, conſiſting of a maſs of ſhell agglutinated into ſtone; it is a pity this hill is not planted, as the water wants the immediate accompanyment of wood. Carp riſe to 25lb. and eels to 12lb. (Note, there are carp in the lake Bourgeat, in Savoy, of 60lb.) A neighbouring gentleman, Monſ. Jouvent, well acquainted with the agriculture of this country, accompanied us, and ſpent the reſt of the day at the caſtle. I had much valuable information from the baron de Tour d'Aigues, this gentleman, and from Monſ. l'Abbé de ——, I forget his name. In the evening I had ſome converſation on houſe-keeping with one of the ladies, and found among other articles, that the wages of a gardener are 300 liv. (13l. 2s. 6d.); a common man-ſervant, 150 liv. (7l.); a bourgeois cook, 75 to 90 liv. (90 liv. are 3l. 18s. 9d.); a houſe-maid, 60 to to 70 liv. (3l. 1s. 3d.) Rent of a good houſe for a Bourgeois 700 or 800 liv. (35l.)——10 miles.

The 3d. Took my leave of Monſ. Tour d'Aigues' hoſpitable chateau, and returned with Monſ. Gibelin to Aix.——20 miles.

The 4th. The country to Marſeilles is all mountainous, but much cultivated with vines and olives; it is, however, naked and unintereſting; and much of the road is left in a ſcandalous condition, for one of the greateſt in France, not wide enough, at places, for two carriages to paſs with convenience. What a deceiving painter is the imagination!——I had read I know not what lying exaggerations of the *baſtides* about Marſeilles, being counted not by hundreds, but by thouſands, with anecdotes of Louis XIV. adding one to the number by a citadel.—I have ſeen other towns in France, where they are more numerous; and the environs of Montpellier, without external commerce, are as highly decorated as thoſe of Marſeilles; yet Montpellier is not ſingular. The view of Marſeilles, in the approach, is not ſtriking. It is well built in the new quarter, but, like all others, in the old, cloſe, ill built, and dirty; the population, if we may judge from the throng in the ſtreets, is very great; I have met with none that exceeds it in this reſpect. I went in the evening to the theatre, which is new, but not ſtriking; and not in any reſpect to be named with that of Bourdeaux, or even Nantes; nor is the general magnificence of the town at all equal to Bourdeaux; the new buildings are neither ſo extenſive, nor ſo good—the number of ſhips in the port not to be compared, and the port itſelf is a horſe-pond, compared with the Garonne.——20 miles.

The 5th. Marſeilles is abſolutely exempt from the reproaches I have ſo often caſt on others for want of newſpapers. I breakfaſted at the *Caſé d'Acajon* amidſt many. Deliver my letters, and receive information concerning commerce; but I am diſappointed of one I expected for Monſ. l'Abbé Raynal, the celebrated author. At the table d'hôte, the count de Mirabeau, both here and at Aix, a topic of converſation; I expected to have found him more popular, from the extravagancies committed in his favour in Provence and at Marſeilles; they conſider him merely as a politician of great abilities, whoſe principles are favourable to theirs: as to his private character, they think they have nothing to do with it; and aſſert, that they had much rather truſt to a rogue of abilities, than put any confidence in an honeſt man of no talents; not, however, meaning to aſſert, that Monſ. de Mirabeau deſerved any ſuch appellation. They ſay he has an eſtate in Provence. I obſerved, that I was glad to hear he had property; for, in ſuch revolutions, it was a neceſſary hold on a man, that he will not drive every thing to confuſion, in order to poſſeſs a conſequence and importance which cannot attend him in peaceable and quiet times. But to be at Marſeilles without ſeeing Abbé Raynal, one of the undoubted precurſors of the preſent revolution in France, would be mortifying. Having no time to wait longer for letters, I took the reſolution to introduce myſelf. He was at the houſe of his friend Monſ. Bertrand. I told him my ſituation: and, with that eaſe and politeneſs which flows from a man's knowledge of the world, he replied, that he was always happy to be of uſe to any gentleman of my nation; and, turning to his friend, ſaid, here alſo is one, Sir, who loves the Engliſh, and underſtands their language. In converſing on agriculture, which I had mentioned as the object of my journey, they both expreſſed their ſurprize to find, by accounts apparently authentic, that we imported great quantities of wheat, inſtead of exporting, as we formerly did; and deſired to know, if this was really the caſe, to what it was owing? and recurring, at the ſame time, to the *Mercure de France* for a ſtatement of the export and import of corn, he read it as a quotation from Mr. Arthur Young. This gave me the opportunity of ſaying, that I was the perſon, and it proved a lucky introduction; for it was not poſſible to be received with more politeneſs, or with more offers of ſervice and aſſiſtance. I explained, that the change had taken place in conſequence of a vaſt increaſe of population, a cauſe ſtill increaſing more rapidly than ever.—We had an intereſting converſation on the agriculture of France, and on the preſent ſituation of affairs, which they both think going on badly; are convinced of the neceſſity of an upper houſe in the legiſlature; and dread nothing more than a mere democratical government, which they think a ſpecies of republic, ridiculous for ſuch a kingdom as France. I remarked, that I had often reflected with amazement, that Monſ. Necker did not aſſemble the ſtates in ſuch a form, and under ſuch regulations, as would have naturally led to adopt the conſtitution of England, free from the few faults which time has diſcovered in it. On which Monſ. Bertrand gave me a pamphlet he had publiſhed, addreſſed to his friend Abbé Raynal, propoſing ſeveral circumſtances in the Engliſh conſtitution to be adopted in that of France. Monſ. l'Abbé Raynal remarked, that the American revolution had brought the French one in its train: I obſerved, that if the reſult in France ſhould be liberty, that revolution had proved a bleſſing to the world, but much more ſo to England than to America. This they both thought ſuch a paradox, that I explained it by remarking, that I believed the proſperity which England had enjoyed ſince the peace, not only much exceeded that of any other ſimilar period, but alſo that of any other country, in any period ſince the eſtabliſhment of the European monarchies: a fact that was ſupported by the increaſe of population, of conſumption, of induſtry, of navigation, ſhipping, and ſailors: by the augmentation and improvement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; and in a peculiar maſs and aggregate, flowing from the whole, the riſing eaſe and felicity of the people. I mentioned the authentic documents and public regiſters which ſupported ſuch a repreſentation; and I remarked, that Abbé Raynal, who attended cloſely to what I ſaid, had not ſeen or heard of theſe circumſtances, in which he is not ſingular, for I have not met with a ſingle perſon in France acquainted with them; yet they unqueſtionably form one of the moſt remarkable and ſingular experiments in the ſcience of politics that the world has ſeen; for a people to loſe an empire—thirteen provinces, and to GAIN by that *loſs*, an increaſe of wealth, felicity, and power! When will the obvious concluſions, to be drawn from that prodigious event, be adopted? that all tranſmarine, or diſtant dominions, are ſources of weakneſs: and that to renounce them would be wiſdom. Apply this in France to St. Domingo, in Spain to Peru, or in England to Bengal, and mark the ideas and replies that are excited. I have no doubt, however, of the fact. I complimented him on his generous gift to the ſociety of agriculture at Paris of 1200 liv. for a premium; he ſaid they had thanked him, not in the uſual form, by the ſecretary ſigning alone, but had every one preſent ſigned it. He ſaid, that he ſhould do the ſame by the academies of ſciences and belles lettres; and he has given the ſame ſum to the academy at Marſeilles, for a premium relative to their commerce. He ſaid alſo, that he had formed a plan which he ſhould execute when he has ſaved money enough, which is to expend, by means of the ſociety of agriculture, 1200 liv. a year in purchaſing models of all the uſeful implements of huſbandry to be found in other countries, eſpecially in England, and to ſpread them over France. The idea is an excellent one, and merits great praiſe; yet it is to be queſtioned, whether the effect would anſwer the expence. Give the tool itſelf to a farmer, and he will not know how to uſe it, or will be too much prejudiced to like it; a model he will ſtill leſs take the trouble to copy. Gentlemen farming every where their own lands, with enthuſiaſm and paſſion for the art, would apply and uſe thoſe models; but I fear that none ſuch are to be found in France. The ſpirit and purſuits of gentlemen muſt be changed from their preſent frivolous turns, before any ſuch thing could be effected. He approved of my recommending

mending turnips and potatoes; but ſaid, that good ſorts were wanting; and mentioned a trial he had made himſelf, a compariſon of the Engliſh and Provençal potatoes in making bread, and the Engliſh produced one-third more flour than the French.—Among other cauſes of bad huſbandry in France, he named the illegality of uſury; at preſent moneyed people in the country locked it up, inſtead of lending it for improvement. Theſe ſentiments of an illuſtrious writer do him honour; and it was pleaſing to me to find, that he gave attention to objects which have almoſt monopolized mine; and yet more ſo to find, that this juſtly celebrated writer, though not young, is in good ſpirits; and that he may live many years to enlighten the world by the productions of a pen that has never been employed but for the benefit of the human ſpecies.

The 8th. The Cuges. For three or four miles the road leads through rows of *baſtides* and walls; it is made of powdered white ſtone, and without exception, the moſt duſty I ever ſaw; the vines, for twenty rods on each ſide, were like a dreſſed head: the country all mountains of rocks, with poor pines.—Unintereſting and ugly; the plains, of no great breadth, are covered with vines and olives. Meet capers firſt at Cuges. At Aubagne, I dined on ſix diſhes, not bad, a deſſert, and a bottle of wine, for 24*ſ.* and by myſelf too, for no table d'hôte. What Monſ. Dutens could mean by calling the poſt-houſe at Cuges a good *auberge*, is inexplicable; it is a miſerable hole, in which I have one of the beſt rooms, without glaſs to the windows——21 miles.

The 9th. The country to Toulon is more intereſting; the mountains are bolder; the ſea adds to the view; and there is one paſſage among the rocks, where are ſublime features. Nine-tenths are waſte mountain, and a wretched country of pines, box, and miſerable aromatics, in ſpite of the climate. Near Toulon, eſpecially at Olioules, there are pomegranates in the hedges, with fruit as large as nonpareils; they have a few oranges alſo. The baſon of Toulon, with ranges of three deckers, and other large men of war, with a quay of life and buſineſs, are fine. The town has nothing that deſerves deſcription; the great and only thing that is worth ſeeing, the dock-yard, I could not ſee, yet I had letters; but the regulation forbidding it, as at Breſt, all applications were vain.——25 miles.

The 10th. Lady Craven has ſent me upon a wild-gooſe chaſe to Hyeres—one would think this country, from her's and many other deſcriptions, was all a garden; but it has been praiſed much beyond its merit. The vale is every where richly cultivated, and planted with olives and vines, with a mixture of ſome mulberries, figs, and other fruit trees. The hills are either rocks, or ſpread with a poor vegetation of evergreens, pines, lentiſcus, &c. The vale, though ſcattered with white *baſtides* which animate the ſcene, yet betrays that poverty in the robe of nature, which always offends the eye where olives and fruits form the principal cloathing. Every view is meagre, on compariſon with the rich foilage of our northern foreſts. The only ſingular features are the orange and lemon trees; they here thrive in the open air, are of a great ſize, and render every garden intereſting to eyes that travel to the ſouth; but laſt winter's froſt has ſhorn them of their glory. They are all ſo nearly deſtroyed as to be cut almoſt to the root, or to the trunk, but are in general ſhooting again. I conjecture that theſe trees, even when in health and foliage, however they may be ſeparately taken, add but little to the general effect of a view. They are all in gardens, mixed with walls and houſes, and conſequently loſe much beauty as the part of a landſcape. Lady Craven's Tour ſent me to the chapel of *Notre Dame de conſolation*, and to the hills leading to Monſ. Glapiere de St. Tropes; and I aſked for father Laurent, who was however, very little ſenſible of the honour ſhe had done him. The views from the hills on both ſides of the town are moderate. The iſlands Portecroix, Pourcurolle, and Levant (the neareſt joined to the continent by a cauſeway and ſaltmarſh, which they call a pond,) the hills, mounts, rocks, all are naked. The pines that ſpread on ſome of them have not a much better effect than gorſe. The verdure of the vale is hurt by the hue of the olives. There is a fine outline to the views; but for a climate, where vegetation is the chief glory, it is poor and meagre; and does not refreſh the imagination with the idea of a thick ſhade againſt the rays of an ardent ſun. I can hear of no cotton in Provence, which has been reported in ſeveral books; but the date and piſtachio ſucceed: the myrtle is indigenous every where, and the *jaſminum, commune*, and *fruticans*. In l'Iſle de Levant is the *geniſta candeſcens*; and the *teucrium herba pinna*. Returning from my ride to the *hotel de Necker*, the landlord worried me with a liſt of Engliſh that paſs the winter at Hyeres; there are many houſes built for letting, from two to ſix louis a month, including all the furniture, linen, neceſſary plate, &c. Moſt of theſe houſes command the proſpect of the vale and the ſea; and if they do not feel the *vent de bize*, I ſhould ſuppoſe it muſt be a fine winter climate. In December, January, and February perhaps it may not incommode them, but does it not in March and April? There is a table d'hôte, very well ſerved, at the *hotel de Necker* in winter, at 4 liv. a-head each meal. View the King's garden here, which may be 10 or 12 acres, and nobly productive in all the fruits of the climate, its crop of oranges only laſt year was 21,000 liv. (918l. 15s.) Oranges at Hyeres have produced as far as two louis each tree. Dine with Monſ. de St. Cæſaire, who has a pretty new built houſe, a noble garden walled in, and an eſtate around it, which he would ſell or let. He was ſo obliging as to give me, with

Doctor Battaile, much uſeful information concerning the agriculture and produce of this country. In the evening return to Toulon.——34 miles.

The 11th. The arrangement of my journey in Italy occupied ſome attention. I had been often informed, and by men that have travelled much in Italy, that I muſt not think of going thither with my one-horſe chaiſe. To watch my horſe being fed would, they aſſured me, take up abundantly too much time, and if it was omited, with reſpect to hay, as well as oats, both would be equally ſtolen. There are alſo parts of Italy where travelling alone, as I did, would be very unſafe, from the number of robbers that infeſt the roads. Perſuaded by the opinions of perſons, who I ſuppoſe muſt know much better than myſelf, I had determined to ſell my mare and chaiſe, and travel in Italy by the *veturini*, who are to be had it ſeems every where, and at a cheap rate. At Aix they offered me for both 20 louis; at Marſeilles, 18; ſo the further I went I expected the price would ſink; but to get out of the hands of the *aubergiſtes*, and the *garçons d'écuries*, who expected every where to make a property of me, I had it drawn into the ſtreet at Toulon, with a large label, written *a vendre*, and the price 25 louis: they had coſt me at Paris 32. My plan took, and I ſold them for 22; they had brought me above twelve hundred miles, but yet were a cheap bargain to an officer that was the purchaſer. I had

I had next to conſider the method to get to Nice; and will it be believed, that from Marſeilles with 100,000 ſouls, and Toulon with 30,000, lying in the great road to Antibes, Nice, and Italy, there is no diligence or regular voiture. A gentleman at the table d'hôte aſſured me, they aſked him 3 louis for a place in a voiture to Antibes, and to wait till ſome other perſon would give 3 more for another ſeat. To a perſon accuſtomed to the infinity of machines that fly about England, in all directions, this muſt appear hardly credible. Such great cities in France have not the hundredth part of connection and communication with each other that much inferior places enjoy with us: a ſure proof of their deficiency in conſumption, activity, and animation. A gentleman, who knew every part of Provence well, and had been from Nice to Toulon by ſea, adviſed me to take the common barque, for one day, from Toulon, that I might at leaſt paſs the iſles of Hyeres: I told him I had been at Hyeres, and ſeen the coaſt. I had ſeen nothing, he ſaid, if I had not ſeen them, and the coaſt from the ſea, which was the fineſt object in all Provence; that it would be only one day at ſea, as I might land at Cavalero, and take mules for Frejus; and that I ſhould loſe nothing, as the common route was the ſame as what I had ſeen, mountains, vines, and olives. His opinion prevailed, and I ſpoke to the captain of the barque for my paſſage to Cavalero.

The 12th. At ſix in the morning, on board the barque, captain Jaſſoirs, of Antibes; the weather was delicious; and the paſſage, out of the harbour of Toulon, and its great baſon, beautiful and intereſting. Apparently it is impoſſible to imagine a harbour more completely ſecure and land-locked. The inner one, contiguous to the quay, is large, and ſeems formed by art; a range of mole, which it is built on, ſeparating it from the great baſon. Only one ſhip can enter at a time, but it could contain a fleet. There are now lying, moored, in two ranges, one ſhip, the Commerce of Marſeilles, of 130 guns, the fineſt ſhip in the French navy, and ſeventeen others of 90 guns, each, with ſeveral ſmaller: When in the great baſon, which is two or three miles acroſs, you ſeem abſolutely incloſed by high lands, and it is only on the moment of quitting it, that you can gueſs where the outlet is, by which you are connected with the ſea. The town, the ſhipping, the high mountain, which riſes immediately above it, the hills, covered with plantations, and ſpread every where with *baſtides*, unite to form, a ſtriking *coup d'œil*. But as to the Iſles of Hyeres and the fine views of the coaſt, which I was to enjoy, my informant could have no eyes, or abſolutely without taſte: they are, as well as all the coaſt, miſerably barren rocks and hills, with only pines to give any idea of vegetation. If it was not for a few ſolita y houſes, with here and there a ſquare patch of cultivation to change the colour of the mountains, I ſhould have imagined that this coaſt muſt have borne a near reſemblance to thoſe of New Zealand, or New Holland—dark, gloomy, and ſilent;—a ſavage *ſombre* air ſpread over the whole. The pines, and evergreen ſhrubs, that cover the greateſt part, cover it with more gloom than verdure. Landed at night at Cavalero, which I expected to have found a little town; but it conſiſts only of three houſes, and a more wretched place not to be imagined. They ſpread a matreſs on a ſtone floor for me, for bed they had none; after ſtarving all day, they had nothing but ſtale eggs, bad bread, and worſe wine; and as to the mules which were to take me to Frejus, there was neither horſe, aſs, nor mule in the place, and only four oxen for ploughing the ground. I was thus in a pretty ſituation, and muſt have gone on by ſea to Antibes, for which alſo the wind gave tokens of being contrary, if the captain had not promiſed me two of his men to carry my baggage to a village two leagues off, where mules were certainly to be had, with which comfort I betook myſelf to my mattreſs.——24 miles.

The 13th. The captain ſent three ſailors;—one a Corſican, another a mongrel Italian, and the third a Provençal: among the three, there was not French enough for half an hour's converſation. We croſſed the mountains, and wandered by crooked unknown paths, and beds of torrents, and then found the village of Gaſſang on the top of a mountain, which, however, was more than a league from that to which we intended to go. Here the ſailors refreſhed themſelves, two with wine, but the third never drank any thing except water. I aſked if he had equal ſtrength with the others that drank wine? Yes, they replied, as ſtrong for his ſize as any other man: I rather think, that I ſhall not ſoon find an Engliſh ſailor who will make the experiment. No milk; I breakfaſted on grapes, rye bread, and bad wine. Mules were reported to abound at this village, or rather that which we miſſed; but the maſter of the only two we could hear of being abſent, I had no other reſource, than agreeing with a man to take my baggage on an aſs, and myſelf to walk a league further, to St. Tropes, for which he demanded 3 liv. In two hours reached that town, which is prettily ſituated, and tolerably well built, on the banks of a noble inlet of the ſea. From Cavalero hither, the country is all mountain, eighteen-twentieths of it covered with pines, or a poor wilderneſs of evergreen ſhrubs, rocky and miſerable. Croſs the inlet, which is more than a league wide; the ferrymen had been on board a king's ſhip, and complained heavily of their treatment—but ſaid, that now they were freemen, they ſhould be well treated; and, in caſe of a war, they ſhould pay the Engliſh by a different account—it would now be man to man; before it was free men fighting with ſlaves. Land at St. Maxime, and there hire two mules and a guide to Frejus. The country the ſame mountainous and rocky deſert of pines and lentiſcus; but, towards Frejus, ſome arbutus. Very little culture before the plain near Frejus. I paſſed today thirty miles, of which five are not cultivated. The whole coaſt of Provence is nearly the ſame deſert; yet the climate would give, on all theſe mountains, productions valuable for feeding ſheep and cattle; but they are incumbered with ſhrubs abſolutely worthleſs. The effect of liberty had better appear in their cultivation, than on the decks of a man of war.——30 miles.

The 14th. Staid at Frejus to reſt myſelf;—to examine the neighbourhood, which, however, contains nothing—and to arrange my journey to Nice. Here are remains of an amphitheatre and aqueduct. On enquiring for a voiture to go poſt, I found there was no ſuch thing to be had; ſo I had no reſource but mules. I employed the *garçon d'écurie* (for a poſtmaſter thinks himſelf of too much conſequence to take the leaſt trouble), and he reported, that I ſhould be well ſerved for 12 liv. to Eſtrelles: this price, for ten miles, on a miſerable mule, was a very entertaining idea; I bid him half the money; he aſſured me he had named the loweſt price, and left me, certainly thinking me ſafe in his clutches. I took a walk round the town, to gather ſome plants that were in bloſſom, and, meeting a woman with an aſs-load of grapes, I aſked her employment; and

found

found, by help of an interpreter, that ſhe carried grapes from vineyards for hire. I propoſed loading her aſs to Eſtrelles with my baggage—and demanded her price.—40 *ſols*. I will give it. Break of day appointed; and I returned to the inn, at leaſt an œconomiſt, ſaving 10 liv. by my walk.

The 15th. Myſelf, my female, and her aſs jogged merrily over the mountains; the only misfortune was, we did not know one word of each others language; I could juſt diſcover that ſhe had a huſband and three children. I tried to know if he was a good huſband, and if ſhe loved him very much; but our language failed in ſuch explanations;——it was no matter; her aſs was to do my buſineſs, and not her tongue. At Eſtrelles I took poſt-horſes; it is a ſingle houſe, and no women with aſſes to be had, or I ſhould have preferred them. It is not eaſy for me to deſcribe, how agreeable a walk of ten or fifteen miles is to a man who walks well, after ſitting a thouſand in a carriage. To-day's journey all through the ſame bad country, mountain beyond mountain, incumbered with worthleſs evergreens, and not one mile in twenty cultivated. The only relief is the gardens at Graſſe, where very great exertions are made, but of a ſingular kind. Roſes are a great article for the famous *otter*, all of which is commonly ſuppoſed to come from Bengal. They ſay, that 1500 flowers go to a ſingle drop; twenty flowers ſell for 1 *ſol*, and an ounce of the *otter* 400 liv. (17l. 10s.). Tuberoſes, &c. are alſo cultivated for perfumes in immenſe quantities, for Paris and London. Roſemary, lavender, bergamot, and oranges, are here capital articles of culture. Half Europe is ſupplied with eſſences from hence. Cannes is prettily ſituated, cloſe on the ſhore, with the iſles of St. Marguerite, where is a deteſtable ſtate priſon, about two miles off, and a diſtant boundary of the Eſtrelles mountains, with a bold broken outline. Theſe mountains are barren to exceſs. At all the villages, ſince Toulon, at Frejus, Eſtrelles, &c. I aſked for milk, but no ſuch thing to be had, not even of goats or ſheep: the cows are all in the higher mountains; and as to butter, the landlord at Eſtrelles told me, it was a contraband commodity that came from Nice. Good heaven!—what an idea northern people have, like myſelf, before I knew better, of a fine ſun and a delicious climate, as it is called, that gives myrtles, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, jaſmines, and aloes, in the hedges; yet are ſuch countries, if irrigation be wanted, the verieſt deſerts in the world. On the moſt miſerable tracts of our heaths and moors, you will find butter, milk, and cream; give me that which will feed a cow, and let oranges remain to Provence. The fault, however, is in the people more than the climate; and as the people have never any faults *(till they become the maſters)* all is the effect of government. The arbutus, lauruſtinus,

ruſtinus, ciſtus, and Spaniſh broom, are found ſcattered about the waſtes. Nobody in the inn but a merchant of Bourdeaux returning home from Italy; we ſupped together, and had a good deal of converſation, not unintereſting; he was melancholy to think, he ſaid, what a ſad reputation the French revolution has wherever he has been in Italy. Unhappy France! was his frequent ejaculation. He made many enquiries of me, and ſaid, his letters confirmed my accounts; the Italians ſeemed all convined that the rivalry of France and England was at an end, and that the Engliſh would now have it in their power amply to revenge the American war, by ſeizing St. Domingo, and indeed all the poſſeſſions the French have out of France itſelf. I ſaid the idea was a pernicious one, and ſo contrary to the perſonal intereſts of the men who governed England, that it was not to be thought of. He replied, that if we did not do it, we ſhould be marvelouſly forbearing, and ſet an example of political purity ſufficient to eternize that part of our national character, in which the world thought us moſt deficient, *moderation*. He complained bitterly of the conduct of certain leaders of the National Aſſembly, who ſeemed to be determined on a bankruptcy, and perhaps a civil war.—22 miles.

The 16th. At Cannes, I was quite without a choice; no poſt-houſe, carriage, nor horſes, nor mules to let; I was therefore forced again to take refuge in a woman and her aſs. At five in the morning I walked to Antibes. This line of nine miles is chiefly cultivated, but the mountains riſe ſo immediately, that, in a general idea, all is waſte. Antibes being a frontier town, is regularly fortified; the mole is pretty, and the view from it pleaſing. Take a poſt-chaiſe to Nice: croſs the Var, and bid adieu for the preſent to France. The approach to Nice is pleaſing. The firſt approach to that country ſo long and juſtly celebrated that has produced thoſe who have conquered, and thoſe who have decorated the world, fills the boſom with too many throbbing feelings to permit a buſh, a ſtone, a clod to be unintereſting. Our percipient faculties are expanded; we wiſh to enjoy; and then all is attention, and willingneſs to be pleaſed. The approach marks a flouriſhing town; new buildings, the never-failing mark of proſperity, are numerous. Paſs many gardens full of oranges. Arrive in time for dinner at the table d'hôte, *hotel de quatre nations*, and agree with the maſter of it for my apartment, which is exceedingly good, and dinner and ſupper at five Piedmonteſe livres a-day, that is five ſhillings. Here I am, then, in the midſt of another people, language, ſovereignty and country—one of the moments of a man's life that will always be intereſting, becauſe all the ſprings of curioſity and attention are on the ſtretch. Several Frenchmen, but more Italians, at the table d'hôte; and the French revolution only talked of. The Frenchmen all in favour of it, and the Italians all againſt it, and abſolute victors in the argument.——25 miles.

The 17th. I have no letters for Nice; and therefore, knowing nothing of the inſides of the houſes, I muſt be content with what meets the eye. The new part of the town is very well built; the ſtreets ſtraight and broad. The ſea-view is fine, and, for enjoying it in greater perfection, they have an admirable contrivance, which I have ſeen no where elſe. A row of low houſes forming one ſide of a ſtreet, a quarter of a mile long, has flat roofs, which are covered with a ſtucco floor, forming a noble terrace, opens immediately to the ſea, raiſed above the dirt and annoyance of a ſtreet, and equally free from the ſand and ſhingle of a beach. At one end ſome finely ſituated lodging-houſes open directly on to it. The walk this terrace affords is, in fine weather, delicious. The ſquare is handſome, and the works which form the port are well built, but it is ſmall and difficult to enter, except in favourable weather; admits ſhips of near three hundred tons; yet, though free, has but an inconſiderable trade.—The number of new ſtreets and houſes building at preſent is an unequivocal proof that the place is flouriſhing; owing very much to the reſort of foreigners, principally Engliſh, who paſs the winter here, for the benefit and pleaſure of the climate. They are diſmally alarmed at preſent, with the news that the diſturbances in France will prevent many of the Engliſh from coming this winter; but they have ſome conſolation in expecting a great reſort of French. Laſt winter, there were fifty-ſeven Engliſh, and nine French; this winter, they think it will be nine Engliſh, and fifty-ſeven French. At the table d'hôte informed, that I muſt have a paſſport for travelling in Italy; and that the Engliſh conſul is the proper perſon to apply to. I went to Mr. Conſul Green, who informed me that it was a miſtake, there was no want of any paſſport; but if I wiſhed to have one, he would very readily give it. My name occurring to him, he took the opportunity to be very polite to me, and offered any thing in his power to aſſiſt me. On my telling him the object of my travels, he remarked, that the gardens here, and mixture of half garden half farm, were rather ſingular, and if I called on him in the evening, he would walk and ſhew me ſome. I accepted his obliging invitation, and when I went again, met a Colonel Roſs, a gentleman from Scotland, ſecond in command in the king of Sardinia's marine, and at preſent in chief: having been much in Sardinia, I made ſome enquiries of him concerning that iſland, and the circumſtances he inſtanced were curious. The *intemperia* is ſo prevalent in ſummer, from the quantity of evaporating water leaving mud expoſed to the ſun, as to be death to a ſtranger: but in winter it is a good climate. The ſoil wonderfully rich and fertile, but vaſt plains that would produce any thing are uncultivaed. He has paſt one line of fifty miles by thirty, all plain and the land good, yet without one houſe and moſtly a neglected deſert. The people are wretched, and deplorably ignorant: there are diſtricts, he has been informed, where there are olives, and the fruit left rotting under the trees, for want of knowing how to make oil. In general, there are no roads, and no inns. When a traveller, or other perſon, goes into the iſland, he is recommended from convent to convent, or *curé* to *curé*, ſome of whom are at their eaſe; you are ſure to be well entertained,—and at no other expence than a trifle to the ſervants. The plenty of game and wild-fowl great. The horſes are ſmall, but excellent; all ſtallions. One has been known to be rode four-and-twenty hours without drawing bit. I demanded to what could be attributed ſuch a neglected ſtate of the iſland? to government, I ſuppoſe? By no means; government has manifeſted every diſpoſition to ſet things on a better footing. It certainly is owing to the feudal rights of the nobility, keeping the people in a ſtate of comparative ſlavery. They are too wretched to have the inducement to induſtry. Such is the caſe at preſent in many other countries beſides Sardinia. When I ſee and hear of the abominable depredations and enormities committed by the French peaſants, I deteſt the democratical principles; when I ſee or hear of ſuch waſtes as are found in Sardinia, I abhor the ariſtocratical ones. Accompany Mr. Green to view ſome gardens, which have a luxuriance of vegetation, by means of watering, that makes them objects worth attention; but the great product, and a moſt valuable one it is, are oranges and lemons; chiefly the former, and a few bergamots for curioſity. We examined the garden of a nobleman, ſomething under two acres of land, that produces 30 louis d'or a-year in oranges only, beſides all the crops of common vegetables. The great value of theſe products, ſuch is the perverſity of human life, is the exact reaſon why ſuch gardens would be deteſtable to me, if under the œconomical management of the gentry of Nice. An acre of garden, forms an object of ſome conſequence in the income of a nobleman who, in point of fortune, is reckoned in good circumſtances, if he has 150l. to 200l. a-year. Thus the garden, which with us is an object of pleaſure, is here one of œconomy and income, circumſtances that are incompatible. It is like a well furniſhed room in a man's houſe, which he lets to a lodger.—They ſell their oranges ſo ſtrictly, that they cannot gather one to eat. A certain momentary and careleſs conſumption is a part of the convenience and agreeableneſs of a garden; a ſyſtem which thus conſtrains the conſumption, deſtroys all the pleaſure. Oranges may certainly be ſold with as much propriety as corn or timber, but then let them grow at a diſtance from the houſe; that open apartment of a reſidence, which we call a garden, ſhould be free from the ſhackle of a contract, and the ſcene of pleaſure, not profit.

The 18th. Walked to Villa Franche, another little ſea-port of the king of Sardinia's, on the other ſide of the mountain, to the eaſt of Nice. Call on Mr. Green, the conſul, who has given me letters to Genoa, Alexandria, and Padoua: he has behaved with ſo friendly an attention, that I cannot omit acknowledging warmly his civilities. Learn this morning from him that lord Briſtol is ſomewhere in Italy, and that lady Erne is probably at Turin, my ſtars will not be propitious if I do not ſee them both.

The 19th. I have now waited two days merely for the means of getting away; I can go either by a *felucca* to Genoa, or with a *vetturino* to Turin; and there is ſo much for and againſt both ſchemes, that priority of departure is as good a motive for a preference as any other. If I go by Genoa to Milan, I ſee Genoa and a part of its territory, which is much, but I loſe ſixty miles of ſuperb irrigation, from Coni to Turin, and I loſe the line of country between Turin and Milan, which I am told is better than that between Genoa and Milan; as to Turin itſelf, I ſhould ſee it in my return. But here is Luigi Tonini, a *vetturino*, from Coni, who ſets out on Monday morning for Turin, which decides me; ſo with Mr. Green's kind aſſiſtance I have bargained with him to take me thither for ſeven French crowns. He has got two officers in the Sardinian ſervice, and is not to wait longer for filling the third place. We have every day, at the table d'hôte, a Florentine Abbé, who has been a mara marvellous traveller—no man names a country in which he has not travelled; and he is ſingular in never having made a note, making rather a boaſt that his memory retains every particular he would wiſh to know, even to numbers correctly. The height and meaſures of the pyramids of Egypt, of St. Peter's church at Rome, and St. Paul's at London, &c. with the exact length and breadth of every fine ſtreet in Europe, he has at his tongue's end. He is a great critic in the beauty of cities; and he claſſes the four fineſt in the world thus, 1. Rome.—2. Naples.—3. Venice.—4. London. Being a little inclined to the marvellous, in the idea of an old Piedmonteſe colonel, a knight of St. Maurice, a plain and unaffected character, and apparently a very worthy man, he pecks at the authority of Signore Abbate, and has afforded ſome amuſemement to the company.

The 20th, Sunday. Mr. conſul Green continues his friendly attentions to the laſt; I dined, by invitation, with him to-day; and, for the honour of Piedmonteſe grazing, ate as fine, ſweet, and fat a piece of roaſt beef as I would ever wiſh to do in England, and ſuch as would not be ſeen at the table d'hôte at the *quatre nations*, in ſeven years - if in ſeven ages. An Engliſh maſter and miſtreſs of the table, with roaſt beef, plumb pudding, and porter, made me drop for a moment the idea of the formidable diſtance that ſeparated me from England. Unknown and unrecommended at Nice, I expected nothing but what could be ſhot flying in any town; but I found in Mr. Green both hoſpitality, and ſomething too friendly to call politeneſs. In the evening we had another walk among gardens; and converſed with ſome of the proprietors on prices, products, &c. The deſcription Mr. Green gives me of the climate of Nice in the winter is the moſt inviting that can be imagined; a clear blue expanſe is conſtantly over head, and a ſun warm enough to be exhilerating, but not hot enough to be diſagreeable. *But, Sir, the vent de bize!* We are ſheltered from it by the mountains; and as a proof that this climate is vaſtly more mild than where you have felt that wind, the oranges and lemons which we have in ſuch profuſion will not thrive either in Genoa or Provence, except in a very few ſpots, ſingularly ſheltered like this. He remarked, that Dr. Smollet, in his deſcription, has done great injuſtice to the climate, and even againſt the feelings of his own crazy conſtitution; for he never was ſo well after he left Nice as he had been at it, and made much intereſt with Lord Shelburne to be appointed conſul, who told him, and not without ſome foundation, that he would on no account be ſuch an enemy to a man of genius;—that he had libelled the climate of Nice ſo ſeverely, that if he were to go again thither the Niſſards would certainly knock him on the head. Mr. Green has ſeen hay made, and well made, at Chriſtmas.

The 21ſt. Commenced my firſt Italian journey; of my two military companions, one was as ſtupid as a brick-bat, and the other too lively for me:—there are few things more repugnant to my nerves than the vivacity of inanity; I am not young enough for it. Here was alſo a friar, who made no compenſation for the deficiencies of his countrymen:—low, vulgar, and ignorant; could ſpeak no French, and but little Italian: I looked in vain for ſo many of his Piedmonteſe words in my dictionary, that I was ſoon tired of following him. We dined at Scareno, and ſlept at Soſpello, at both which places we joined the company of another *vetturino*, conſiſting of the Piedmonteſe colonel I had met at the table d'hôte, his brother an abbé, and another abbé a friend, all well bred polite men, who were very attentive to me as a foreigner, and had great readineſs to anſwer all my enquiries: I reaped a good deal of information from their converſation. The three firſt days of this journey are employed in croſſing three mountains; to-day we paſſed the Col de Pruſs. The features in the heights are intereſting, wild, and great. The deſcent to Soſpello is pictureſque.——26 miles.

The 22d. My friend, the old Piedmonteſe colonel, commends the Engliſh character greatly, when it is truly Engliſh; that is, as I gueſſed by his explanations, when it is not a hurrying, buſtling, expenſive young man of great fortune, againſt whom he threw out ſome ſevere reflexions.

He deſired my name, and where I lived in England, which he begged me to write down for him; and commended very much the object of my journey, which appeared ſo extraordinary to him, that he could not help putting many queſtions. The mountain we croſſed to-day is yet more ſavage than that of yeſterday; much of it wild, and even ſublime. The little town of Saorgio and its caſtle are ſituated moſt romantically, ſtuck againſt the ſide of a mountain, like a ſwallow's neſt againſt the ſide of a houſe. I had no opportunity of aſking how many necks are broken in a year, in going peaceably to and fro; but the blackneſs of this town, and the total want of glaſs, make it gloomy as well as romantic; indeed the view of all theſe mountain-towns, where there may be ſo much happineſs with ſo little appearance of it, is forbidding. Tende, which is the capital of a diſtrict, and gives name to this great ridge of mountain (*Col de Tende*), is a horrid place of this ſort, with a vile inn; all black, dirty, ſtinking, and no glaſs.——30 miles.

The 23d. Out by four in the morning, in the dark, in order to croſs the Col de Tende as ſoon after break of day as poſſible, a neceſſary precaution they ſay, as the wind is then moſt quiet; if there is any ſtorm, the paſſage is dangerous, and even impracticable; not ſo much from height as from ſituation, in a draught of wind between Piedmont and the ſea. The paſs in the rocks, for ſome diſtance before mounting the hill, is ſublime; hemmed in among ſuch enormous mountains and rocks, that they reminded me a little of the amazing paſs in the Pyrenees, but are much inferior to it. In the face of one of them is a long inſcription to the honour of Victor Amadeus III. for making the road; and near it an old one, purporting that the eleventh duke of Savoy made the old road, to connect Piedmont and Nice, *a proprie ſpeſe con tutta diligenza.* This old road is paſſable only by mules, and is that by which Mr. Dutens paſſed the Col de Tende. I ſhall obſerve once for all, that the new one is a moſt uſeful and princely undertaking. From within a few miles of Nice, where it is not finiſhed, to Limon coſt 3,500,000 liv. (175,000l.) It winds prodigiouſly, in order to paſs the ſteepeſt mountains, in ſuch angles as to admit carriages without difficulty. The worſt part is that which goes up to the Col de Tende; this has not been made with equal attention as the reſt, perhaps becauſe they have begun to execute a vaſt deſign of perforating the mountain. At preſent, notwithſtanding the goodneſs of the road in ſummer, it is abſolutely impaſſable in winter for carriages, and with difficulty ſometimes even with mules, owing to the immenſe falls of ſnow. They have opened a cavern like a vault of rock, about thirty *trebulchi* long, and wide enough for carriages to paſs, but it ſoon divides into two paſſages, one for going and another for returning, which is found cheaper than one large enough for both; the whole will be above five hundred *trebulchi*, and will demand ſuch an expence as leaves little hope of ſeeing it executed in this century. Take the new road, however, for all in all, and it is a work that does honour to the king and country. Deſcend into the rich and beautiful vale of Piedmont, a few miles before Coni, and between the Alps and Appenines, which here ſeparate, one range running from hence to Calabria, I believe uninterruptedly, and the other to Conſtantinople. Amongſt the maps never made, but much wanted, is one of the mountains of Europe, to ſhew at one *coup d'œil* which are connected, and which ſeparate: this ſeparation of the Alps and Appenines ſo narrow, that they would, on a map on any ſcale, appear as one range; they connect with all the mountains of France, by Dauphiné, Vivais, and Auvergne, but not with the Pyrenees; I have myſelf travelled the whole range of thoſe from ſea to ſea. *Quere*, Do they connect with Germany, Poland, &c.? Perhaps they may with thoſe of the hereditary dominions of the Houſe of Auſtria. This would make only two ranges of mountains on the continent of Europe, the Alps and the Pyrenees; for all the Spaniſh connect with the latter, unleſs thoſe of Norway and Sweden do not join the Ruſſian, Poliſh, &c.——Reach Coni, which is ſtrongly fortified, and well ſituated; but as for inns, the *croce bianca*, which they ſpeak of as being

ing excellent, afforded me a good room enough, but without a ſingle pane of glaſs in the windows, only ragged paper—and ſuch a neceſſary-houſe! —let me drive the recollection from my memory! Here we loſt the company of the old colonel, his brother, and friend; they went five miles further, to the eſtate of one of them at Centalle. Sup at the table d'hôte. Our landlady is a tall well looking *virago*; the officers made love to her with one hand, while they ſupped with the other. They then aſked me a thouſand queſtions about Engliſh duelling. Was it in a circle? At what diſtance? On horſeback? With what piſtols? &c.——37 miles.

The 24th. The friar and one of the officers proceeded no further; the other and myſelf for Turin. Leaving Coni, the view from the fortifications of the Alps is very fine; a range of them capped with ſnow, is now ſeen by us to the left; Mont Viſo among them very high. At Centalle we were ſtopped by the ſervant of my friend, the colonel, who had orders to conduct us to the houſe of the *curé*, to take chocolate. The brother of the colonel is, it ſeems, *curé* and *archpretre* of the pariſh. It was impoſſible to be received with more kindneſs and hoſpitality than I was here. The colonel ſtarted a plan for keeping us to dinner, and his brother immediately begged we would change our intention of ſleeping at Carignan for Racconis, which would enable us to dine with him. To this we readily aſſented. I now found, that the colonel was the Chevalier Brun, on a viſit to his brother, who has built an excellent parſonage-houſe, as we ſhould call it, at his own expence, and has two *curées* under him as *archpretre*; he has arch-hoſpitality alſo; gave us an admirable dinner, well ſerved, and excellent wine, and wiſhed I would make a longer ſtay. As this was the firſt Italian houſe I had been in, except inns, it was intereſting enough to me to excite all my curioſity and attention. Expreſſing a wiſh to have ſome converſation with a practical cultivator, they had the goodneſs to walk with me to the count de Bonifante, who lives on his own eſtate here, and farms it. I ſoon found that this nobleman loved the ſubject; for he ſeemed to take a pleaſure in anſwering my enquiries. We walked over his, and ſome of his neighbours farms for more than two hours; and though my queſtions were pretty numerous, he was ſo kind as to meet them with the utmoſt willingneſs of explanation. If I have many ſuch days as this in Italy, I ſhall be equally well pleaſed and informed. Centalle was the reſidence of the marquis de Suza. Take my leave of this agreeable and hoſpitable family, which I ſhall long remember with pleaſure. Paſs Savignan, a conſiderable and pretty town; and what is much better to my eyes, a fine range of level plain, all rich and much watered. The ſcene in ſome places is charming: the road is like a fine alley, paſſing through a new mown garden; the meadows are as level as a die, without a mole-caſt, or ant-hill: thanks to watering! The mowing neat; the hay now cocking; rows of trees every where, and not being in ſtraight lines, the appearance is pleaſing. It is an obſervation I have more than once made, and it is no where ſo exemplified as in this country, that there are beauties reſulting from extreme fertility, that belong to a flat which would be hurt by inequalities of ſoil. The approach to Racconis by a double row of trees on each ſide of the road, with two ſhady paths, very pleaſing even by moon-light; but my fellow-traveller, with his drawn ſword, ready to paſs at the breaſt of a robber, ſhould any attack us, did not people theſe ſhades with the moſt agreeable figures of the fancy. He ſays there are many in Piedmont; and that travelling in the dark is alway dangerous. Such things are to be laid to the account of government; and a pretty ſatire it is on deſpotiſm, not to be able to keep its roads clear from robbers. At Racconis, a great trade in winding ſilk: a beggarly inn—paper windows, &c.——27 miles.

The 25th. Purſuing our road, paſs a country-ſeat of the prince of Carignan, with a great incloſure of plantation, and many Lombardy poplars. Croſs the Po by a moſt commodious ferry; a platform on two boats; the coach drove on and off without our moving. Why have we not ſuch ferries in England? All a rich level country till we come near the mountain of Turin, and paſs the chateau of Moncaglia, the preſent reſidence of the count d'Artois. Reach Turin; drive to the *hotel royal*; all full. To the *hotel d'Angleterre*; all taken for the prince of Condé. To the *bonne femme*, which good woman received me. I was in time for the table d'hôte, at which were ſeveral French refugees, whoſe accounts of affairs in France are dreadful. Theſe were driven from their chateaus, ſome of them in flames; it gave me an opportunity of enquiring by whom ſuch enormities were committed; by the peaſants, or wandering *brigands?* they ſaid, by peaſants, undoubtedly; but that the great and indiſputable origin of moſt of thoſe villanies, was the ſettled plan and conduct of ſome leaders in the National Aſſembly, in union with, and by the money of *one other perſon of great rank*, who would deſerve the eternal execrations and reproaches of all true Frenchmen and every honeſt man: that when the aſſembly had rejected the propoſal of the count de Mirabeau, to addreſs the king to eſtabliſh the *milice bourgeoiſe*, couriers were ſoon after ſent to all quarters of the kingdom, to give an univerſal alarm of great troops of *brigands* being on the actual march, plundering and burning every where, at the inſtigation of ariſtocrats, and calling on the people to arm immediately in their defence: that by intelligence afterwards, received from different parts of the kingdom, it was found, that theſe couriers muſt have been diſpatched from Paris at the ſame time *. Forged orders of the king in council were likewiſe ſent, directing the people to burn the chateaus of the ariſtocratical party; and thus, as it were by magic, all France was armed at the ſame moment, and the peaſants inſtigated to commit the enormities which have ſince diſgraced the kingdom ——22 miles.

The 26th. This being the firſt Italian city of renown for beauty that I have ſeen, I have been all eyes to-day. Some travellers have repreſented it as the pretticſt town in Europe, and the Strada di Po the fineſt ſtreet. I hurried to it with eagerneſs. I was in the middle of it, aſking for it. *Queſta, queſta!* replied an officer, holding up his hands, as if to point out an object of great beauty which I did not ſee, and in truth I ſaw it not. It is ſtraight and broad, and nearly regular. Two rows of brick barns might be ſo equally. The houſes are of an ugly obfuſcated brick; a few have ſtucco, and that old and dirty; the ſcaffold holes in the walls of all the reſt are left unfilled; ſome of them are enlarged by time, and ſeveral courſes of bricks between thoſe holes, not pointed, which has as bad an effect; the windows are narrow and poor; ſome with iron balconies—ſome without; the arcades, for there is a row on each ſide of the ſtreet, would be deſtructive of beauty, if it was here: the arches are plaiſtered, which patches the line with white: and through them are exhibited nothing but poor ſhops that incumber their ſpans with all ſorts of lumber; the lamps are fifty or ſixty yards aſunder. In a word, there are fifty ſtreets at London to which this cannot be compared. If thoſe who have travelled in Italy think this ſtreet fine, what am I to meet with in other towns?—The Strada della Dora Groſſa is by far a finer ſtreet than that of the Po, but the houſes are greatly too high. There is a beautiful arcade entrance to the herb-market, which ſeems to have furniſhed the idea of that at the new buildings of Somerſet-houſe. The ſtreets are almoſt all quite regular, and at right angles. I expected that this circumſtance would have been attended with much more beauty than it is. It gives too great a ſameneſs; the conſtant return of the ſame angles tires the eye; and I am convinced, that a city would be much more ſtriking, and more admired, that had varied lines inſtead of uniform ones. Circles, ſemi-circles, creſcents, ſemi-elipſes, ſquares, ſemi-ſquares, and compounds compoſed of theſe, mixed with the common oblongs, would give a greater air of grandeur and magnificence. The moſt ſplendid object I have ſeen at Turin is the ſtair-caſe and ſaloon in the chateau contiguous to the royal palace. There is nothing at Verſailles, except the gallery, to be compared with it. The front of this edifice is fine, and the whole does honour to Juvara. This morning I ſhould have delivered my letters, but am unlucky. The Marcheſe de

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* Afterwards at Paris this fact was confirmed to me.

Palavicino, preſident of the agrarian ſociety, and Signore Biſſatti, the ſecretary of it, are both in the country. Signore Capriata, the *preſident en ſecond*, I met with, but he is no practical farmer; he has been obliging enough, however, to promiſe me an introduction to ſome perſons who are converſant with agriculture. Meeting with theſe diſappointments, I began to fear I might want the intelligence that was neceſſary to my deſign; and be in that ineligible ſituation of ſeeing only the outſides of houſes, and knowing nothing of the perſons within. With time thus on my hands, I enquired for a bookſeller, and was directed to Signore Briolo, who prints the memoirs of all the learned bodies here; among others, thoſe of the agrarian ſociety, which I bought, and afterwards turning over, found that I made a pretty conſpicuous figure in one written by the Cavaliere di Capra, colonel of the regiment of Tortona, on the ſize of farms. He is a bitter enemy to large ones; not content with ſtrictures on Piedmont, he preſſes England into his ſervice, and finds it neceſſary to refute me, as I appear in the tranſlation of Monſ. Freville, from which he quotes paſſages which I never wrote. I wiſhed to aſſure the author that it was the French tranſlator, and not the Engliſh farmer that he had refuted. I laughed very hearty with Signore Capriata at this adventure of the memoirs. In the evening to the opera; the theatre is a fine one, though not the principal; the houſe nearly full, yet all the world is in the country.

The 27th. The Cavaliere Capra having ſeen Signore Capriata, I this morning received a viſit from him: I was glad of an opportunity to remark to him that he had quoted paſſages erroneouſly from my Political Arithmetic. He ſaid, he was ſorry he ſhould miſunderſtand me; and beginning at once to declaim againſt great farms, I begged to remark, that my opinion was exactly the ſame at preſent as it had always been, that the ſize of farms ſhould be left abſolutely free. He was violent againſt great ones in Piedmont, which he ſaid ruined and depopulated the country, as I ſhould find when I came among the rice-grounds in my way to Milan. Signore Capra was polite, tendered me every ſervice in his power, and expreſſed the utmoſt readineſs to aſſiſt my enquiries. Signore Briolo, as ſoon as he underſtood who I was, ſhewed me every attention in his power; and that I might have the benefit of converſing with ſuch perſons as he thought moſt ſuitable to my enquiries, he made known my arrival to Signore Fontana, a practical chemiſt and deputy ſecretary to the agrarian ſociety; to Signore Gio. Piet. Mariadana, profeſſor of botany in the univerſity; to Signore il Dottore Buniva, his aſſiſtant, who travelled in France and England as a naturaliſt. From theſe gentlemen I had this morning a viſit, and an intereſting converſation on the preſent agricultural ſtate of Italy. To Signore Briolo I was alſo indebted for an introduction to Signore Giobert, academician, and of the agrarian ſociety, who has gained a prize by a memoir on the quality of earths and manures. Viewed the king's palace, ſenſibly built, not ſo ſplendid as to raiſe diſagreeable emotions in the breaſt of a philoſophical ſpectator: and no marks of provinces having been oppreſſed to raiſe it. Of the pictures, which are numerous, thoſe which pleaſed me beſt, are a virgin, child, and St. John, by Lorenzo Sabattini; Apollo flaying Marſias, by Guido; a Venus, by Carlo Cignani; a ſick woman, by Gerard Dow; a virgin and child after Raphael, by Saſſa Ferrata. Vandyke ſhines greatly in this collection; there are the children of Charles I. finely done; a man and woman ſitting; but above all, prince Tomaraſo di Carignano on horſeback, which for life and force of expreſſion is admirable. In the evening to the opera, and being Sunday the houſe was full. The *Laſca Fiera*; there is a pretty duet, between Contini and Gaſpara, in the firſt act.

The 28th. Walked to Moncaglia early in the morning. The palace is boldly ſituated on a hill, the Windſor of Piedmont:—commands noble views of the Po, and a rich ſcene of culture. After dinner, on horſe-back to Superga, the burying place of the royal family; where the bodies of theſe princes repoſe more magnificently than the Bourbons at St. Denis. The view from the tower is, I ſuppoſe, the fineſt *farmer's* proſpect in Europe. You look down on much the greater part of Piedmont as on a map, and the eye takes in Milan at eighty miles diſtance; the whole with ſuch a horizon of mountains as is no where elſe to be found,—for the enormous maſſes of ſnow, which the Alps preſent, are eaſier conceived than deſcribed.

The 29th. Signore Briolo was this morning my conductor to Gruliaſcho, to view the farm, by appointment of Signore Bracco, to whom Signore Capriata had ſpoken for that purpoſe; we walked by the nobly planted road that leads to Suza, and I was glad to find, that my Turin bookſeller was a farmer, though *a la meta*, and anſwered thoſe uſeful enquiries, which I have long found abundantly convenient, always to have ready arranged in my head, and adapted to the people into whoſe hands chance may throw me. We dined together at the village, in a villainous hole, much better adapted to offend the ſenſes than to gratify them. Our repaſt finiſhed, we ſallied forth to find Signore Bracco; he ſhewed us ſeveral watered meadows, and explained all the particulars; after which, coming to the houſe, lo! inſtead of a farmer or *metayer*, as I expected, I found a large houſe, in a ſtyle ſuperior to any farm one, and that he was a bailiff to a Signore, I do not know whom, jeweller to the king and court; an awkward explanation of this came on, and then I found this perſon knew of my coming two days before:—to mend the matter, after making us wait ſome time he ſhewed himſelf.

ſelf. I was preſſed to enter :—whether it was, that a hot walk, or a bad dinner had fretted me, or, in ſine, that I did not like the jeweller's phyſiognomy, I know not, but I begged to be excuſed, and perſiſted in my refuſal. A rich citizen, at his country villa, is to me a formidable animal.—Had he ſaid he was a farmer, and would converſe on the ſubject, or any thing of that tendency, it had been otherwiſe; but I departed *bruſqument*, with a character, I believe, *molto ſelvaggio*. In the evening, ſome beautiful paſſages in the *Paſtorella Nobile* brought me into better temper.

The 30th. The intendant Biſſati returned to Turin, and I had the pleaſure of a viſit from him; he carried me to the univerſity, and ſome other places which I had not ſeen before; Signore Capra alſo, and Dr. Buniva, favoured me with their company. The knight, I find, is as complete a croaker as could ever iſſue from the ſchool of Dr. Price himſelf. Piedmont furniſhes an inſtance, which, if I had touched upon to Signore Capra, he would have preſſed it into his ſervice on the queſtion of farms. But there are not many circumſtances more curious in politics than the contraſt between great and ſmall dominions. Here is a court ſufficiently ſplendid; and a palace well kept; an army (not equally well kept) of 30,000 men; fortifications many, and among the firſt in the world, and a power of receiving with hoſpitality and ſplendour the princes of the blood of France; all this is done with thirty millions of French money: if the compariſon had been made in the late king's reign, the circumſtances would have been ſtronger. The king of France had ſix hundred millions; that is to ſay, twenty times as much: he could, therefore, with equal proportions, have twenty ſuch palaces, or more exactly an hundred, as there are five in Piedmont; twenty ſuch courts, and an army of 600,000 men. But inſtead of this, the difference between the palaces of the two kings and their courts, their parade and their vanity, is not in the *ratio* of one-fourth of their revenue; and as to the army of the king of Sardinia (proportions preſerved) it is ſix times more powerful than that of the king of France: but the contraſt goes further; for, while the debts of this country are inconſiderable, thoſe of France are ſo great, that the *deficit* alone is more than five times the whole revenue of Sardinia.

OCTOBER 1ſt. The political ſtate of Piedmont at preſent holds almoſt entirely of the perſonal character of the king, who is eſteemed an eaſy good natured man, too much impoſed on by a ſet of people without merit. The conſequence of which is, that talents and all ſorts of abilities, inſtead of being in the poſts for which they are qualified, are found only in retirement. I am told, that he often takes bank notes in his pocket-book, and at night if he has not given them away he expreſſes uneaſineſs; yet this is with an empty treaſury and an incomplete ill-paid army. This conduct is remarkably different from that of the princes his majeſty's predeceſſors, who, as all the world knows, were good œconomiſts, and kept themſelves ſo well prepared, that they were able to turn opportunities to their notable advantage, which muſt have paſſed barren of events under a different ſyſtem of government. The king's motives, however, are excellent, and no faults are found with his government that do not flow from that ſort of goodneſs of heart which better beſits a private ſtation than a throne. Similar errors are not expected from the prince of Piedmont, who is repreſented as a man of good underſtanding, with, however, rather too great a tincture of religion. Nothing can be more regular and decent than the conduct of all the court; no licentious pleaſures are here countenanced; and very little that looks like diſſipation. How the count d'Artois paſſes his time is not eaſy to conceive; for a prince who was dying with *ennui* in the midſt of Verſailles, for want of pleaſures that had not loſt their luſtre, one would ſuppoſe that of all the courts of Europe there was ſcarcely one to be found leſs adapted than this to his feelings, whatever it might be, to his convenience.

The 2d. To Verceil, by a *vetturino*; I find but one agreeable circumſtance in this way of travelling, which is their going as ſlow and ſtopping as often as you pleaſe: I walked moſt of the way, and generally out-walked the coach, except when there was any little deſcent. A gentleman, a proprietor and cultivator of rice near Verceil, ſupped with us, who was communicative.——45 miles.

The 3d. To Novara, much rice; ſome yet uncut; they are threſhing it every where, and we meet gleaners loaded with it: a naſty country, as ill to the eye as to the health: there hang the limbs of a robber in the trees, in uniſon with the *ſombre* and peſtiferous aſpect of a flat woody region. Croſs the Teſino, deep, clear, and rapid. This river parts the dominions of the king of Sardinia from thoſe of the Emperor. At Buffalara croſs the *naviglio grande*, the greateſt canal for irrigation that was ever made. Sleep at Maſſenta. —30 miles.

The 4th, Sunday. Reach Milan in the forenoon. This great city ſtands in the midſt of a dead level country, ſo thickly planted that you ſee nothing of it till you are in the ſtreets. To the *Albergo del Pozzo*, in time to wait on the Abbate Amoretti, ſecretary of the patriotic ſociety, to whom I had letters from Monſ. Brouſſonet and Signore Songa of London: I found him admirably well lodged, in the *palazzo* of the marquis de Cuſina: this, ſaid I to myſelf, looks well, to find a man of letters in a ſplendid apartment, and not poked, like a piece of lumber, into a garret: it is a good feature in the Italian nobility. I entered his apartment, which is a cube of about thirty feet, from a great ſaloon of forty or fifty. He received me with eaſy and agreeable politeneſs which impreſſes one at firſt ſight in his favour. Soon after he returned my viſit. I find him an agreeable, well-informed, and intereſting character. Waited alſo on the Abbate Oriani, aſtronomer royal, who expreſſed every wiſh to be of uſe to me. At night to the opera; a moſt noble theatre; the largeſt as well as handſomeſt I have ſeen; the ſcenes and decorations beautiful. Though it is Sunday, I look with amazement at the houſe, for it is three parts full, even while much of the world are in the country:—how can ſuch a town as Milan do this? Here are ſix rows of boxes, thirty-ſix in a row; the three beſt rows let at 40 louis d'or a box. This is marvellous for an inland town, without commerce or great manufactures. It is the PLOUGH alone that can do it. I am delighted with the accommodation of the pit; one ſits on broad eaſy ſophas, with a good ſpace to ſtir one's legs in: young perſons may bear being truſſed and pinioned on a row of narrow benches, but I am old and lazy, and if I do not ſit at my eaſe, would not give a g to ſit there at all.——10 miles.

The 5th. In the morning, deliver letter to Signore Vaſſari, and the Meſſ. Zappa's, gentlemen in commerce, from whom I might receive information relative to the exports, &c. of the Milaneſe. At noon, to the ſociety of agriculture (called the Patriotic Society), which fortunately for me, who am a member, had a meeting to-

day,

day: the Marcheſe di Viſconti in the chair, with ten or a dozen members preſent, to all of whom Signore Amoretti introduced me. I never expect much from ſocieties of this ſort; but this of Milan was to-day employed on a button and a pair of ſciſſors: it ſeems they want at this city to make the finer ſorts of hardware, in order to rival thoſe of England, and leſſen the import, which, in ſpite of every obſtacle, is very great: the idea originates with the government, and is worthy of its little ideas; a true peddling ſpirit at preſent throughout Europe. An artiſt in the town had made a button and half a pair of ſciſſors, one half Engliſh, and the other half of his own manufacture, for which he claimed and had a reward. Similar are the employments of ſocieties every where! In England, buſied about rhubarb, ſilk, and drill-ploughs:—at Paris, with fleas and butterflies;—and at Milan, with buttons and ſciſſors! I hope I ſhall find the *Georgofili*, at Florence, employed on a top-knot. I looked about to ſee a practical farmer enter the room, but looked in vain. A goodly company of i Marcheſi, i Conti, i Cavalieri, i Abati, but not one cloſe clipped wig, or a dirty pair of breeches, to give authority to their proceedings. We met, in what was the jeſuit's college, in the Briare, a noble building, containing many apartments equally ſplendid and convenient. The Marcheſe Viſconti aſked me to his country-ſeat; and the Cavaliere Caſtiglioni, who has travelled in America with the views of a natural hiſtorian, and who intends to print the journal of his voyage, hopes to meet me ſoon at his brother the count's. Milan has been repreſented as very dear, and may be ſo when no thought is taken to ſave expence, ordering what you want, and leaving the bill to the hoſt; but as ſuch methods do not agree with my purſe, I pay by agreement, for my room, dinner and ſupper ſerved in it, as there are no table d'hôtes in Italy, 6 liv. of Milan a-day, or an *ecu*, equal to 4s. Engliſh. The pit, at the opera, is 2 liv. 5 *ſ.* and coffee for breakfaſt 7 *ſ.* in all about 5s. 8d. a-day; but, ſeeing buildings, &c. adds ſomething. I am very well ſerved for this, except in ſoups, which are deteſtable, for I hate macaroni and abominate paſte, I have read ſo much of the horrors of Italian inns, that I am very agreeably ſurprized to find them in the great towns, Turin and Milan for inſtance, as good as in France; yet I am not at the beſt here,—for I underſtand the *alberghi reali* and *imperiali* are the firſt; and I was not at the beſt at Turin. But village ones between the great towns are bad enough. In France, one is rarely waited on at inns by men; in Italy hitherto never by women; I like the French cuſtom beſt. Ferret among the bookſellers, and find more tracts, in Italian, upon agriculture than I expected. At night to the opera; the pit is ſo commodious and agreeable, that it is a good lounge; the ſophas and chairs are numbered; they give you a ticket, which marks your

ſeat;

ſeat; but the performers are poor. It was the *Impreſario in Anguſta*, by that beautiful compoſer, Cimaroſa; there is a quintetto in it, than which nothing could be more pleaſing, or repeated with more applauſe.

The 6th. Signore Amoretti, whoſe attentions and aſſiduity are ſuch as I ſhall not ſoon forget, this morning introduced me to Signore Beecken, a counſellor in the court of his imperial majeſty; and then we went together into the country, ſix or ſeven miles, to a farm in the road to Pavia, belonging to the marquis Viſconti, to ſee the method of making the Lodeſan cheeſe; attended the whole operation, which is ſo totally different from what we uſe in England, that ſkill in making may have a great effect in rendering this product of Lombardy ſo ſuperior to all others. The cheeſe, and the enquiries, took up the whole day; ſo that it was five in the evening before we got back to Milan, where they dined with me at the *pozzo*; an itinerant band of muſic giving a ſerenade under the windows, to the *illuſtriſſimi, excellentiſſimi, nobili Signori Ingleſi*. This day has paſſed after my own heart, a long morning, active, and then a dinner, without one word of converſation but on agriculture. Signore Beecken is a ſenſible well informed German, who underſtands the importance of the plough; and Abbate Amoretti's converſation is that of a man who adds the powers of inſtruction, to the graces that enliven company.

The 7th. Attended the marquis de Viſconti, and Signore Amoretti to Mozzata, the country-ſeat of the count de Caſtiglione, about ſixteen miles north of Milan. Stop very near the city to view the *Chartreuſe*, which, ſince the emperor ſeized the revenues, and turned the monks out, has been converted into a powder magazine. View, in paſſing, the fine church of Ro, and the marquis of Lita's villa at Leinate, in which the gardens are conſpicuous. The Italian taſte was the undoubted origin of what we ſee in France; but decoration is carried much higher. Marble baſons, with fine ſtatues, too good for the ſituation: *jets d'eau*, temples, colonades, and buildings, without end, almoſt connected with the houſe; latticed, and clipped bowers and walks; miles of clipped hedges—terraces and gravel walks, never well kept, with abundance of oranges-trees, are the features; and they are all in profuſion. The expence enormous, both to form and to keep. There is a pinery, and not more than five or ſix others in the whole dutchy of Milan. Reach Mozzata. The counteſs appeared what we call a genteel good ſort of a woman, with nothing of that ſpecies of foppery and affectation that forms the *fine lady*. The moment I ſaw the count de Caſtiglione, I was prejudiced in his favour; his phyſiognomy is pleaſing; and the inſtantaneous eaſy affability, mixed with great quickneſs and vivacity, tells one in a moment, that time would not be loſt in his company. I was not deceived. He entered preſently on the object of my travels; and I was highly pleaſed to find, that he was a practical farmer. After dinner, we made an excurſion to a conſiderable plantation, he has executed with great judgment and ſpirit. The count ſhewed me alſo a part of his farm,——but this is not equally ſucceſsful. In the evening, while the reſt of the company were at cards he ſatisfied my numerous enquiries concerning the huſbandry, &c. of the neighbourhood, in a manner that left me little to wiſh. After breakfaſt, the next morning, returned to Milan. The feature which ſtruck me moſt in this viſit to an Italian nobleman, at his country-ſeat, is the great ſimilarity of living, and of manners in different countries. There are few circumſtances in the table, attendance, houſe, and mode of living, that vary from a man of ſimilar rank and fortune in England or France. Only French cuſtoms, however, predominate. I ſuppoſe one muſt go for new manners to the Turks and Tartars; for Spain itſelf, among people of rank, has them not to give: and this circumſtance throws travellers, who regiſter their remarks, into a ſituation that ſhould meet with the candour of readers: thoſe who record faithfully, muſt note things that are common, and ſuch are not formed to gratify curioſity. Thoſe who deal much in adventures, ſo contrary to our own manners as to excite ſurprize, muſt be of queſtionable authority; for the ſimilarity of European manners, among people of rank or large fortune, can hardly be doubted: and the difference among their inferiors, is in many caſes more apparent than real. I am much pleaſed with this family: the counteſs is a good woman, for ſhe loves her children, her huſband, and the country. Her huſband has life, animation, quickneſs of conception, and that attention to agriculture, which made me wiſh him for a neighbour. In our return, ſtop at Deſio, the villa of the marquis of Cuſino, which is in a ſtyle that pleaſes me. The houſe is not upon too great a ſcale, and therefore finiſhed and furniſhed: the rooms are more elegant than ſplendid—and more comfortable than ſhewy. There is one apartment, in encauſtic painting, ſaid to be the firſt executed in Italy. The ſecond floor contains thirteen bed-chambers, with each a ſmall ſervant's-room, and light cloſet: and they have all ſuch a comfortable, clean, Engliſh air; and are ſo neat, without any finery, that, had the floors been deal, inſtead of brick, I ſhould have thought myſelf in my own country. I have read travels that would make us believe, that a clean houſe is not to be met with in Italy; if that was once true, things are abundantly changed. I like this villa much better than the maſter does, for he is rarely here for a fortnight at a time, and that not often. The gardens are ſplendid in their kind; lattice-frames of lemons twenty feet high, with eſpaliers of oranges, both full hung with fruit, have, to northern eyes, an uncommon effect; but they all are covered with glaſs in the winter. Here is a pinery alſo. Dine in the village on trout, freſh from the lake of Como, at 3 liv. the pound, of 28 ounces. In the evening returned to Milan, after an excurſion inſtructive in my principal object, and equally agreeable in the little circumſtances that have power ſufficient either to gild or ſhade every object, paſs the houſe of the Marcheſa di Fagnani, who has been much in England, and celebrated here for being the lady with whom our inimitable Sterne had the rencontre at Milan, which he has deſcribed ſo agreeably.——32 miles.

The 9th. This day was appointed for viſiting a few objects at Milan, for which Signore Beecken had the goodneſs to deſire to be my *ciccrone*; his chariot was ready after breakfaſt, and we went from ſight to ſight till five o'clock. Buildings and pictures have been ſo often and ſo well deſcribed, that for modern travellers nothing is left, if they expatiate, but to talk of themſelves as much as of the objects. I ſhall note, in a few words, the things that ſtruck me moſt. I had read ſo much of the cathedral, and came to it with ſuch expectation, that its effect was nothing. There are comparative meaſurements given of it with St. Paul's and St. Peter's, that ſeem to rank it in the ſame claſs for magnitude: to the eye it is a child's play-thing compared to St. Paul's. Of the innumerable ſtatues, that of St. Laurence flayed is the fineſt. The architecture of the church of St.

Fedele, by Pellegrino, is pleaſing; it contains ſix columns of granite; and there are other fine ones alſo in that of St. Aleſandro. But I found Padre Pini, profeſſor of natural hiſtory, a better object than his church; he has made a great and valuable collection of foſſils, and has taken the means neceſſary for ſelf-inſtruction, much travel, and much experiment. At St. Celſo, there are two ſtatues of Adam and Eve, by Lorenzi, that cannot be too much admired; and a Madonna, by Fontana. Here alſo are pictures that will detain your ſteps by the two Proçacini's. The great hoſpital is a vaſt building, once the palace of the Sforza's, dukes of Milan, and given by duke Francis for this uſe. It has a net revenue of a million of livres, and has at preſent above one thouſand three hundred patients. At the Abbey of St. Ambroſe, built in the ninth century, and which has round arches, anteriour to gothic ones, they ſhewed us a MS. of Luitprandus, dated 721, and another of Lothaire, before Charlemagne. If they contained the regiſter of their ploughs, they would have been intereſting; but what to me are the records of gifts to convents, for ſaving ſouls that wanted probably too much cleaning for all the ſcrubbing-bruſhes of the monks to brighten? But unqueſtionably the moſt famous production of human genius at Milan is the laſt ſupper of Lionardo de Vinci, which ſhould be ſtudied by artiſts who underſtand its merit, as it is not a picture for thoſe who, with unlearned eyes, have only their feelings to direct them. View the Ambroſian library.

The 10th. The climate of Italy, I believe, is generally in extremes; it has rained almoſt inceſſantly for three days paſt, and to-day it pours. I have made a ſad blunder, I find more and more, in ſelling my French equipage; for the dependence on hiring, and on the *vetturini*, is odious. I want to go to-morrow to Lodi, &c. and I have loſt much time in finding a horſe and chaiſe; and after all can have only a miſerable thing, at 7½ liv. a day. In the evening, at the opera, and Signore Beecken came to me in the pit, and aſked me if I would be introduced to one of the prettieſt ladies at Milan? *Senza dubio.* He conducted me to the box of Signora Lamberti, a young, lively, and beautiful woman, who converſed with an eaſy and unaffected gaiety, that would make even a farmer wiſh to be her *ciciſbeo.* The office, however, is in the hands of another, who was ſeated in his poſt of honour, in the front of the box, *vis-a-vis* the lady.—Refreſhments——ſuppers——magnificent ridotto. Having mentioned the *ciciſbei*, I may obſerve, that the cuſtom ſeems to flouriſh at Milan; few married ladies are without this neceſſary appendix to the ſtate: there were to night a great number of them, each attending his fair. I aſked an Italian gentleman why he was not in his poſt as a *ciciſbeo?* He replied, he was not one? How ſo? *If you have either buſineſs or other purſuit, it takes too much time.* They are changed at pleaſure, which the ladies defend, by ſaying, that when an extenſion of privileges not proper to give is expected, to part with is better than to retain them.

The 11th. To Lodi, through twenty miles of ſuch amazing exertions in irrigation, that we can have in England no idea of it. At that town I found myſelf in the midſt of the world; it was the night of terminating the opera ſeaſon of the fair: this had drawn ſo much company from the neighbouring towns, that the great inn of the *Columbina*, formed out of a monaſtery, was full in an hour. At night the opera houſe formed a gorgeous diſplay:—we waited half an hour for the arch-duke and arch-dutcheſs. The houſe was well lighted with wax; new to me, for in common their theatres have only darkneſs viſible. It is ſmall, but moſt elegant, new built this year: the decorations are neat; but the boxes, which are fitted up by the proprietors, are finiſhed with great ſhew and expence; as fine as glaſs, varniſh, and gilding can make them; and being lighted within made a blazing figure: the company crouded and well dreſſed; diamonds ſparkled in every part of the houſe, while expectation of pleaſure, more animated in Italian than in French or Engliſh eyes, rendered the *coup d'œil* equally ſtriking and agreeable; the profuſion of dancers, dreſſes, ſcenes, &c. made me ſtare, for a little place of not more than ten or twelve thouſand ſouls. No evening could paſs with a more animated feſtivity; all the world appeared in good humour: the vibrations of pleaſurable emotions ſeemed more reſponſive than common, for expreſſion is one great feature in Italian phyſiognomy. I have dwelt the more on this ſpectacle, becauſe I conſider it in a political light, as deſerving ſome attention. Lodi is a little inſignificant place, without trade, and without manufactures.——It is the part of a dominion that may be ſaid to have neither, and cut off from all connection with the ſea: yet there is not a town in France or England, of double the population, that ever exhibited a theatre ſo built, decorated, filled, and furniſhed as this of Lodi.——Not all the pride and luxury of commerce and manufactures—not all the iron and ſteel—the woollen or linen—the ſilk, glaſſes, pots, or porcelain of ſuch a town as Lodi, ever yet equalled this exhibition of butter and cheeſe. Water, clover, cows, cheeſe, money, and muſic! Theſe are the combinations——that ſtring Italian nerves to enjoyment, and give leſſons of government to northern politicians. The evening would have been delicious to me, if I had had my little girl with me; I could not help picturing her by my ſide, ſuppoſing the expreſſions of her pleaſure, and giving an imaginary preſence to her ſmiles, her enquiries, and her enjoyment. In truth it was better adapted to her age than to mine.——20 miles.

The 21ſt. I had brought a letter to a Signore Mayer, lieutenant of dragoons, who yeſterday, when I waited on him, introduced me to the Cavaliere Don Baſſiano Bona Noma, who promiſed to find a perſon this morning for conducting me to a celebrated dairy of his near Lodi; he was as good as his word, and by his means I was introduced into two dairies, one of 90 cows, and aſſiſted in making the cheeſe. In the afternoon to Codogno, through fifteen miles of dead flat, of ſingular aſpect; it is interſected by ditches, without hedges, but a row of pollard poplars and willows on each ſide. The head of theſe trees form a woodland, as the fields are very ſmall, and looking through the ſtems under the covert of their heads, is ſomething like the prints I have ſeen of the foreſts of Taſſo, but without the wildneſs or enchantment. The inhabitants here are neither witches, nymphs, nor knights, but cows and frogs: the muſic of the latter not quite ſo agreeable as laſt night's warblings of Seneſino. In truth this country is better for theſe two animals than for man. The whole is a water ſpunge; the ditches innumerable; now water, now mud; the climate hot; and ventilation excluded by a croud of aquatics. I figured ſickneſs and diſeaſe in every quarter: and the want of ſcattered habitations, renders the whole ſilent and ſolitary, in ſpite of a conſiderable population, that is concealed by the endleſs pollards. Willows, ditches, mud, and frogs! theſe are features in perfect contraſt to the ſcenes of laſt night! yet they are attended by a fertility that gives warbling to the throat, and quivering to the fantaſtic toe of beauty. At Codogno waited on Signore Bignami, a conſiderable cheeſe-merchant. I was in luck; a numerous company ſpent the evening with him, from whom he ſelected a party that were well acquainted with graſs and cows; and retiring into another apartment, they had the goodneſs, with him and his ſon, to dedicate ſome time to the ſatisfying of my enquiries; and I ſhould be very backward if I did not obſerve that the free and agreeable manner in which they did it, proves equally their liberality and politeneſs. Codogno is a neat little town of about eight thouſand people. And note (for the thing is extraordinary), an opera here too; another new built theatre, of this year. It is not ſo large, or ſo much decorated as that of Lodi, but the form is more pleaſing and more commodious; it is more circular. There are apartments contiguous for the firſt ſingers and dancers, communicating with a noble inn, the *albergo del teatro.* ——15 miles.

The 13th. This morning Signore Bignami had kindly appointed for examining one of the principal dairies in the country, noted for making good cheeſe; fortunately the farmer proved communicative and liberal,—conducted us to the ſcene of action very readily, and directed his dairy-man to anſwer my enquiries. We attended the making of cheeſe, and then walked over the farm: the farmers ſeem much at their eaſe.

Take leave of my very friendly conductors, and reach Crema, in the Venetian ſtate. Here alſo a new-built opera-houſe, and the Mara from London firſt ſinger; they did not appear to reliſh too much her altitudes of diviſions,—yet ſhe was conſiderably applauded. Great powers in ſinging, when exerted in difficult paſſages, ſurprize much more than they pleaſe. The airs that touch the heart, are what the poet calls *lengthened ſweetneſs long drawn out*, that breathe a continuity of melody, flowing, not broken notes. The number of theatres in this part of Italy is aſtoniſhing: two great ones at Milan; in twenty miles, another, at Lodi; in fifteen, one way, Codogno; in ten, another, Crema; in ten, another, Plaiſance, &c.—yet trade and manufacture are very inconſiderable.——16 miles.

The 14th. To Lodi, through ten miles more of the ſame country; bad road through the ſtate of Venice; but the moment you enter the Milaneſe, you find an excellent one. Return to Milan.——30 miles.

The 15th. The country continues flat, much of it watered, but without ſuch exertions as to Lodi; all a crouded ſcene of willows. Vaprio, where we ſtopped, is a poor place, with a dirty, miſerable, wretched inn: here I am in a chamber, that ſinks my ſpirits as I ſit and look around me; my pen, ink, and tablets, are uſeleſs before me; I want them for two or three ſubjects that have paſſed acroſs my mind in the journey, but I can do nothing; to arrange ten words with propriety, is an inſurmountable effort. I never in my life wrote three lines to pleaſe myſelf, when the circumſtances around were untoward or diſagreeable; a clean, neat apartment, a good fire, ſomething to eat better than paſte-ſoup, with tolerable wine, give a lightneſs to the boſom, and a facility to the ideas. I have not yet read any of the Abbate Amoretti's pieces; but if he writes badly in that elegant apartment, and with all the circumſtances of eaſe and luxury around him, I ſhall not have ſo good opinion of his head, as I think I ſhall always have of his heart. This chamber of Vaprio is contraſt ſufficient to his in the Palazzo Cuſma. I cannot write, ſo muſt neſtle in this nidus of fleas and bugs, which they call a bed.——20 miles.

The 16th. So much rain has fallen in the night, that the Adda has riſen too much to permit a carriage to reach the ferry; we waited, therefore, four hours till the water ſunk. This is a circumſtance to which a traveller is liable every day in Italy; for the rivers are ſo little under command, that a night's heavy rain will ſtop him. An impatient traveller, waiting on the banks of a river for the water's flowing, might, by equal genius, be ſet off as well in poetry, as a patient one is repreſented expecting till all was paſſed.—The environs of the Adda here are fine; on the ſide of the Vaprio, high land, that commands the wooded vale. Arrive, at laſt, at

Bergamo. I had a letter to Dr. Maironi da Ponte, ſecretary of the academy of Bergamo, to whom I went directly. I mounted a ſteep hill into the city, which is on the top of it, and ſearched hard for the doctor; after examining ſeveral ſtreets, a lady from a window, who ſeemed to pity my perplexity (for I had been conducted to three or four ſtreets in vain), informed me, that he was in the country,—but that if I returned in the morning, I ſhould have a chance of ſeeing him. What a black, dirty, ſtinking, diſmal place! I ſtared at ſome well dreſſed people I met, wondering what they had to do there; thanking my ſtars that I was not an inhabitant of Bergamo; fooliſhly enough, as if it were the brick and mortar of a place that give felicity, and not the connexions formed from infancy and matured by habit.——12 miles.

The 17th. Mount the hill again, in ſearch for Signore Maironi; and hearing he has a brother, to find him, ſhould I fail. I repaired to the ſtreet where the lady gave me information the night before; ſhe was luckily at her window, but the intelligence croſs to my wiſhes, for both the brothers were in the country; I need not go to the door, ſhe ſaid, for there were no ſervants in the houſe. The duſk of the evening in this dark town, had laſt night veiled the fair *incognita*, but looking a ſecond time now, I found her extremely pretty, with a pair of eyes that ſhone in uniſon with ſomething better than a ſtreet of

Bergamo. She aſked me kindly after my buſineſs, *Spero che non è un grande mancamento?* words of no import, but uttered with a ſweetneſs of voice that rendered the poореſt monoſyllable intereſting. I told her, that the boſom muſt be cold, from which her preſence did not baniſh all feeling of diſappointment. It was impoſſible not to ſay ſomething a little beyond common thanks. She bowed in return; and I thought I read in her expreſſive eyes, that I had not offended; I was encouraged to aſk the favour of Signore Miaroni's addreſs in the country—*Con gran piacere vi lo darò.*—I took a card from my pocket; but her window was rather too high to hand it. I looked at the door: *Forzi è aperta.*——*Credo che sì*, ſhe replied. If the reader is an electrician, and has flown a kite in a thunder-ſtorm, he will know, that when the atmoſphere around him becomes highly electric, and his danger increaſes, if he does not quickly remove, there is a cobweb ſenſation in the air, as if he was incloſed in an inviſible net of the filmieſt goſſimer. My atmoſphere, at this moment, had ſome reſemblance to it: I had taken two ſteps to the door, when a gentleman paſſing, opened it before me, and ſtood upon the threſhold. It was the lady's huſband; ſhe was in the paſſage behind, and I was in the ſtreet before him, ſhe ſaid, *Ecco un Signore Ingleſe che hà biſogno d'una dirizione a Sig. Mairioni.* The huſband anſwered politely, that he would give it, and, taking paper and pencil from his pocket, wrote and give it me. Nothing was ever done ſo conciſely: I looked at him aſkance, and thought him one of the uglieſt fellows I had ever ſeen. An ill natured bye-ſtander would have ſaid, that his preſence prevented a farming from becoming a ſentimental traveller. Certain it is, one now and then meets with terrible eyes in Italy; in the north of Europe they have attractive powers, here they have every ſort of power; the ſphere of the activity of an eye beam is enlarged, and he who travels as I do for the plough, muſt take care, as I ſhall in future, to keep out of the reach of it. From the ramparts of the town, below the houſe of the count de Brembate, there is a proſpect of fertile land, hardly to be equalled. In front, to the ſouth, a range of Appenines riſes above the fog, that hangs over a part of the plain. To the weſt, an immenſe curve of the Alps, that bound the Milaneſe and Piedmont; their heads uninterruptedly in ſnow, form one of the fineſt mountain-barriers to be imagined. To the eaſt, the view an unbroken, unlimited level. This vaſt plain, at one's feet, ſeems a level wood, with towns, churches, towers, and houſes. Near Bergamo, the angle of viſion permits the fields to be ſeen, and therefore more picturesque. Similar features muſt give ſimilar proſpects, this reſembles that of the Superga. It is as hot to-day, and every one of ſun-ſhine, as in England in June.

The 18th. Yeſterday I agreed with a *vetturino*, to take me this morning at ſix o'clock, to Breſcia; but not being perfectly well, I inſiſted that he ſhould not come for me without his *vettura*, nor before the time. The raſcal knocked me up at five, and then without the carriage; it was only four ſteps, he ſaid, and wanted to hurry away my trunk. I begin to know them, and therefore ſteadily refuſed to ſtir: after much vain perſuaſion, away they went, and in three quarters of an hour returned. The dog drove me a full mile and half, on the road to Breſcia, to an inn, where there was another *vetturino*, to whom he had ſold me; and there I found myſelf, packed with three other perſons, in the worſt place; to the contrary of all which, the ſcoundrel had ſigned an agreement. My expreſſions of anger only got me laughed at. The world has not ſuch a ſet of villains as theſe *vetturini*. I have read guides and directories, and travels, that ſpeak of this way of journeying as paſſable:—if not good, very bearable; but they muſt be very partial, or very careleſs, if they mention them without indignation. Their carriages are wretched, open, crazy, jolting, dirty dung-carts; and as to their horſes, I thought, till I ſaw them, that the Iriſh garrans had no rivals on the globe; but the *cavalli di vetturini* convinced me of the error. My company were two merchant-like people, and a young man going to the univerſity of Padua; the two firſt, repeating prayers, and counting beads. How the country came to be well irrigated, is a queſtion? Pater-noſters will neither dig canals, nor make cheeſe.—— 32 miles.

The 19th. I had letters for Signore Pilati, ſecretary to the ſociety of agriculture; he was in the country at his brother's farm, whither I went with pleaſure: he was to introduce me to count Corniano, the preſident, but he is abſent, twenty miles out of my road. In the evening, to the opera; the houſe large, but ugly: the *Avara*, badly acted; and the taſte of the audience (the *platea*, not the boxes, ſhew a nation) ſtill worſe. Puns, conceits, diſtortions, and exaggerated action, gained great applauſe. A child, telling his name, of ten or a dozen hard ſyllables, with exaggerated mimickry of attempting to repeat them, were encored more violently than the fineſt airs would have been. This depravity of national taſte is amazing, amongſt a people that have produced ſuch proofs of genius in almoſt every walk of life.

The 20th. After a repetition of the old plagues, to find a *vetturino* for Verona, agree at laſt at the extravagant price of 33 *liri*. Depart, after dinner, with a young woman and a boy of 8 or 9 years old. She had not two ideas beyond her ſnuff-box, and a crucifix. I have no opinion of Venetian police, from the villainous roads through all their territory; they conſiſt every where of great ſtones, broken pavements, or mud. The country is not near ſo rich as the Milaneſe, but all thickly incloſed with hedges, full of mulberries; and incumbered, to uſe Mr. Symonds's juſt expreſſion, with pollards for training vines. Reach Deſenzano in the dark. What my religious companion did with herſelf, I know not; I ſupped alone, thanking God ſhe had not the eyes of the Bergamaſque fair. In the night, I thought the noiſe of water was different from that of a ſtream, and opening the windows in the morning, found it the waves of a fine lake. The *Lago di Guarda* was out of my recollection.——15 miles.

The 21ſt. Coaſt the lake, with good views of it for ſeveral miles. From Breſcia to Verona, but eſpecially to Deſenzano, I believe there are fifty croſſes by the ſide of the road for deaths. When a perſon is murdered, they ſet up a croſs for the good of his ſoul. They had better inſtitute a police for that of his body. What a ſcandal to a government are ſuch proofs of their negligence! yet that of Venice is called a wiſe one.—Impaſſable roads, towns unlighted, and a full harveſt of aſſaſſinations; with men counting their beads, and women croſſing themſelves, are the chief ſigns of wiſdom I have yet ſeen. Arrive at Verona in time to deliver a letter to Signore Cagniola, aſtronomer and ſecretary of the agrarian ſociety: this muſt be a pretty inſtitution, a ſociety of farmers, with an aſtronomer for their ſecretary. He introduced me at the coffee-houſe of the Piazza to ſome lovers of agriculture; and made an appointment with the preſident of the ſociety for to-morrow.——25 miles.

The 22d. Ill luck: the preſident is obliged to go into the country; and he thinks me, I ſuppoſe, like Italian theoriſts, tied to a town. Signore Cagniola directed his ſervant to ſhew me to the houſe of Signore Michael Angelo Locatelli, to whom he had named the object of my journey laſt night. I found this gentleman, who is engaged in commerce, but who has two farms in his hands, ready to converſe with me on the ſubject of my enquiries; of Signore Cagniola, I ſaw or heard no more. I felt myſelf uncomfortable at Verona, till I had ſeen the amphitheatre, which is in truth a noble remain of antiquity, ſolid and magnificent enough yet to laſt perhaps ſome thouſands of years; that of Niſmes, cluttered up with houſes, muſt not be named with this. As I ſtood on the verge of this noble building, I could not but contemplate in idea, the innumerable crouds of people who had been ſpectators of the ſcenes exhibited in it: the reflexion was attended with what is to me a melancholy impreſſion—the utter oblivion in which ſuch hoſts are now loſt! time has ſwept their memories from the earth—has left them no traces in the records of mankind; yet here were wit and beauty, wealth and power; the vibrations of hope and fear; the agitations of exertion and enterprize——all buried in the ſilence of ſeventeen hundred years!—I read the works of ſo few poets, that I know not if the idea of ſuch oblivion has been to them as melancholy as it is to me; if ſo, they have doubtleſs given energy to the ſentiment, by the force and beauty of their expreſſions.

The 23d. This morning, I took a *cicerone* to attend me to view churches and palaces, an uncomfortable method, but when a traveller has one maſter purſuit, ſuch ſecondary objects muſt give way. The great fault here, as every where elſe, is being carried to too many things. Nothing ſtrikes more at Verona than the works of an architect, whoſe name is little known in England, St. Michael Michieli; they are of diſtinguiſhed merit, and muſt pleaſe every eye. The chapel of the Pellegrini family, in the Bernardine church, and the rotunda of *St. Georgio*, are beautiful edifices. There is ſomething ſingular in the Palazzo Bevilaqua, an idea which might have been copied with more ſucceſs, than many others that have been repeated often. The Palazzo di Conſiglia is ſimple and elegant, and preſents one of the moſt pleaſing examples of an arcade, for a ſtreet or ſquare. The theatre is large, but nothing after Milan. My expences at Breſcia, and at Verona are, dinner 3 *pauls*, ſupper 2, chamber 2; which, at 5d. Engliſh, are 2s. 11d. a-day; and as I have rooms not at all bad, good beds, and am as well ſerved at the meals as I require, it is remarkably cheap.

The 24th, The country to Vicenza is all flat, and moſtly of a ſingular face; rows of elm and maple pollards, with vines trained up, and from tree to tree; between the rows arable. This ſyſtem is not diſagreeable till it grows tedious to the eye.——32 miles.

The 25th. Wait on count Tiene, to whom I had a recommendation; he opened the letter, but found it was to another count Tiene, who lived in the country, near Vicenza; reading in it, however, ſome expreſſions of commendation, which friends are apt to uſe in ſuch letters, he, with great eaſe and politeneſs, as he returned me the paper, offered me any aſſiſtance in his power: "Yours, Sir, is an errand that ought to recommend you to all mankind; and if you find the leaſt difficulties with others, I beg you will return to this houſe," which is one of the Palazzi di Palladio. I waited then on the Abbaté Pierropan, profeſſor of phyſics and mathematics. He had the direction, for ſome years, of the œconomical garden, given by the ſtate for experiments in agriculture, now in the hands of the agrarian academy: he received me with great politeneſs; and not only expreſſed every wiſh to aſſiſt me, but entered immediately on the buſineſs, by propoſing a walk to call on the count de Boning, preſident of that academy, in our way to the garden. I have a poor opinion of all theſe eſtabliſhments on a ſmall ſcale; in any hands, they are not calculated to do much; and in hands not truly practical, they are calculated to do nothing. The count de Boning, finding that I wiſhed to converſe with ſome real common farmers, appointed the afternoon for going into the country, about three miles, to a farm of his, where I ſhould find an intelligent perſon: he then took his leave for the preſent,—and Signore Pierropan and myſelf proceeded to the villa of the count de Tiene; as he was abſent for an hour only, we employed that time in walking a little further, to view the celebrated rotunda of Palladio, belonging to count Capra, one of the three greateſt works of that great genius they poſſeſs at Vicenza. It is of a beautiful mean, between decoration and ſimplicity; the diſtribution ſeems a new and original thought, much more adapted, however, to Italy than to England; for, in the ſpace of one hundred Vicentine feet, we might, relative to our climate and manners, have a houſe far exceeding it. I am concerned to ſee ſo delicious a morſel ſuffered to go much to decay; the plaiſter on the brick columns is wearing off, and other neglect viſible. The beauty of the environs of Vicenza, exceeds any thing I have ſeen in Italy, viewed from the hill on which theſe houſes, and the church Santa Maria del Monte, are ſituated; the city in the rich plain, and the hills ſpread with white buildings, crowned by the Alps, are fine. The count de Tiene, with the aſſiſtance of another nobleman, of more experience, who happened to be preſent, gave me ſome information, relative to the part of the Vicentine in which their eſtates are ſituated. Quitting him, I begged the

Abbate Pierropan to favour me with his company at dinner, by which means I had the benefit of his converſation ſo much longer on the favourite topic. The Abbate de Traico, vice-preſident of the academy, joined us. After dinner, according to appointment, to the count de Boning, whoſe coach was ready, and carried us to the Farm. Fortunately the farmer, a ſenſible and intelligent man, was ready to anſwer all ſuch enquiries as I put to him. At night, returned to the city, after a rich day, that pays for the trouble of travelling.

The 26th. My friendly Abbate, continuing his obliging offices, had the goodneſs to accompany me this morning to a very famous woollen fabric, at preſent under the direction of an Engliſhman; and to a magazine of earthen-ware, in imitation of Mr. Wedgwood. It is ſurely a triumph of the arts in England, to ſee in Italy Etruſcan forms copied from Engliſh models. It is a better imitation than many I have ſeen in France. View the Olympic theatre of Palladio, which pleaſes all the world; nothing can be more beautiful than the form, or more elegant than the colonade that ſurrounds it. Of all his works here, I like the Palazzo Barbarana leaſt. I am ſorry to ſee, that moſt of Palladio's edifices are of bricks ſtuccoed, except the Palazzo Raggione, which is of durable ſtone; and that there is hardly one of them which is not out of repair. The roof of the Palazzo di Raggione, which muſt offend every eye, is not of Palladio; only the caſe of arcades that ſurround the building, which is one vaſt room of two hundred feet by eighty, uſed for the courts of juſtice, and alſo as a common *jakes* by the mob, and dreadfully garniſhed. A pretty uſe to which to apply an edifice of Palladio. The brick columns, of this great architect, are of the fineſt work I ever ſaw; and ſome of the ſtucco only now failing, after two hundred years. At Verona and Vicenza, there are very few new houſes, and no ſigns, that I could ſee, of the wealth and proſperity of the preſent age. There are exceptions, but they are few. A ſilk merchant here has built a good houſe; and Signore Cordelina, an advocate at Venice, a large and handſome one, that coſt 100,000 ducats, without being finiſhed: he made his fortune by pleading.

The 27th. To Padua. The country, which has been called a garden by travellers, not at all better cultivated than before, but deeper and richer. The ſame flat, lined into rows of pollards and vines in the ſame manner; very little irrigation, except ſome rice. Waited on Signore Arduino, experimenter in agriculture, on a farm, or rather a garden, of twelve acres, given by the ſtate. I had heard much of this œconomical garden, and of the great number of uſeful experiments made in it; ſo much, indeed, that it weighed conſiderably with me in the arrangement of my journey; Venice was no object; and I could not, if I took Padua, have time for the Pontine marſhes and Rome, which, by the direct road, I could have reached from Milan; but an experimental farm, the firſt I was aſſured in Europe, and which had thrown light on various important enquiries, was an object which I ought, as a farming traveller, to prefer to any city, and I determined accordingly. Signore Arduino received me politely, and appointed to-morrow for that gratification. At night to the opera, the *Due Baroni*, of Cimaroſa, whoſe muſic to me has always ſomething original and pleaſing; but though the parts were not ill performed, and the orcheſtra powerful, yet the houſe being almoſt empty,—and thoſe in it wearing ſuch a ſhabby appearance, and the muſicians all ſo dirty and undreſſed, that I felt here, what I have often done before, that half the charms of a theatre depend on the audience;—one muſt be in good humour ——a certain exhilaration muſt be ſpringing in the boſom; willingneſs to enjoy muſt be expanded into enjoyment, by the ſympathy of ſurrounding objects. Pleaſure is caught from eyes that ſparkle with the expectation of being pleaſed. Empty boxes, and a dirty pit, with a theatre but half lighted, made the muſic, with all its gaiety, *ſombre*; I left *Gulielmi's* *Paſtorella nobili*, for the ſilence of my chamber.———21 miles.

The 28th. In the morning, viewing buildings, of which few are worth the trouble: then to deliver letters, but I was not fortunate in finding

Meſſieurs the profeſſors at home: Signore Arduino was ſo by appointment, and ſhewed me the experimental farm, as it ought to be called, for he is profeſſor of practical agriculture in this celebrated univerſity. I will enter into no detail of what I ſaw here. I made my bow to the profeſſor; and only thought, that his experiments were hardly worth giving up the capital of the world. If I keep my reſolution, this ſhall be the laſt œconomical garden that I will ever go near. Among the buildings I viewed to-day, I was much ſtruck with the church Santa Juſtina; though built in no perfect ſtyle, it has, on entering, an effect unuſually impoſing. It is clean, and well kept; the pavement a very fine one, of marble, —and the magnitude being conſiderable, forms, on the whole, a ſplendid *coup d'œil.* That of St. Anthony is little, on compariſon, and made leſs by multiplied diviſions and numerous decorations. Numbers were on their knees before the ſainted ſhrine, to which millions have reſorted. Here mingled faith, folly, and enthuſiaſm, have ſought conſolation, and found more than they merited. The Palazzo di Conſiglia, which we ſhould call the town-hall, is one of the greateſt —if not *the* greateſt room in Europe. It is three hundred feet long, and one hundred broad; it does not want the excrementitious garniture of that of Vicenza.

The 29th, Waited, by appointment, on Signore Carbury, profeſſor of chymiſtry; a lively pleaſing man, with whom I wiſhed to converſe a little on the application of his ſcience to agriculture; but that was not eaſy. Politics came acroſs him, in which I happened to mention the extraordinary proſperity of England ſince the American war; and he took the clue, and conducted it through ſuch a labyrinth of admirals, generals, red hot balls, and floating batteries:—Rodney, Elliot, Necker, and Catherine, with the Lord knows what beſides, that I thought he meant to make a tour as great as Mr. Wraxal's. He however gave me a note to the celebrated aſtronomer, Signore Toaldo, to whom I wanted an introduction, and whoſe obſervatory I viewed. He aſſured me, that he continues firmly of the ſame opinion, of which he has always been, relative to the influence of the moon on our ſeaſons, and the importance of attending to the lunar period of eighteen years. I begged the titles of his memoirs, as I had yet procured only his *Meteorologia applicata all'Agricultura*; he ſaid, the others were difficult to find, but he would give me them. For this generous offer, I expreſſed my warmeſt thanks, and readily accepted it. On deſcending into his library, he preſented me with the ſupplement to what I had; and alſo his tract, *Della Vera Influenza*, &c. After ſome other converſation, he told me, the price was 8 *liri*, and the ſupplement, 30 *ſoldi*. I was at a loſs to know what he meant, by telling me the price of his book; for, to offer him money, would, I feared, affront him. After ſome minutes, he again reminded me; that the price was 9½ *liri*: on which I took out my purſe. The Vera Influenza, he ſaid, was only 6 *liri*, but being ſcarce, he muſt have eight for it, which, with 30*ſ.* for the other, made 9½ liv. I paid him, and took my leave. There was not the leaſt reaſon to expect Signore Toaldo to make me, an utter ſtranger, a preſent of a farthing; but his manner made me ſmile. I had left a letter yeſterday at the houſe of the Abbate Fortis, well known in England by his travels in Dalmatia; to-day I received a viſit from him. He has that livelineſs and vivacity which diſtinguiſh his nation; was polite in his offers of ſervice, and entered into converſation concerning the vines of his country. He travelled many years ago, with lord Briſtol and Mr. Symonds; and I was glad to find, that he ſpoke as handſomely of them both, as I have heard them both mention him. This is the third evening I have ſpent by myſelf at Padua, with five letters to it; I do not even hint any reproach in this; they are wiſe, and I do truly commend their good ſenſe: I condemn nobody but myſelf, who have, for fifteen or twenty years paſt, whenever a foreigner brings me a letter, which ſome hundreds have done—given him an Engliſh welcome, for as many days as he would favour me with his company, and ſought no other pleaſure but to make my houſe agreeable. Why I make this minute at Padua, I know not; for it has not been peculiar to that place, but to ſeven-eighths of all I have been at in Italy. I have miſtaken the matter through life abundantly,—and find that foreigners underſtand this point incomparably better than we do. I am, however, afraid that I ſhall not learn enough of them to adopt their cuſtoms, but continue thoſe of our own nation.

The 30th. I had been ſo ſick of *vetturini*, that I was glad to find there was a covered paſſage boat that goes regularly to Venice; I did not expect much from it, and therefore was not diſappointed to find a jumble of all ſorts of people; except thoſe of fortune. There were churchmen, two or three officers, and ſome others, better dreſſed than I ſhould have looked for, for in Italy people are obliged to be œconomical. At Dollo, the half way place, I formed, for dinner, a little party, of two Abbati, an officer, and a pretty Venetian girl, who was lively and ſenſible. We dined by ourſelves, with great good humour. After leaving Fuſina, there is from the banks of the canal (I walked much of the journey), at the diſtance of four miles, a beautiful view of the city. On entering the Adriatic, a party of us quitted the bark, and, to ſave time, hired a large boat, which conveyed us to this equally celebrated and ſingular place; it was nearly dark when we entered the grand canal. My attention was alive, all expectancy: there was light enough to ſhew the objects around me to be among the moſt intereſting I had ever ſeen, and they ſtruck me more than the firſt entrance of any other place I had been at. To Signore Petrillo's inn. My companions, before the gondola came to the ſteps, told me, that as ſoon as Petrillo found me to be a Signore Ingleſi, there would be three torches lighted to receive me:—it was juſt ſo: I was not too much flattered at theſe three torches, which ſtruck me at once as three pick-pockets. I was conducted to an apartment that looked on to the grand canal, ſo neat, and every thing in it ſo clean and good, that I almoſt thought myſelf in England. To the opera. A Venetian audience, a Paduan, Milaneſe, Turineſe, &c. exactly ſimilar for dancing. What with the ſtupid length of the ballets, the importance given to them, and the almoſt excluſive applauſe they demand, the Italian opera is become much more a ſchool of dancing than of muſic. I cannot forgive this, for of forty dances, and four hundred paſſages, there are not four worth a farthing. It is diſtorted motion, and exaggerated agility; if a dancer places his head in the poſition his heels ſhould be in, without touching the ground; if he can light on his toes, after twirling himſelf in the air; if he can extend his legs, ſo as to make the breadth of his figure greater than the length; or contract them to his body, ſo as to ſeem to have no legs at all; he is ſure to receive ſuch applauſe, ſo many bravos, and braviſſimos, as the moſt exquiſite airs that ever were compoſed would fail to attract. The *ballarini*, or female dancers, have the ſame fury of motion, the ſame energy of diſtortion, the ſame tempeſt of agility. Dances of ſuch exquiſite elegance, as to allure attention, by voluptuous eaſe, rather than ſtrike it by painful exertion, are more difficult, and demand greater talents: in this ſuperior walk, the Italians, where I have been, are deficient.——24 miles.

The 31ſt. My firſt buſineſs was to agree with a gondolier, who is to attend me for 6 *pauls* a day. This ſpecies of boat, as all the world knows, is one of the moſt agreeable things to be found at Venice; at a trifling expence, it equals the convenience of a coach and a pair of horſes in any other city. I rowed out to deliver letters. Venice is empty at preſent, almoſt every body being in the country, but I met with Signore Giovanne Arduino, ſuperintendant of agriculture throughout the Venetian dominions, who has a conſiderable reputation, for the attention he has given to this object, and for ſome publications on it. It may be ſuppoſed, from his reſidence in this city, that he is not himſelf a practical huſbandman. Spent a few hours among palaces, churches, and paintings. Every where in Italy, the number of theſe is too great to dwell on. I ſhall only note, that the picture which made the greateſt impreſſion on me, was the family of Darius at the feet of Alexander, by Paul Veroneſe. The expreſſion of the moment is admirably caught; the ſtory well told; the grouping ſkilful; the colouring mellow and brilliant; the whole nature; all is alive; the figures ſpeak; you hear the words on their lips; a calm dignity is admirably mixed with the emotions of the moment. Here was a ſubject worthy of employing a genius. It is in the Palazzo Piſani. Titian's preſentation in the temple, in the Scuola della Carità, pleaſed me greatly. His bewitching pencil has given ſuch life and luſtre to ſome figures in this piece, that the eye is not ſoon ſatisfied with viewing it. St. Mark's palace contains ſuch a profuſion of noble works by Tiziano, Tintoretto, Paola, Veroneſe, Baſſano, and Palma, as to form a ſchool for artiſts to ſtudy in. Cochin, in his *Voyage d'Italie*, has given the particulars, with criticiſms that have leſs offended the Italians, than most other works of a ſimilar kind. The brazen horſes, given to Nero by Tiridates, carried to Conſtantinople by Conſtantine, and brought from thence by the Venetians when they took that city, are admirable: pity they are not nearer to the eye. The mouths of the lions, not leſs celebrated than Venice itſelf, are ſtill in exiſtence; I hope regarded with deteſtation by every man that views them. There is but one accuſation that out to enter them; the voice of the PEOPLE againſt the government of the *ſtate*. In the evening at the theatre (a tragedy) I was agreeably diſappointed, to find that the Italians have ſomething beſides harlequin and punchinello.

NOVEMBER 1. The cheapneſs of Italy is remarkable, and puzzles me not a little to account for; yet it is a point of too much importance to be neglected. I have, at Petrillo's, a clean good room, that looks on the grand canal, and to the Rialto, which, by the way, is a fine arch, but an ugly bridge; an excellent bed, with neat furniture, very rare in Italian inns, for, the bedſtead is uſually four forms, like truſſels, ſet together; fine ſheets, which I have not met with before in this country; and my dinner and ſupper provided at the old price of 8 *pauls* a-day, or 3s. 4d. including the chamber. I am very well ſerved at dinner with many and good diſhes, and ſome of them *ſolids*; two bottles of wine, neither good nor bad, but certainly cheap; for though they ſee I drink ſcarcely half of it in my negus at ſupper, yet a bottle is brought every night. I have been aſſured, by two or three perſons, that the price at Venice, *a la mercantile*, is only 4 to 6 *pauls*; but I ſuppoſe they ſerve a foreigner better. To theſe 8 *pauls*, I add 6 more for a *gondola*;—breakfaſt 10 *ſoldi*; if I go to the opera, it adds 3 *pauls*;—thus, for about 7s. 3d. a-day, a man lives at Venice, keeps his ſervant, his coach, and goes every night to a public entertainment. To dine well at a London coffee-houſe, with a pint of bad port, and a very poor deſſert, coſts as much as the whole day here. There is no queſtion but a man may live better at Venice for 100l. a year, than at London for 500l.; and yet the difference of the price of the common neceſſaries of life, ſuch as bread, meat, &c. is trifling. Several cauſes contribute to this effect at Venice; its ſituation on the Adriatic, at the very extremity of civilized Europe, in the vicinity of many poor countries; the uſe of gondolas, inſtead of horſes, is an article perhaps of equal importance. But the manners of the inhabitants, the modes of living, and the very moderate incomes of the maſs of the people, have perhaps more weight than either of thoſe cauſes. Luxury here takes a turn much more towards enjoyment, than conſumption; the ſobriety of the people does much, the nature of their food more; paſtes, macaroni, and vegetables are much eaſier provided than beef and mutton. Cookery, as in France, enables them to ſpread a table for half the expence of an Engliſh one. If cheapneſs of living, *ſpectacles*, and pretty women, are a man's objects in fixing his reſidence, let him live at Venice: for myſelf, I think I would not be an inhabitant to be Doge, with the power of the Grand Turk. Brick and ſtone, and ſky and water, and not a field nor a buſh even for fancy to pluck a roſe from! My heart cannot expand in ſuch a place: an admirable monument of human induſtry, but not a theatre for the feelings of a farmer!—Give me the fields, and let others take the tide of human life, at Charing-croſs and Fleet-ditch *. Called again on Signore Arduino; converſe on the ſtate of agriculture in Italy, and the cauſes which have contributed to accelerate or retard it; and from him to a *conſervatorio* at the Oſpalleto. Dr. Burney, in his pleaſing and elegant tour, has given an account of them.

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* See Mr. Boſwell's agreeable life of Dr. Johnſon.

The 2d. A tour among *Chieſe*, *Scuole*, e *Pallazzi*; but there is ſuch an abundance of buildings and collections to which books ſend one, that much time is always loſt. The only traveller's guide that would be worth a farthing, would be a *little* book that gave a catalogue of the beſt articles to be ſeen in every town, in the order of merit. So that if a man in paſſing has but one hour, he uſes it in ſeeing the beſt object the place contains; if he has three days, he takes the beſt the three days will give him; and if he ſtays three months he may fill it with the like gradation; and what is of equal conſequence, he may ſtop when he pleaſes and ſee no more; confident as far as he has extended his view, that he has ſeen the objects that will pay him beſt for his attention. There is no ſuch book, and ſo much the worſe for travellers. In the library of St. Mark among the antiques, are Commodus, Auguſtus, and Adrian; and more particularly to be noted, a fallen gladiator: a ſingular and whimſical Leda, by Cocenius. In the Palazzo Barbarigo, the Venus and the Magdalen of Titian, are beautiful, though they have loſt much of their glowing warmth by time. Two Rembrandts in the Palazzo Farſetti. A Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto. Titian's portrait, by himſelf. I finiſhed by going up St. Mark's tower, which is high enough to command a diſtant view of all the iſlands on which Venice is built, and a great range of coaſt and mountains. The country ſeems every where a wood. Nothing rivals the view of the city and the iſles. It is the moſt beautiful, and by far the moſt ſingular that I have ſeen. The breadth of the Giudecca canal, ſpread with ſhips and boats, and walled by many noble buildings, with the iſles diſtinct from Venice, of which the eye takes in four-and-twenty, form, upon the whole, a *coup d'œil*, that exceeds probably every thing the world has to exhibit. The city, in general, has ſome beautiful features, but does not equal the idea I had formed of it, from the pictures of Canaletti. A poor old gothic houſe makes a fine figure on canvaſs. The irregularity of front is greater perhaps than in any other city of equal importance; no where preſerved for three houſes together. You have a palace of three magnificent ſtories, and near it a hovel of one. Hence, there is not that ſpecies of magnificence which reſults from uniformity; or from an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of conſiderable edifices. As to ſtreets, properly ſo called, there is nothing ſimilar to them in the world; twelve feet is a broad one; I meaſured the breadth of many that were only four and five. The greater part of the canals, which are here properly the ſtreets, are ſo narrow, as much to take off from the beauty of the buildings that are upon them. St. Mark's place has been called the fineſt ſquare in Europe, which is a fine exaggeration. It appears large, becauſe every other ſpace is ſmall. The buildings, however, that ſurround it are ſome of them fine; but they are more intereſting than beautiful. This ſpot is the immediate ſeat and heart of one of the moſt celebrated republics that has exiſted. St. Mark's church, the Doge's palace, the library; the Doge himſelf, the nobles, the famous caſinos, the coffee-houſes: thus, St. Mark's ſquare is the ſeat of government, of politics, and of intrigue. What Venice offers of power and pleaſure, may be ſought here; and you can uſe your legs commodiouſly no where elſe. Venice ſhines in churches, palaces, and one fine ſquare; and the beauty of the large canals is great. What ſhe wants are good common houſes, that mark the wealth and eaſe of the people; inſtead of which, the major part are gothic, that ſeem almoſt as old as the republic. Of modern houſes there are few—and of new ones fewer; a ſure proof that the ſtate is not flouriſhing. Take it, however, on the whole, and it is a moſt noble city; certainly the moſt ſingular to be met with in the world. The canal of the Giudecca, and the grand canal, are unrivalled in beauty and magnificence. Four great architects have contributed their talents for the fine buildings to be met with here;—Palladio, St. Micheli, Sanſovino, and Scamozzi. The church of St. Georgio Maggiore, by the firſt, is of a noble ſimplicity;

and that of St. Maria della Saluta, of St. Micheli, has parts of admirable beauty; he ſeems always happy in his domes; and the portal of this church is truly elegant. If a genius were to ariſe at preſent at Venice, as great as Palladio, how would he find employment? The taſte of building churches is over: the rich nobles have other ways of ſpending their incomes. Great edifices are uſually raiſed by newly acquired fortunes; there are now either none, or too inconſiderable to decorate the city. In England, all animated vigour of exertion is among individuals, who aim much more at comfort within, than magnificence without; and for want of public ſpirit and police, a new city has ariſen at London, built of baked mud and aſhes, rather than bricks; without ſymmetry, or beauty, or duration; but diſtinguiſhed by its cleanneſs, convenience, aad arrangement. At a *prova*, or rehearſal of a new opera, *Il Burbero beneſico*, by Martini of Vienna, much to my entertainment.

The 3d. To the arſenal, in which there is very little indeed worth the trouble of viewing; travellers have given dreadful exaggerations of it: the number of ſhips, frigates, and gallies is inconſiderable; and I came out of this famous arſenal, with a much meaner opinion of the Venetian naval force, than I had entered it. Yet *they ſay* there are 3000 men conſtantly employed; if there are half the number, what are they about? The armoury is well arranged, clean, and in good order. The famous *bucentaur*, is a heavy, ill built, ugly gilded monſter, with none of that light airy elegance which a decorated yacht has. A thing made for pleaſure only, ſhould have at leaſt an agreeable phyſiognomy. I know nothing of the ceremony, ſo good as Shenſtone's ſtanza, comparing the vanity of the Doge's ſplendour on that day, with the real enjoyment which a hermit on her ſhore has of his ducal *cara ſpoſa*. The ſhips in this arſenal, even of eighty-eight guns, are built under cover; and this is not ſo great an expence as might be thought; the buildings are only two thick brick walls, with a very light roof; but the expence is probably much more than ſaved in the duration of the ſhip. I mounted by the ſcaffolds, and entered one of eighty-eight guns, that has been twenty-five years building, and is not above four-fifths finiſhed at preſent. At the opera.—The ſex of Venice are undoubtedly of a diſtinguiſhed beauty; their complexions are delicate, and for want of rouge, the French think them pale; but it is not perſon, nor complexion, nor features, that are the characteriſtic; it is expreſſion, and phyſiognomy; you recognize great ſweetneſs of diſpoſition, without that inſipidity which is ſometimes met with it; charms that carry a magic with them, formed for ſenſibility more than admiration; to make hearts feel much more than tongues ſpeak. They muſt be generally beautiful here, or they would be hideous from their dreſs: the common one, at preſent, is a long cloth cloak, and a man's cocked hat. The round hat in England is rendered feminine by feathers and ribbons; but here, when the petticoats are concealed, you look again at a figure before you recognize the ſex. The head-dreſſes I ſaw at Milan, Lodi, &c. ſhew the taſte and fancy of this people. It is indeed their region; their productions in all the fine and elegant arts, have ſhewn a fertility, a facility of invention, that ſurpaſſes every other nation; and if a reaſon is to be ſought, for the want of energy of character with which the modern Italians have been reproached (perhaps unjuſtly), we may poſſibly find it in this exquiſite taſte—perhaps inconſiſtent in the ſame characters with thoſe rougher and more rugged feelings, that reſult from tenſion, not laxity, of fibre. An exquiſite ſenſibility has given them the empire of painting, ſculpture, architecture, poetry, and muſic; whether or not to this it has been owing that their beautiful country has been left under the dominion of Germans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, is a queſtion not difficult to decide.

The 4th. I am in double luck; two perſons, to whom I had letters, are returned from the country. I waited upon one of them, who received me in a very friendly manner, and entered into a converſation with me intereſting, becauſe on ſubjects of importance. I explained to him the object of my travels; and told him, that I reſided a few days in great cities, for the advantage of converſation on thoſe topics of political œconomy, which concerned the general welfare of all nations. He told me very frankly that he was no farmer, and therefore for the practical part of my enquiries could not ſay much: that as to the other objects, which were without doubt important, he would give me any information in his power. I ſaid, that I wiſhed for none on points which the nature of the government made improper to aſk about; and if inadvertently I ſhould demand any thing of that complexion, he would have the goodneſs to pardon and paſs it by. He interrupted me haſtily, "foreigners are ſtrangely apt to entertain falſe ideas of this republic; and to think that the ſame principles govern it at preſent as are ſuppoſed to have been its guidance ſome centuries paſt. In all probability half of what you have heard about it is erroneous; you may converſe as freely at Venice as at London; and the ſtate is wiſe enough (for in ſuch caſes they are really very moderate and tender) to concern themſelves not at all with what does not tend directly to injure or diſturb the eſtabliſhed order of things. You have heard much of ſpies, and executions, and drownings, &c. but believe me, there is not one circumſtance at Venice that is not changed, and greatly too, even in twenty years." Encouraged by this declaration, I ventured to put enquiries on population, revenues, taxes, liberty, &c. and on the government as influencing theſe; and it gave me no ſlight ſatisfaction to find that he was the man he had been repreſented;—able, keen, and intelligent; who had ſeen much of the world, and underſtood thoſe topics perfectly. He was ſo obliging as to aſk me to ſpend what time I could with him—ſaid, that for ſome days he ſhould be conſtantly at home; and whenever it ſuited me to come, he deſired me to do it without ceremony. I was not equally fortunate with the other perſon; who ſeemed ſo little diſpoſed to enter into converſation on any ſubject but trifles, that I preſently ſaw he was not a man for me to be much the wiſer for: in all political topics it was eaſy to ſuppoſe motives for ſilence; but relative to points of agriculture, or rather the produce of eſtates, &c. perhaps his ignorance was the real cauſe of his reſerve. In regard to *ciciſbeiſm*, he was ready enough to chat; he ſaid that foreigners were very illiberal in ſuppoſing that the cuſtom was a mere cloak for vice and licentiouſneſs; on the contrary, he contended, that at Paris, a city he knew well, there is juſt as much freedom of manners as at Venice. He ſaid as much for the cuſtom as it will bear; mollifying the features of the practice, but not removing them. We may however hope, that the ladies do not merit the ſcandal with which foreigners have loaded them; and that the beauty of ſome of them is joined with what Petrarch thought it ſo great an enemy to:

> Due gran nemiche inſieme erano aggiunte
> Bellezza ed oneſtà———

At night to a new tragedy of Fayel, a tranſlation from the French; well acted by Signore and Signora Belloni. It is a circumſtance of criticiſm, amazing to my ears, that the Italian language ſhould have been repreſented as wanting force and vigour, and proper only for effeminate ſubjects. It ſeems, on the contrary, as powerfully expreſſive of lofty and vigorous ſentiments, of the terrible and the ſublime, as it is admirable in breathing the ſofteſt notes of love and pity; it has even powers of harſh and rugged expreſſion. There is nothing more ſtriking in the manners of different nations, than in the idea of ſhame annexed to certain neceſſities of nature. In England a man makes water (if I may uſe ſuch an expreſſion) with a degree of privacy, and a woman never in ſight of our ſex. In France and Italy there is no ſuch feeling, ſo that Sterne's Madame Rambouillet was no exaggeration. In Otaheite, to eat in company is ſhameful and indecent; but there is no immodeſty in performing the rites of love before as many ſpectators as chance may aſſemble. There is between the front row of chairs in the pit and the orcheſtra, in the Venetian theatre, a ſpace of five or ſix feet without floor: a well dreſſed man, ſitting almoſt under a row of ladies in the ſide boxes, ſtepped into this place, and made water with as much indifference as if he had been in the ſtreet; and nobody regarded him with any degree of wonder but myſelf It is, however, a beaſtly trick:—ſhame may be ideal, but not cleanlineſs; for the want of it is a ſolid and undoubted evil. For a city of not more than 150,000 people, Venice is wonderfully provided with theatres; there are ſeven; and all of them are ſaid to be full in the carnival. The cheapneſs of admiſſion, except at the ſerious opera, undoubtedly does much to fill them.

The 5th. Another tour among palaces, and churches, and pictures; one ſees too many at once to have clear ideas. Called again on ——————, and had another converſation with him, better than a ſcore of fine pictures. He made an obſervation on the goodneſs of the diſpoſition of the common people at Venice, which deſerves, in candour, to be noted: that there are ſeveral circumſtances, which would have conſiderable effect in multiplying crimes, were the people diſpoſed to commit them: 1ſt, the city is abſolutely open, no walls, no gates, nor any way of preventing the eſcape of criminals by night, as well as by day:—2d, that the manner in which it is built, the narrowneſs and labyrinth-direction of the ſtreets, with canals every where, offer great opportunities of concealment, as well as eſcape: 3d, the government never reclaims of any foreign power a criminal that flies: 4th, there is no police whatever; and it is an error to ſuppoſe that the ſyſtem of *eſpionage* (much exaggerated) is ſo directed as to anſwer the purpoſe: 5th, for want of more commerce and manufactures, there are great numbers of idle loungers, who muſt find it difficult to live: 6th, and laſtly, the government very ſeldom hangs, and it is exceedingly rare otherwiſe to puniſh.——From this union of circumſtances it would be natural to ſuppoſe, that rogues of all kinds would abound; yet that the contrary is the fact; and he aſſured me, he does not believe there is a city in Europe, of equal population, where there are fewer crimes, or attempts againſt the life, property, or peace of others: that he walks the ſtreets at all hours in the night, and never with any ſort of arms. The concluſion in favour of his countrymen is very fair; at the ſame time I muſt remark, that theſe very circumſtances, which he produces to ſhew that crimes ought to abound, might perhaps, with as much truth, be quoted as reaſons for their not being found. From the want of puniſhment and police, may probably be drawn an important concluſion, that mankind are always beſt when not too much governed; that a great deal may ſafely be left to themſelves, to their own management, and to their own feelings; that law and regulation, neceſſary as they may be in ſome caſes, are apt to be carried much too far; that frequent puniſhments rather harden than deter offenders; and that a maze of laws, for the preſervation of the peace, with a ſwarm of magiſtrates to protect it, hath much ſtronger tendency to break, than to ſecure it. It is fair to connect this circumſtance of comparative freedom from crimes, with ſeven theatres for only

150,000 people; and the admiſſion ſo cheap, that the loweſt of the people frequent them; more, perhaps, in favour of theatrical repreſentations than all that Rouſſeau's brilliant genius could ſay againſt them. At night to another theatre; that of the tragi-comedy, where a young actreſs, apparently not twenty, ſupported the principal ſerious part with ſuch juſtneſs of action, without exaggeration; and ſpoke this charming language, with ſuch a clear articulation and expreſſion, as, for her age, was amazing.

The 6th. Another viſit to iſlands and manufactures, &c.

The 7th. My laſt day at Venice; I made, therefore, a gleaning of ſome ſights I had before neglected, and called once more on my friend —— ———, aſſuring him truly, that it would give me pleaſure to ſee him in England, or to be of any ſervice to him there. The *Corriere di Bologna*, a covered barge, the only conveyance, ſets off to-night at eleven o'clock. I have taken my place, paid my money, and delivered my baggage; and as the quay from which the barge departs is conveniently near the opera-houſe, and *Il Burbero di buon Cuore* acted for the firſt night, I took my leave of Signore Petrillo's excellent inn, which deſerves every commendation, and went to the opera. I found it equal to what the *prova* had indicated; it is an inimitable performance; not only abounding with very pleaſing airs, but the whole piece is agreeable: and does honour to the genius and taſte of Signore Martini, Swift, in one of his letters to Stella, after dining with lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, and going in the evenving to ſome ſcrub, ſays, he hates to be a prince and a ſcoundrel the ſame day. I had, to-night all this feeling with a vengeance. From the repreſentation of a pleaſing and elegant performance, the muſic of which was well adapted to ſtring one's feelings to a certain pitch, in clear unison with the pleaſure that ſparkled in ſo many eyes, and ſounded from ſo many hands—I ſtepped at once, in full contraſt, into the bark *Detto Corricre di Bologna;* a cabin about ten feet ſquare, round which ſat in ſilence, and the darkneſs viſible of a wretched lamp, a company, whoſe rolling eyes examined, without one word of reception, each paſſenger that entered. The wind howled, and the rain beat in at the hole left for entering. My feelings that thrilled during the evening, were diſſipated in a moment, and the gloom of my boſom was ſoon in uniſon with that of the ſcene.

Of this voyage from Venice to Bologna, all the powers of language would fail me to give the idea I would wiſh to impreſs. The time I paſſed in it I rank among the moſt diſagreeable days I ever experienced, and by a thouſand degrees the worſt ſince I left England; yet I had no choice: the roads are ſo infamouſly bad, or rather ſo impracticable, that there are no *vetturini*; even thoſe whoſe fortune admits poſting make this paſſage by water, and when I found that Monſ. de la Lande, ſecretary to the French ambaſſador at Turin, had made the ſame journey, in the ſame conveyance, and yet in his book ſays not a word againſt the accommodation, how was I to have divined, that it could prove ſo execrable? A little more thought, however, would have told me that it was too cheap to be good, the price, for the whole voyage of 125 miles, is only 30 *pauls* (17s. 6d). for which you are boarded. After a day's ſpitting of a dozen people, in ten feet ſquare (enough to make a dog ſick), mattreſſes are ſpread on the ground, and you reſt on them as you can, packed almoſt like herrings in a barrel; they are then rolled up and tumbled under a bulk, without the leaſt attention which ſide is given you the night after; add to this the odours of various ſorts, eaſy to imagine. At dinner, the cabin is the kitchen, and the *padrone* the cook, he takes ſnuff, wipes his noſe with his fingers, and the knife with his handkerchief, while he prepares the victuals, which he handles before you, till you are ſick of the idea of eating. But, on changing the bark to one whoſe cabin was too ſmall to admit any cookery, he brought his ſteakes and ſauſages, rolled up in paper, and that in his flag of abomination (as Smollet calls a continental handkerchief), which he ſpread on his knees as he ſat, opening the greaſy treaſure, for thoſe to eat out of his lap with their fingers, whoſe ſtomachs could bear ſuch a repaſt. Will an Engliſh reader believe that there were perſons preſent who ſubmitted, without a murmur, to ſuch a voyage, and who were beyond the common mercantile crews one meets with in a *vetturini?*—ſome well dreſſed, with an appearance and converſation that ſpoke nothing of the blackguard. I draw concluſions, operating ſtrongly againſt the private and domeſtic comforts of life, from ſuch public vehicles: this is the only one for thoſe who paſs to and from Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Naples, and of courſe muſt be exceedingly frequented; and there are no *voitures* by land to rival it. If theſe people were clean, decent, and comfortable at home, is it credible that they would ſubmit to ſuch a mode of travelling? The contraſt would ſhock them as it would Engliſhmen, who would move heaven and earth to eſtabliſh a better conveyance, at a higher price. The people who travel thus, form the great maſs of a nation, if we except the poor; it is of little conſequence how the Cornari and the Moroſini live; they live probably like great lords in other countries; but the public and national proſperity is intimately connected with the comforts and accommodations of the lower claſſes, which appear in Italy to be, on compariſon with England, miſerably inferior. Their excellencies, the *ariſtocrats* of Venice, do not travel thus; and as to *the people*, whether they go on their heads, in the mud, or to the devil, is all one to the ſpirit of their government. For myſelf, I walked much of the journey, and eſpecially on the banks of the Po, for the better view of that great river, now rendered immenſe by the late dreadful floods, which have deluged ſo much of the country. Along the banks, which are high dykes, raiſed many feet againſt its depredations, there are matted huts at every hundred or two hundred yards, with men ſtationed, called *guardia di Po*, ready to aſſemble with their tools, at a moment's warning, in caſe of a breach; they have fires all night. Soldiers alſo make the rounds, night and day, to ſee that the men are at their ſtations,—and to give aſſiſtance if wanted. There is a known and curious piece of roguery, againſt which much of this caution is bent; the miſchief of a breach is ſo great, that when the danger becomes very imminent, the farmers, in the night, croſs the river in boats, in order to bore holes in the banks, to enable the water the eaſier to make a breach, that by giving it a direction contrary to that of their own lands, they may render themſelves ſecure. For this reaſon, the guards permit no navigation, except by privileged barks, like the *corrieri*, firing at all others that are ſeen on the river. It is now an immenſe body of water, twice, and in ſome places perhaps even thrice as broad as the Thames at London. As to the face of the country, from the Lagunes to Ferrara, it is every where nearly the ſame as what I have ſo often deſcribed; whether graſs or arable, laid out into rows of pollards, with vines trained to them, at various diſtances, but always near enough to give the whole the appearance of a wood, when viewed from the leaſt diſtance. It does not ſeem to want people; towns and villages being numerous; and there are all the ſigns of a conſiderable navigation; every village being a port, with abundance of barges, barks, boats, &c. Coffee-houſes remarkably abound in the Venetian dominions; at all towns, and even villages, where we paſſed, they are to be found, fortunately for me, as they were my reſource, to make amends for the dirty fingers, and beaſtly handkerchief of our Signore Padrone. Before I entirely finiſh with Venice, I ſhall inſert a few circumſtances, with which I was favoured by an Italian, who reſided ſome time in that city, and had abilities that would not allow me to doubt of his capacity, in forming a true eſtimate of any political circumſtance, to which he directed his attention. His account of the principal nobility of the republic, is ſuch as would explain much more than I have ſeen or heard in their dominions. He ſays, "the education of the great is the diſgrace of Venice. Men of the firſt families are not only ignorant to a degree ſhameful in ſo enlightened an age, but they are educated in a bad *ton*; with ill manners, from ideas that are ſuffered to be inſtilled by dependents, which do not quit them through life; fixing, from early habit, the taſte for bad company; while a pernicious indulgence exempts them from all learning: that this is ſo general, and is ſo extenſive in its influence, that, had the interior organization of this government been leſs admirable, it would, from this very cauſe, have mouldered to nothing long ago: that the pride, of which they are accuſed, is owing equally to bad company and to ignorance; the firſt gives them vague and improper ideas of their own importance, and the ſecond inſpires them with reſerve, to conceal their want of that knowledge which others, and eſpecially foreigners, poſſeſs: that the ill effects of this bad education, will be ſeen more and more; the governments of Europe being at preſent infinitely more enlightened than in times paſt; and improved conſiderably even in the laſt twenty years. There is, of neceſſity, a ſtruggle among all nations, emulous to make the greateſt progreſs in uſeful knowledge, and to apply all knowledge to the moſt uſeful purpoſes; in ſuch a period, therefore (he added), any people who are ſtationary, and more particularly any government that is ſo, will be outſtripped in the great courſe by their competitors, and perhaps trampled on, like the monarchy of France, by thoſe in whom *light* hath taken the place of *ignorance*." Pity that the richeſt blood in European veins ſhould at preſent experience ſuch an education!

Here are about forty families, unqueſtionably the moſt ancient in Europe. All other countries, except Venice, have been conquered, or overrun, or ſo deſtroyed, that the oldeſt families may be dated comparatively from only modern periods; he who looks back to a well defined anceſtry, from the tenth and eleventh centuries, and who can thus trace his lineage ſeven or eight hundred years, is in every country reſpected for antiquity; of this ſtanding are the families of Bourbon, d'Eſté, Montmorency, Courtenaye, &c. which are commonly eſteemed the firſt in Europe; but they are not eſteemed ſo at Venice. Some of the Roman families, which, from the ravages of the Huns took ſhelter in the iſles of Venice, and which were THEN conſiderable enough to be entruſted with the government of their country, yet remain, and are unqueſtionably the moſt ancient in Europe. De la Lande, from Freſdrotti, confines the electors of the firſt Doge to twelve—*Badoer*, *Contarini*, *Moroſini*, *Tiepolo*, *Michiel*, *Sanudo*, *Gradenigo*, *Memo*, *Falier*, *Dandolo*, *Barozzi*, and *Polano*, which is of late extinct. In the next claſs he places *Zuſtiniani*, *Cornarro*, *Bragadin*, and *Bembo*; then come the families *il ſerrare del conſiglio*, *Querini*, *Dolſini*. *Soranzo Zorai*, *Marcello*, *Sagredo*, *Zane*, and *Salomon*. But ſince Monſ. de la Lande wrote, they have publiſhed at Venice a *Dizionario ſtorico di Tutte le Venete Patrizie Famiglie*, 1780; compiled from a MS. in St. Mark's library; this work does not accord with the preceding table; I have extracted from it the following liſt:

Badoer; ſuo origine con la republica—*Bellani*; antichi tribuni.—*Bragadin*: nei piu rimoti ſecoli

della republica.—*Celſi*; dagli antichi Mari di Roma, antichi tribuni.—*Cioran*; negli elettori del primo Doge.—*Contarini*; uno negli elettori del primo Doge.—*Cornaro*; dagli antichi Corneli di Roma, da'primiſſimi tempi tenuta in Venezia.—*Eme*; nacque colla medeſima republica.—*Foſcarini*; Vennero 867: antichi tribuni.—*Gradenigo*; delle prime venute in Venezia.—*Magno*; dalla prima fondazion di Venezia; tribuni.—*Marcello*; pare, che non ſi poſſa metter in dubio, che queſta famiglia diſcenda dagli antichi Marcelli di Roma; antichi tribuni.—*Michieli*; antichiſſima di Venezia; gli elettori del primo Doge.—*Mocenigo*; delle prime venute in Venezia.—*Molin*; ſtabilita in Venezia 877; antichi tribuni.—*Moroſini*; rifugiti per le incurzioni di Attila; fra gli elettori del primo Doge, e antichi tribuni.—*Da Moſto*; Vennero 454 rifugiati per Attila.—*Nani*; Vennero in Venezia ſin dalla prima ſua fondazione; antichi tribuni.—*Orio*; rifugiati per Attila; anchi tribuni.—*Piſani*; dagli antichi Piſoni di Roma; dell'antico conſiglio.—*Querini*; elettori del primo Doge.—*Sagredo*; Vennero nel 485.—*Salomon*, trà le elettrici del primo Doge.—*Sanudo*, dei primi fondatori della città.—*Semitecolo*, ſin dal 843; antico conſiglio.—*Soranzo*, ſenza dubbio delle prime rifugite in Venezia; antichi tribuni. *Tiepolo*, gli elettori del primo Doge: antichi tribuni.—*Treviſan*, Vennero per l'irruzione d'Attila. —*Valier*, rifugiti per le incurſione di Attila ſino dal 423; tribuni antichi.—*Venier*, Vennero per

Attila; antichi tribuni.—*Zane*, antichiſſima famiglia di Venezia; antico conſiglio.—*Zen*, dei 12 elettori del primo Doge. *Bembo*, *Coco*, *Dandolo*, *Falier*, *Foſcari*, *Gritti*, *Malipiero*, *Marini*. *Minio*, *Minotto*, *Mro*, *Muazzo*, *Nadal*, *Peſaro*, *Da Riva*, *Ruzini*, *Tron*, *Zuſto*, all theſe *antichi tribuni*.

From the details of theſe families it appears, that many have an origin as old as Attila the Hun, who invaded Italy in 452. If all theſe families are allowed to date from that period (and no reaſon appears againſt it,) their origin may be traced to more than 1300 years. The election, however, of the firſt Doge, in 697, by the twelve heads of the republic, is one of the moſt authentic and the moſt noted acts in the eſtabliſhment of any government. To this undiſputed origin, the preceding liſt aſſigns the families of Civran, Contarini, Michieli, Moroſini, Querini, Salomon, Tiepolo, and Zen, rejecting thus ſeveral families which have been commonly eſteemed the firſt in the republic, and which former writers have expreſsly ranked among the electors of the firſt Doge. The only families in which both liſts agree are Contarini, Michieli, Moroſini, and Tiepolo: whether the others were, or were not electors of the Doge, there is no queſtion about their great antiquity; and it is equally certain, that there are now actually at Venice from forty to fifty families which, in point of antiquity well aſcertained, exceed all that are to be found in the reſt of Europe.

And here I take leave of the Venetian lion; I am tired of it:—if the ſtate were to build a pig-ſtie, I believe they would decorate it with his figure. It is a beaſt of no merit;—for what is ferocity without humanity,—or courage without honour?—It wars only to deſtroy; and ſpreads its wings not to protect, but to cover, like the vulture of Mr. Sheridan, the prey that it devours. At Ferrara, the Padrone's buſineſs ſtopped him a whole day; but he pretended it was a want of oxen to draw the coaches, that carried us ten miles by land, from canal to canal. This was not amiſs, for it enabled me to ſee every thing in that town, which, however, does not contain much. The new part—new in compariſon with the reſt, was built by Hercules II. duke of Ferrara, who has laid out, and diſtributed the ſtreets, and a ſquare, in a manner that does honour to his memory. They are all of a fine breadth, well paved, with *trotoirs* of brick, every where defended by ſtone poſts. I have ſeen no city ſo regularly laid out, except Turin. The Palazzo of the Marcheſe di Villa, is an object to examine; and at that ſpot there is a very advantageous view of two noble ſtreets. The Palazzo di Bentivoglio is another conſiderable building, with a vaſt garden, full of bad ſtatues; and even ſome of footmen, with laced hats and ſhoulder-knots, in a ſtile fully as ridiculous as M. du Barrè's at Toulouze, In the cathedral, a fine Guercino; and a marriage of Cana, by Bonona, a Ferareſe painter, at the Chartreuſe. I paid homage to the tomb of Arioſto, a genius of the firſt luſtre; ſince all modern ages have produced but three diſtinguiſhed epic poets, what a glory to Italy to have given birth to two of them! the wonder is greater, however, that the third was not of the ſame country. From Ferrara to the canal, which leads to Bologna, the road is, without any idea of compariſon, the worſt in Europe, that pretends to be *great* and *paſſable*. It is the natural rich ſoil of a flat wet country, rendered deeper by the late heavy rains; ſeven horſes drew a coach about a mile and a half an hour. Making and mending are philoſophical experiments not tried here; and the country being incloſed, the hedges and ditches confine the carriages to poach through the mud of one direction, inſtead of many. I walked moſt of it in the adjoining fields, the better to examine them. Arrived at Bologna at twelve o'clock at night.——125 miles.

The 12th. Deliver letters. I found Signore Bignami at home. He is a conſiderable merchant, who has attended to agriculture, ſenſible and intelligent. An Engliſh merchant, at the *Three Moors*, informing me, that Mr. Taylor, who was at Carlſrhue for ſome time, was now ſettled at Bologna, I determined to wait on him, being the gentleman of whoſe huſbandry, at Bifrons in Kent, I gave an account in my Eaſtern Tour. I accordingly went, in the evening, to Mr.

Taylor's *converſazione.* He has handſome apartments in the Palazzo Zampiere, and lives here agreeably with his beautiful and amiable family; a finer progeny of daughters and ſons is hardly to be ſeen, or that forms a more pleaſing ſociety. As I did not know, till I got to Bologna, that Mr. Taylor had left the court of Carlſrhue, I was eager to hear why he had quitted a ſituation which was ſo congenial with his love of agriculture. This gentleman travelling in Germany, became known to the Margrave of Baden, where that enthuſiaſtic love of agriculture, which, for the good of mankind ſome minds feel, induced him to take a farm of that prince. Thus was a gentleman, from the beſt cultivated part of Kent, fixed on a farm of five hundred acres in Germany. He carried his point, improved the farm, ſtaid four years, and would have continued to the infinite advantage of the country, if the miniſters of the Margrave had had as much underſtanding, and as liberal a mind as their maſter. I am inclined to believe that no man can ſucceed on the continent of Europe (unleſs under a prince with a character of ſuch decided energy as the late king of Pruſſia) provided he be really *practical.* He has no chance if he be not well furniſhed with the rubbiſh which is found in academies and ſocieties: give him a jargon of learning, the ſcience of names and words, letting things and practice go elſewhere, and he will then make his way, and be looked up to. To the opera, where there is nothing worth hearing or ſeeing, except only a young ſinger, Signora Nava, whoſe voice is one of the cleareſt and ſweeteſt tones I ever heard; ſhe has great powers, and will have, for ſhe is very young, great expreſſion. It was the *Theodore re di Corſe*, of Paieſello.

The 13th. The *Pellegrino* and *St. Marco* being full, has fixed me in this brutal hole, *I Tre Maurretti*, which is the only execrable inn I have been in (in a city) ſince I entered Italy. It has every circumſtance that can render it deteſtable; dirt, negligence, filth, vermin, and impudence. You ſit, walk, eat, drink, and ſleep with equal inconvenience. A tour among the palaces and churches. The great collection of paintings in the Zampieri palace, contains a few pieces of ſuch exquiſite merit, that they rivet the ſpectator by admiration. The St. Peter, of Guido; the Hagar, of Guercino: and the Dance, of Albano. Monſ. Cochin ſays, the Guido is not only a *chef d'œuvre*, but the fineſt picture in Italy, *enfin c'eſt un chef d'œuvre & le tableau le plus parfait, par la re union de toutes les parties de la peinture qui ſoit en Italie.* It is certainly a moſt noble piece of two figures, but wants, of neceſſity, the poetry of a tale told by many. To pleaſe me, the Guercino, of which he ſays little more than its being *tres beau*, has an expreſſion delicious, that works on a fine ſubject to a great effect: it is more nature than painting. Hagar's countenance ſpeaks a language that touches the heart; and the pathetic ſimplicity of the child is in uniſon with all the mother's feelings. The mellow warmth and tender ſoftneſs of the colouring of the Albano, with the ſweetneſs of the expreſſion, are inimitable. In the church of St. Giovanne in Monte, there is the famous St. Cecilia of Raphael, of which Sir Robert Strange has given ſo fine a print, and in which he has done ample juſtice to the original. The St. Agnes of Domenichino, in the church of that name, and Job on his throne, by Guido, at the Mendicanti, are two others that muſt be viſited. Dine with Signore Bignami; he is a conſiderable merchant, and therefore I need not ſtare at this hoſpitality in Italy; with great ſatisfaction I find that no minute is loſt in his company, as he is obliging enough to pardon the number of my enquiries. In the evening to Mr. Taylor's; this gentleman's diſcourſe is intereſting to my purſuit, for he has always had a great predilection for agriculture, and has practiſed it with intelligence and ſucceſs. The Marcheſe di Mareſchotti, who is married to a very pretty Engliſh Lady, preſent alſo; a ſenſible man, who ſeemed pleaſed with the opportunity of explaining to me ſeveral circumſtances, relative to tythes and taxation, that I was enquiring into. He is a ſingular inſtance at Bologna, of going into company with his wife, and conſequently ſuperſeding the neceſſity or want of a ciciſbeo. He is regarded by his countrymen for this, pretty much as he would be if walked on his head, inſtead of his feet. How ſtrangely doth it appear to them, that an Italian nobleman ſhould prefer the company of a woman he married from affection, and think there is any pleaſure when he embraces his children, in believing them his own!—Here I met alſo the baron de Rovrure, a French nobleman, and Madame la Marquiſe de Bouille, both in their way to Naples; they ſeem agreeable people. Mr. Taylor, and his two charming daughters, have apparently a pleaſing ſociety here. Theſe ladies ſpeak French and German like natives, and before they leave Italy will do the ſame with Italian; they paint agreeably, and have conſiderable muſical talents; thus accompliſhments will not be wanted to ſecond the graces they owe to the beneficence of nature. I had ſome information from Miſs Taylor, to-night, relative to the expences of houſekeeping, which will give an idea of the cheapneſs of Italy; premiſing (of which more in another place) that the *paolo* is ſixpence, and that there are 10 *baiocchi* in it. As to beef, mutton, bread, &c. they are all over Europe too nearly on a par to demand much attention; where meat is very fine, it is *nominally* dear; and where it is bad, it is called cheap: but the difference deſerves little notice. Mr. Taylor contracts with a *traiteur* for his table, nine in the parlour and five in the kitchen, 20 *paoli* a-day for dinner; for ſupper he pays extra, and is ſupplied to his ſatisfaction—a proof, if any is wanted, of the cheapneſs of Bologna. It is remarkable, that there is not the difference between the prices of any of the articles, and the ſame thing in England, that there is between the contracting prices, and the *ratio* with us, a few per cent. in the former, but ſome hundred per cent. in the latter; a ſure proof that dearneſs and cheapneſs of living does not depend on prices per pound, but on the modes of living. Every tavern-keeper, *traiteur*, or other contractor of any ſort in England, will have a price that ſhall give him a fortune in a few years; and ſervants, inſtead of ſubmitting to the œconomy which their maſters may think it neceſſary to eſtabliſh, will not live an hour with them if they are not permitted to devour him.

The 14th. With Signore Bignami and his family, to his country ſeat, about five miles from Bologna, on the road to Piſtoya, ſpend an agreeable day, entirely dedicated to farming. The houſe is handſome, and finely ſituated: the entertainment truly hoſpitable, and the information, given in a cool conſiderate walk, through every field of the farm, ſuch as is little liable to error. A circumſtance at this country ſeat deſerves noting, as it marks the abundance of thieves; the chambers had the windows all ſhut ſo cloſe, and faſtened with ſo much attention, that I enquired the reaſon; and was anſwered, that if the greateſt care be not taken, thieves will break in, and plunder a houſe of every thing portable. The ſhutters, to both windows and doors, inlaid with bars of iron, to prevent their being ſawn through. The concluſion we muſt draw from ſuch a circumſtance is certainly little favourable, at firſt ſight, to the lower claſſes,—but that is always unjuſt, for they are ever what the police, law, and government of a country make them. In the evening, again at Mr. Taylor's; a houſe, in which no one will have the *entré*, and want the inclination. The Marcheſe Mareſchotti there, who had the goodneſs to continue his attentions to my enquiries, and to give me ſome valuable information: I had alſo the pleaſure of converſing, on the ſame ſubjects, with the Conte di Aldrovandi. There is a room, at the *Tre Maurretti*, which, communicating with ſeveral apartments, the gueſts have it in common: among them was a young *Ballarini* waiting here for an Engliſhman, to attend her to Venice; ſhe was pretty and communicative; had ſome expenſive trinkets given her, to the amount of a conſiderable ſum, by her lover, who proved (for ſecrecy was not among her qualities) to be a rider, as we ſhould call him, to a manufacturing houſe in England. An Italian merchant preſent remarked, that the profit of the Engliſh, on their manufactures, muſt be enormous, or they could not ſupport *commiſſarii* at ſuch an expence, ſome of whom travel in Italy *poſt*, from town to town, and when arrived, amuſe themſelves, it is plain, with ſuch *comforts* as the good humour of the country throws in their way.

The 15th. The rencontre at Mr. Taylor's of the French gentleman, the baron de Rovrure, and Madame de Bouille, has been productive of an engagement to travel together to Florence, with Signore Grimaldi, and Mr. Stewart, a Scotch gentleman *, juſt arrived from Geneva, and going alſo to Florence. We ſet off in three *vetturi* this morning. The country from Bologna to Florence is all mountainous; moſt of it poor, and barren, with ſhabby, ragged, ill preſerved wood, ſpotted with a weak and ſtraggling cultivation. Houſes are ſcattered over moſt of it, but very thinly. We dined at Loiano, much in the ſtyle of hogs; they ſpread for us, a cloth that had loſt, by the ſnuff and greaſy fingers of *vetturini*, all that once was white; our repaſt was black rice broth, that would not have diſgraced the philoſophy of Lycurgus, liver fried in rancid oil, and cold cabbage, the remnant of the preceding day. We pleaded hard for ſauſage, eggs, or good bread and onions, but in vain. We laid, not ſlept, in our cloaths at Covigliano, hoping, not without fears, to eſcape the itch. Such accommodations, on ſuch a road, are really incredible. It is certainly one of the moſt frequented that is to be found in Europe. Whether you go to Florence, Rome, and Naples, by Parma, Milan, or Venice; that is, from all Lombardy, as well as from France, Spain, England, Germany

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* Travelling with a young gentleman, a Mr. Kinloch.

many, and all the north, you paſs by this route, conſequently one would expect, at every poſt, a tolerably good inn, to catch the perſons whom accident, buſineſs, or any other derangement of plan might induce to ſtop between Bologna and Florence. The only place poſſible to ſleep at, with comfort, is Maſchere, about 40 miles from Bologna, but, for travellers who go any other way than poſt, 40 miles are no diviſion of 64. If the road were in England, with a tenth of the traffic, there would be an excellent inn at every four or five miles, to receive travellers properly, at whatever diſtance their accidental departure made moſt convenient: but England and Italy have a gulph between them in the *comforts* of life, much wider than the channel that parts Dover and Calais.——27 miles.

The 16th. On entering Tuſcany, our baggage was examined, and plumbed for Florence; the firſt moment I ſet foot in this country, therefore, I find one groſs error of the *œconomiſtes*, who have repeated, from one another, in at leaſt twenty performances, that the Grand Duke had adopted their plan, and united all taxes in one, upon the net produce of land. Having croſſed the higheſt ridge of the Appenines, for ſeveral miles in the clouds, and therefore ſeeing no proſpect, deſcended at Maſchere, for a while, into a better region; from the inn, the view is rich and fine. We noted here a wonderful improvement in the figure and beauty of the ſex; the country women are handſome, and their dreſs is very becoming; with jackets, the ſleeves puckered and tied in puffs, with coloured ribbons; broad hats, ſomething like thoſe worn by ladies in England with riding habits; their complexions are good, and their eyes ſine, large, and expreſſive. We reached Florence, with juſt light enough to admire the number of white houſes ſpread thickly every where over the mountains that ſurround the city. But before we enter, I muſt ſay a word or two of my French fellow travellers: Monſ. le Baron is an agreeable polite man, not deficient in the power to make obſervations that become a perſon of ſenſe: the life of Madame de Bouille would, if well written, form an entertaining romance; ſhe went, early in the laſt war, to St. Domingo with her huſband, who had a conſiderable property there; and on her return ſhe was taken in a French frigate, by an Engliſh one, after a very ſmart engagement of three hours, and carried into Kinſale, whence ſhe went to Dublin, and to London: this is an outline which ſhe has filled up very agreeably with many incidents, which have kept her in perpetual motion; the preſent troubles in France have, I ſuppoſe, added her and the Baron to the infinite number of other French travellers, who ſwarm, to an incredible degree, every where in Italy. She is lively, has much converſation, has ſeen a good deal of the world, and makes an agreeable *compagnon de voyage*. —37 miles.

The 17th. Laſt night, on arriving here, we found the *Aquila Nera* and *Vanini's* ſo full, that we could not get chambers; and the great Mr. Meggot looked into our cabriolets to examine us, before he would give an anſwer, pretending, that his were beſpoken; and then aſſured us, as we had no air that promiſed good plucking, that his were engaged. At the *Scudi di Francia*, where there are many excellent and well furniſhed apartments, we found all we wanted, but dearer than common, 10 *paoli* a head a day; our merchant leaves us to-morrow morning, for Leghorn, and the reſt of the company divide, to find lodgings. Waited on Monſ. de Streineſberg, the Grand Duke's private ſecretary, for whom I had letters: I am out of luck, for he is immerſed in buſineſs and engagements, as the court goes to Piſa to-morrow morning, for the winter. This, I ſuppoſe, is of no conſequence to me, for what court is there in the world that would give or receive information from a farmer? The objects for which I travel, are of another complexion from thoſe which ſmooth our paths in a court. And yet the Grand Duke has the reputation of being, in reſpect to the objects of his attention, the wiſeſt prince in Europe. So much for the ſovereign of this country,—let me but find ſome good farmers in it, and I ſhall not be diſcontented.

The 18th. Fixed this morning in lodgings (*del Sarte Ingleſi via dei Foſſi*), with the Marchioneſs,

chioneſs, the Baron, and Mr. Stewart. My friend, Dr. Symonds, had given me a letter to his excellency Philippo Neri, who I found was dead; but hearing that his brother, Signore Neri, was not only living, but preſident of the *Georgofili* ſociety, I waited on him, and gave him the letter that was deſigned for his late brother; he received me politely, and recollecting the name of Young, being quoted by the Marquis de Caſſaux, in his *Mechaniſm des Societes*, and being informed that I was the perſon, remarked, that this ingenious writer had made ſome uſe of my calculations, to found his theory of the national debt of England; a very curious ſubject, on which he ſhould like much to converſe with me; and aſked, if I looked upon that debt as ſo harmleſs? I told him, that I thought Monſ. de Caſſaux's book full of original and ingenious remarks, and many important ones, particularly his condemnation of the colonizing ſyſtem; but that as to the national debt of England, it originated in the knavery of thoſe who borrowed, and in the folly of thoſe who lent; perpetuating taxes that took money from induſtrious people, in order to give it to idle ones. That the liberty of England enabled it to flouriſh beyond that of any other ſociety in the world, not becauſe it had a national debt, but in ſpite of ſo great an evil.—*Well, Sir,* he replied, *I have juſt the idea of it that you have, and I could not conceive how a country could pay eight or nine millions of guineas a year, in intereſt, without being the weaker and poorer.*

poorer. He then enquired into my plan, commended highly the object of my journey, which, he was pleaſed to ſay, had ſo little reſemblance to that of the great maſs of my countrymen, that he hoped I met with no impediments, in gaining the information I wiſhed; and added, that he was very ſorry he was going to Piſa, or he ſhould have been happy in procuring me all in his power, though he was no practical farmer. Signore Neri appears to be well informed, ſenſible, and judicious; has a large collection of books, on uſeful ſubjects, particularly the various branches of political œconomy, which he ſhews, by his converſation, to have conſulted with effect. After all I had read and heard of the Venus of Medicis, and the numberleſs caſts I had ſeen of it, which have made me often wonder at deſcriptions of the original, I was eager to hurry to the *tribuna,* for a view of the dangerous goddeſs. It is not eaſy to ſpeak of ſuch divine beauty, with any ſobriety of language; nor without hyperbole to expreſs one's admiration, when felt with any degree of enthuſiaſm; and who but muſt feel admiration at the talents of the artiſt, that thus almoſt animated marble? If we ſuppoſe an original, beautiful as this ſtatue, and doubly animated, not with life only, but with a paſſion for ſome favoured lover, the marble of Cleomenes is not more inferior to ſuch life, in the eyes of ſuch a lover, than all the caſts I have ſeen of this celebrated ſtatue are to the inimitable original. You may view it till the unſteady eye doubts the truth of its own ſenſation: the cold marble ſeems to acquire the warmth of nature, and promiſes to yield to the impreſſion of one's hand. Nothing in painting ſo miraculous as this. A ſure proof of the rare merit of this wonderful production is, its exceeding, in truth of repreſentation, every idea which is previouſly formed; the reality of the chiſſel goes beyond the expectancy of imagination; the viſions of the fancy may play in fields of creation, may people them with nymphs of more than human beauty; but to imagine life thus to be faſhioned from ſtone; that the imitation ſhall exceed, in perfection, all that *common* nature has to offer, is beyond the compaſs of what ordinary minds have a power of conceiving. In the ſame apartment there are other ſtatues, but, in the preſence of Venus, who is it that can regard them? They are, however, ſome of the fineſt in the world, and muſt be reſerved for another day. Among the pictures, which indeed form a noble collection, my eyes were rivetted on the portrait of Julius II. by Raphael, which, if I poſſeſſed, I would not give for the St. John, the favourite idea he repeated ſo often. The colours have, in this piece, given more life to canvaſs than northern eyes have been accuſtomed to acknowledge. But the Titian!—enough of Venus;—at the ſame moment to animate marble, and breathe on canvaſs, is too much.—By huſbanding the luxury of the ſight, let us keep the eye from being ſatiated with ſuch a parade of charms; retire to repoſe on the inſipidity of common objects, and return another day, to gaze with freſh admiration. In the afternoon, by appointment, to Signore Prepoſito Laſtri, author of the *Corſo d'Agricoltura*, and other much eſteemed works, to whom I had letters. He was to have carried me to Signore Zucchino, director of the œconomical garden, for whom alſo I had recommendations; I hoped to eſcape ſeeing this garden,—and the rain ſeconded my wiſhes, for it would not allow us to ſtir; and that gentleman coming to Signore Laſtri's, I had the pleaſure of a converſation on our favourite topic. Signore Zucchino ſeems an animated character, ſpeaks of agriculture in a ſtyle that gives me a good opinion of his purſuits; made me very friendly offers, of whatever aſſiſtance was in his power, during my ſtay at Florence, and appointed another day for viewing the œconomical garden. At night to the opera, the *Trami del Luſſo*, of Cimaroſa; the muſic as good as the ſinging bad, and the dancing execrable. An Engliſh gentleman, of the name of Harrington (the younger), whom I had met at Mr. Taylor's, at Bologna, entering into converſation, mentioned, among other topics, that the Margrave of Anſpach, who is here with Lady Craven, wiſhed to know me perſonally, in order to ſpeak to me on the ſubject of Spaniſh ſheep, his highneſs having imported them to Anſpach. I replied, that, on a farming topic, I ſhould be happy in the converſation of any prince, who loved the ſubject enough to import a better breed. The father ſoon after joining us, and probably having been told, by his ſon, what had paſſed, obſerved to me, that the Margrave was very found of agriculture, and had made great improvements; adding, "that if I wanted to be introduced to him, he would introduce me." This was another buſineſs—my expreſſing a deſire to be preſented to a ſovereign prince, not at his own court, appeared to be an awkward intruſion; for no idea could be more diſguſtful to me, than that of puſhing myſelf into ſuch company. I replied, therefore, that if it were the deſire of the Margrave, to have any converſation with me, and he would inform me of it, in any way he thought proper, I would certainly pay my reſpects to him, with great readineſs. The Margrave was at the opera; Mr. Harrington quitted me, as if to go to him. I ſuppoſe the converſation was miſunderſtood, for Lady Craven does not ſeem, by her book, to be much of a farmer.

The 19th. Call on Signore Tartini, ſecretary to the royal academy *Georgofili*, and on Lord Hervey, our miniſter here; both abſent. Another turn in the gallery brought a repetition of that pleaſure which is there to be reaped, in the exuberance of a plentiful harveſt. The woman, lying on a bed, by Titian, is probably the fineſt picture, of one figure, that is to be ſeen in the world. A ſatyre and nymph, by Hannibal Carracci; a Correggio; a Carlo Dolci.—Among the ſtatues—the Apollo, the Wreſtlers, the Whetter, as it is called, the Venus riſing from the bath, the Ganimede.—What an amazing collection! I have been many years amuſing myſelf with looking at the ſtatues in England! very harmleſsly:—my pleaſure of that kind is at an end. In ſpite of every effort to the contrary, one cannot (unleſs an artiſt, who views not for pleaſure but as a critic) help forming eternal compariſons, and viewing very coldly pieces that may perhaps have merit, but are inferior to others which have made a deep impreſſion. But the paintings and ſtatues in this gallery are in ſuch profuſion, that, to view them with an attention adequate to their merit, one ought to walk here two hours a day for ſix months. In the afternoon, waited on Signore Fabbroni, author of ſome works on agriculture, that have rendered him very well known, particularly a little treatiſe in French, entitled, *Reflections ſur l'etat actuel l'Agriculture*, printed at Paris in 1780, which is one of the beſt applications of the modern diſcoveries in natural philoſophy to agriculture, that has been attempted; it is a work of conſiderable merit. I had two hours very agreeable and inſtructive converſation with him: he is lively, has great fire and vivacity, and that valuable talent of thinking for himſelf, one of the beſt qualities a man can poſſeſs; without which, we are little better than horſes in a team, trammelled to follow one another. He is very well inſtructed alſo in the politics of Tuſcany, connected with agriculture.

The 20th. Early in the morning, by appointment, to Signore Tartini, to whoſe attentions I am obliged, not only for converſation on my favourite ſubject, but for ſome books of his writing, which he preſented me with; among others, the *Giornale d'Agricultura di Firenze*, which was dropped for want of encouragement. He accompanied me to Signore Laſtri's, and then we went together to the œconomical garden of Signore Zucchino, for which the Grand Duke allows three hundred crowns a-year, beſides ſuch labour as is wanted; and the profeſſor reads lectures in ſummer. The eſtabliſhment of ſuch a garden does honour to a ſovereign; becauſe it marks an attention to objects of importance. But it is greatly to be regretted they do not go one ſtep further, and, inſtead of a garden, have a farm of not leſs than three hundred Engliſh acres: moſt of them are poſſeſſors of farms; a well ſituated one might eaſily be choſen, and the whole conducted at an expence that would be amply repaid by the practical benefits flowing from it. Signore Zucchino's garden is much cleaner, and in neater order than any other I have ſeen in Italy: but it is not eaſy to form experiments in a few acres, that are applicable to the improvement of a national agriculture. He is an active, animated character, attached to the purſuit (no ſmall merit in Italy), and would make a very good uſe of his time, if the Grand Duke would do with him as the king of Naples has done by his friend Signore Balſamo—ſend him to practiſe in England. I told him ſo, and he liked the idea very much. We had ſome converſation concerning Signore Balſamo, agreeing that he had conſiderable talents, and great vivacity of character. I regretted that he was to ſtay only a year in England; but admitted, that there were few men who could make ſo good a uſe of ſo ſhort a period. Signore Zucchino ſhewed me the MS. account of my farm, which Signore Balſamo had ſent him *. A profeſſor of agriculture, in Sicily, being ſent by his ſovereign, and wiſely ſent, to England for inſtruction in agriculture, appears to me to be an epoch in the hiſtory of the human mind. From that iſland, the moſt celebrated of all antiquity for fruitfulneſs and cultivation, on whoſe exuberance its neighbours depended for their bread—and whoſe practice the greateſt nations conſidered as the moſt worthy of imitation: at a period too when we were in the woods, contemned for barbarity, and hardly conſidered as worth the trouble of conquering. What has effected ſo enormous a change? Two words explain it, we are become free, and Sicily enſlaved. We were joined at the garden, by my good friend from Milan, the Abbate Amoretti, a new circumſtance of

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* I fixed him in my neighbourhood in Suffolk.

of good fortune for me. To-day, in my walk in the gallery, I had ſome converſation with Signore Adamo Fabbroni, brother of the gentleman I mentioned before, and author alſo of ſome diſſertations on agriculture; particularly *Sop*[illegible] *queſito, indicare le vere teorie delle ſtime dei* [illegible], from which I inſerted an extract in the Annals of Agriculture,—alſo a Journal of Agriculture, publiſhed at Perugia, where he reſided ſeven years; but as it did not ſucceed for more than three, he dropped it. It is remarkable how many writers on this ſubject there are at preſent at Florence: the two Fabbroni's, Laſtri, Zucchino, Targioni, Paoletti, whom I am to viſit in the country, attended by Signore Amoretti; they ſay he is the moſt practical of all, having reſided conſtantly on his farm. I ſpent an hour very agreeably, contemplating one ſtatue to-day, namely, Bandinelli's copy of the Laocoon, which is a production that does honour to modern ages; I did not want this copy to remind me of another moſt celebrated one, and of the many very agreeable and inſtructive hours I have ſpent with its noble owner the Earl of Orford.

The 21ſt. Signore Tartini had engaged the Abbate Amoretti, and myſelf, to go this day to his country-ſeat, but it rained inceſſantly. The climate of Italy is ſuch as will not make many men in love with it; on my conſcience, I think that of England infinitely preferable.—If there were not great powers of evaporation, it would be uninhabitable. It has rained, more or leſs, for five weeks paſt; and more, I ſhould conceive, has fallen, than in England in a year. In the evening to the *converſazione* of Signore Fabbroni, where I met Signore Pella, director of the gallery; Signore Gaietano Rinaldi, director of the poſts; another gentleman, adminiſtrator of the grand duke's domains, I forget his name; the Abbate Amoretti, &c.—It gave me pleaſure to find, that the company did not aſſemble in order to converſe on the trivial nonſenſe of common topics, like ſo many *coteries* in all countries. They very readily joined in the diſcuſſions I had with Signore Fabbroni; and Signora Fabbroni herſelf, who has an excellent underſtanding, did the ſame. By the way, this lady is young, handſome, and well made: if Titian were alive, he might form from her a Venus not inferior to thoſe he has immortalized on his convaſs; for it is evident, that his originals were real, and not ideal beauty. Signora Fabbroni is here, but where is Titian to be found?

The 22d. In the forenoon to the *converſazione* of the ſenator Marcheſe Ginori, where were aſſembled ſome of the *literati*, &c. of Florence; the Cavaliere Fontana, ſo well known in England for his eudiometrical experiments, Zucchino, Laſtri, Amoretti, the Marcheſe Pacci, who has a reputation here for his knowledge of rural affairs, Signore Pella, &c. The *converſazioni* are commonly in an evening, but the Marcheſe Ginori's is regularly once a week in a morning; this nobleman received me very politely: indeed he is famous for his attention to every object that is really of importance; converſes rationally on agriculture, and has himſelf, many years ago, eſtabliſhed, in the neighbourhood of Florence, one of the moſt conſiderable manufacturies of porcelain that is to be found in Italy. Dine with his Majeſty's envoy extraordinary, Lord Hervey, with a great party of Engliſh; among whom were Lord and Lady Elcho, and Mr. and Miſs Charteries, Lord Hume, Mr. and Mrs. Beckford, Mr. Digby, Mr. Tempeſt, Dr. Cleghorn, profeſſor of hiſtory at St. Andrews, who travels with Lord Hume, with ten or a dozen others. I had the honour of being known to Lord and Lady Hervey in Suffolk, ſo they were not new faces to me; of the others, I had never ſeen any thing: the company was too numerous a converſation, from which much was to be gained. I ſat by the fellow of an Engliſh college; and my heels had more converſation with his ſword than I had with its owner: when a man begins every ſentence with a cardinal, a prince, or a celebrated beauty, I generally find myſelf in too good company; but Miſs Charteris, who ſeems a natural character, and was at her eaſe, conſoled me on the other ſide. At this dinner (which by the way was a ſplendid one), I was, according to a cuſtom that rarely fails, the worſt dreſſed man in the company; but I was clean, and as quietly in repoſe on that head, as if I had been either fine or elegant. The time was, when this ſingle circumſtance would have made me out of countenance, and uneaſy. Thank my ſtars, I have buried that folly. I have but a poor opinion of Quin, for declaring that he could not afford to go plain: he was rich enough, in wit, to have worn his breeches on his head, if he had pleaſed; but a man like myſelf, without the talent of converſation, before he has well arranged his feelings, finds relief in a good coat or a diamond ring. Lord Hervey, in the moſt friendly manner, deſired I would make his table my own, while I was at Florence,—that I ſhould always find a cover, at three o'clock, *for dinners are not the cuſtom here, and you will very rarely find me from home.* This explains the Florentine mode of living; at Milan, great dinners are perpetual, here the nobility never give them. I have no idea of a ſociety worth a farthing, where it is not the cuſtom to dine with one another. Their *converſazioni* are good ideas, when there are no cards,—but much inferior to what one has at a dinner for a ſelect party. In England, without this, there would be no converſation; and the French cuſtom, of riſing immediately after it, which is that alſo of Italy, deſtroys, relatively to this object, the beſt hour in the whole day.

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The 23d. To the gallery, where the horrible tale of Niobe and her children is told ſo terribly well, in ſtone, as to raiſe in the ſpectator's boſom all the powers of the pathetic. The action of the miſerable mother, ſhielding the laſt of her children againſt the murdering ſhafts of Apollo, is inimitable; and the figure of that youngeſt of the children, perfection. The two figures, which ſtrike me moſt, are the ſon who has gathered his drapery on his left arm, and the companion, a daughter, in the oppoſite corner. The expreſſion of his face is in the higheſt perfection, and the attitude, and whole figure, though much repaired, incomparable. The daughter has gathered her drapery in one hand, behind her, to accelerate her flight; ſhe moves againſt the wind, and nothing can be finer than the poſition and motion of the body, appearing through the drapery. There are others of the group alſo, of the greateſt force and fire of attitude; and I am happy not to be a critic inſtructed enough to find, as Monſ. de la Lande ſays, that the greateſt part of the figures are bad. They certainly are not equal; they are the work of Scopas, a Greek ſculptor. Dine with Lord Elcho, at Meggot's hotel; Lord Hume, Mr. Tempeſt, Mr. Tyrrhit, as well as Lord Elcho's family and Dr. Cleghorn, preſent: ſome agreeable converſation; the young perſons have engaged in ſport to walk on foot to Rome; right—I like that. If the Italians are curious in novelty of character, the paſſing Engliſh are well framed to give it.

The 24th. In the morning, with Abbate Amoretti, and Signore Zucchino to the porcelain manufacture of the Marcheſe Ginori, four miles to the north of Florence. It is ſaid to be in a flouriſhing ſtate, and the appearance of things anſwers the deſcription. It is a good fabric, and many of the forms and the deſigns are elegant. They work caſts of all the antique ſtatues and bronzes, ſome of which are well executed. Their plates are a *zecbin* each (9s.) and a complete ſervice, for twelve covers, 107 *zecbins*. To the Marcheſe Martelli's villa; a very handſome reſidence. This nobleman is a friend of Signore Zucchino, and, underſtanding our intention, of making it a farming day as well as a manufacturing one, ordered a dinner to be prepared, and his factor to attend for giving information, apologizing for his own abſence, owing to a previous engagement. We found a very handſome repaſt; too much for the occaſion:—and we drank—*alla Ingleſe*, SUCCESS TO THE PLOUGH! in excellent wine. The factor then conducted us over the farm: he is an intelligent man, and anſwered my numerous enquiries, apparently with conſiderable knowledge of the ſubject. Returned at night to Florence.

The 25th. Early in the morning, with Signore Amoretti, to Villa Magna, ſeven miles to the ſouth of Florence, to Signore Paoletti; this gentleman, *curé* of that pariſh, had been mentioned to me as the moſt practical writer on agriculture, in this part of Italy, having reſided always in the country, and with the reputation of being an excellent farmer. We found him at home, and paſſed a very inſtructive day, viewing his farm, and receiving much information. But I muſt note, that to this expreſſion, *farm*, muſt not be annexed the Engliſh idea; for Signore Paoletti's conſiſt of three *poderi*, that is, of three houſes, each with a farmer and his family, *alla Meta*, who cultivates the ground, and has half the produce. It is unneceſſary to obſerve, that whenever this is the caſe, the common huſbandry, good or bad, muſt be purſued. It will ſurpriſe my Engliſh readers to find, that the moſt practical writer at Florence, of great reputation, and very deſervedly ſo, has no other than a *metayer* farm. But let it not be thought the leaſt reflection on Signore Paoletti, ſince he claſſes, in this reſpect, with his ſovereign, whoſe farms are in the ſame regimen. Signore Paoletti's maples for vines, appeared to be trained with much more attention than common in Tuſcany, and his olives were in good order. This day has given me a ſpecimen of the winter climate of Italy; I never felt ſuch a cold piercing wind in England. Some ſnow fell; and I could ſcarcely keep myſelf from freezing, by walking four or five miles an hour. All water, not in motion from its current or the wind, was ice; and the iſicles, from the dripping ſprings in the hills, were two feet long. In England, when a fierce N. E. wind blows in a ſharp froſt, we have ſuch weather; but, for the month of November, I believe ſuch a day has not been felt in England ſince its creation. The proviſion of the Florentines againſt ſuch weather, is truly ridiculous: they have not chimnies in more than half the rooms of common houſes; and thoſe they do not uſe; not becauſe they are not cold, for they go ſhivering about, with chattering teeth, with an idea of warmth, from a few wood aſhes or embers in an earthen pan; and another contrivance for their feet to reſt upon. Wood is very dear, therefore this miſerable ſuccedaneum is for œconomy. Thank God for the coal fires of England, with a climate leſs ſevere by half than that of Italy. I would have all nations love their country; but there are few more worthy of ſuch affection than our BLESSED ISLE, from which no one will ever travel, but to return with feelings freſh ſtrung for pleaſure, and a capacity renovated by a thouſand compariſons for the enjoyment of it.

The 26th. To the Palazzo Pitti. I have often read about ideal grace in painting, which I never well comprehended, till I ſaw the Madona della Sedia of Raphael. I do not think either of the two figures, but particularly the child, is ſtrictly in nature; yet there is ſomething that goes apparently beyond it in their expreſſion; and as paſſion and emotion are out of the queſtion, it is to be reſolved into ideal grace. The air of the virgin's head, and the language of the infant's eyes, are not eaſily transfuſed by copyiſts. A group of four men at a table, by Rubens, which, for force and vigour of the expreſſion of nature, is admirable. A portrait of Paul III. by Titian, and of a Medicis, by Raphael. A virgin, Jeſus, and St. John, by Rubens, in which the expreſſion of the children is hardly credible. A Magdalen, and portrait of a woman in a ſcarlet habit, by Titian. A copy of Correggio's holy family, at Parma, by Barrocio Cataline, a copy of Salvator Roſa, by Nicolo Caſſalve; and laſt, not leaſt, a marine view, by Salvator.—But to enumerate ſuch a vaſt profuſion of fine pieces, in ſo many ſplendid apartments, is impoſſible; for few ſovereigns have a finer palace, or better furniſhed. Tables inlaid, and curioſities, both here and at the gallery, abound, that deſerve examination, to mark the perfection to which theſe arts have been carried, in a country where you do not find, in common life, a door to open without wounding your knuckles, or a window that ſhuts well enough to exclude the Appenine ſnows. The gardens of this palace contain ground that Brown would have made delicious, and many fine things that itineraries, guides, and travels dwell amply on.

The 27th. To the palace Poggio Imperiali, a country-ſeat of the Grand Duke's only a mile from Florence, which is an excellent houſe, of good and well proportioned rooms, neatly fitted up and furniſhed, with an air of comfort without magnificence, except in the article beds, which are below par. There is a fine veſtibule and ſaloon, that, in hot weather, muſt be very pleaſant; but our party were frozen through all the houſe. Lord Hervey's rooms are warm, from carpets and good fires; but thoſe are the only ones I have ſeen here. We have a fine clear blue ſky and a bright ſun, with a ſharp froſt and a cutting N. E. wind, that brings all the ſnow of the Alps, of Hungary, Poland, Ruſſia, and the frozen ocean to one's ſenſation. You have a ſun that excites perſpiration, if you move faſt; and a wind that drives ice and ſnow to your vitals. And this is Italy, celebrated by ſo many haſty writers for its delicious climate! To-day, on returning home, we met many carts loaded with ice, which I found, upon meaſure, to be four inches thick; and we are here between latitude 43, and 44. The green peaſe in December and January in Spain, ſhew plainly the ſuperiority of that climate, which is in the ſame latitude. The magnitude and ſubſtantial ſolidity with which the Palazzo Ricardi was built, by a merchant of the Florentine republic, is aſtoniſhing; we have, in the north of Europe (now the moſt commercial part of the globe), no idea of merchants being able to raiſe ſuch edifices as theſe. The Palazzo Pitti was another inſtance; but as it ruined its maſter, it deſerves not to be mentioned in this view; and there are at Florence many others, with ſuch a profuſion of churches, that they mark out the ſame marvellous influx of wealth, ariſing from trade. To a mind that has the leaſt turn after philoſophical enquiry, reading modern hiſtory, is generally the moſt tormenting employment that a man can have; one is plagued with the actions of a deteſtable ſet of men, called conquerors, heroes, and great generals; and we wade through pages loaded with military details; but when you want to know the progreſs of agriculture, of commerce, and induſtry, their effect in different ages and nations on each other—the wealth that reſulted—the diviſion of that wealth—its employment—and the manners it produced—all is a blank. Voltaire ſet an example, but how has it been followed? Here is a cieling of a noble ſaloon, painted by Luca Giordano, repreſenting the progreſs of human life. The invention and poetry of this piece are great, and the execution ſuch as muſt pleaſe every one. The library is rich; I was particularly ſtruck with one of the rooms that contains the books, having a gallery for the convenience of reaching them, without any diſagreeable effect to the eye. In England we have many apartments, the beauty of which is ruined by theſe galleries: this is thirty-ſix feet by twenty-four, within the caſes, well lighted by one moderate window; and is ſo pleaſing a room, that if I were to build a library, I ſhould imitate it exactly. After viſiting the gallery, and the Palazzo Pitti, we are naturally nice and faſtidious,—yet here are ſome paintings that may be viewed with pleaſure. In the evening to the *converſazione* of Signore Fabbroni; the aſſembly merits the name; for ſome of the beſt inſtructed people at Florence meet there, and diſcuſs topics of importance. Signore Fabbroni is not only an *œconomiſte*, but a friend to the Tuſcan mode of letting farms *alla meta*, which he thinks is the beſt for the peaſants; his abilities are great; but facts are too hard for him.

The 29th. Churches, palaces, &c. In the afternoon to St. Firenze, to hear an oratorio. At night to a concert, given by a rich Jew on his wedding: a *ſolo* on the violin, by Nardini.——Crouds—candles—ice—fruits—heat—and——ſo forth.

The 30th. To Signore Fabbroni, who is ſecond in command under il Cavaliere Fontana, in the whole muſeum of the Grand Duke; he ſhewed me, and our party, the cabinets of natural hiſtory, anatomy, machines, pneumatics, magnetiſm, optics, &c. which are ranked among the fineſt collections in the world; and, for arrangement, or rather exhibition, exceed all of them; but note, no chamber for agriculture; no collection of machines, relative to that firſt of arts; no mechanics, of great talents or abilities, employed in improving, eaſing, and ſimplifying the common tools uſed by the huſbandman, or inventing new ones, to add to his forces, and to leſſen the expence of his efforts! Is not this an object as important as magnetiſm, optics, or aſtronomy? Or rather, is it not ſo infinitely ſuperior, as to leave a compariſon abſurd? Where am I to travel, to find agricultural eſtabliſhments, on a ſcale that ſhall not move contempt? If I find none ſuch in the dominions of a prince reputed the wiſeſt in Europe, where am I to go for them? Our Annual Regiſter gave ſuch an account, a few years paſt, of the new regulations of the Grand Duke, in relation to burials, that I have been anxious to know the truth, by ſuch enquiries, on all hands, as would give me not the letter of the law only, but the practice of it. The fact, in the abovementioned publication, was exaggerated. The bodies of all who die in a day, are carried in the night, on a bier, in a linen covering (and not tumbled naked into a common cart), to the church, but without any lights or ſinging; there they receive benediction; thence they are moved to a houſe, prepared on purpoſe, where the bodies are laid, covered, on a marble platform, and a *voiture*, made for that uſe, removes them to the cemetery, at a diſtance from the city, where they are buried, without diſtinction, very deep, not more than two in a grave, but no coffins uſed. All perſons, of whatever rank, are bound to ſubmit to this law, except the Archbiſhop, and women of religious orders. This is the regulation and practice; and I ſhall freely ſay, that I condemn it, as an outrage on the common

mon feelings of mankind; chiefly, becauſe it is an *unneceſſary* outrage, from which no uſe whatever flows. To prohibit lights, ſinging, proceſſions, and mummery of that ſort, was rational; but are not individuals to dreſs and incaſe the dead bodies, in whatever manner they pleaſe? Why are they not permitted to ſend them, if they chuſe, privately into the country, to ſome other burying place, where they may reſt with fathers, mothers, and other connections? Prejudices, bearing on this point, may be, if you pleaſe, ridiculous; but gratifying them, though certainly of no benefit to the dead, is, however, a conſolation to the living, at a moment when conſolation is moſt wanted, in the hour of grief and miſery. Why is the impaſſioned and ſtill loving huſband, or the tender and feeling boſom of the father, to be denied the laſt rites to the corpſe of a wife or a daughter, eſpecially when ſuch rites are neither injurious nor inconvenient to ſociety? The regulations of the Grand Duke are, in part, entirely rational,—and that part not in the leaſt inconſiſtent with the conſolation to be derived from a relaxation in ſome other points. But, in the name of common ſenſe, why admit exceptions? Why is the Archbiſhop to have this favour? Why the religious? This is abſolutely deſtructive of the principle on which the whole is founded; for it admits the force of thoſe prejudices I have touched on, and deem exemption from their tie as a favour! It is declaring ſuch feelings to be follies, too abſurd to be indulged; and, in the ſame breath, aſſigning the indulgence, as the reward of rank and purity! If the exemption is a privilege ſo valuable, as to be a favour proper for the firſt eccleſiaſtic, and for the religious of the ſex only,—you confeſs the obſervance to be directly, in ſuch proportion, a burthen, and the common feelings of mankind are ſanctioned, even in the moment of their outrage. Nothing could pardon ſuch an edict, but its being abſolutely free from all exemptions, and its containing an expreſs declaration and ordinance to be executed, with rigour, on the bodies of the Prince himſelf, and every individual of his family.

DECEMBER 1. To the ſhop of the brothers Piſani, ſculptors, where, for half an hour, I was fooliſh enough to wiſh myſelf rich, that I might have bought Niobe, the gladiator, Diana, Venus, and ſome other caſts from the antique ſtatues. I threw away a few *pauls*, inſtead of three or four hundred *zechins*. Before I quit Florence, I muſt obſerve, that beſides the buildings and various objects I have mentioned, there are at leaſt a thouſand more, which I have not ſeen at all;—the famous bridge Ponta della Santa Trinita deſerves, however, a word: it is the origin of that at Neuillé and ſo many others in France, but much more beautiful; being indeed the firſt in the world. The circumſtance that ſtrikes one at Florence, is the antiquity of the principal buildings;

ings; every thing one ſees conſiderable, is of three or four hundred years ſtanding: of new buildings, there are next to none; all here remind one of the Medicis: there is hardly a ſtreet that has not ſome monument, ſome decoration, that bears the ſtamp of that ſplendid and magnificent family. How commerce could enrich it ſufficiently, to leave ſuch prodigious remains, is a queſtion not a little curious; for I may venture, without apprehenſion, to aſſert, that all the collected magniſicence of the Houſe of Bourbon, governing for eight hundred years twenty millions of people, is trivial, when compared with what the Medicis family have left, for the admiration of ſucceeding ages—ſovereigns only of the little mountainous region of Tuſcany, and with not more than one million of ſubjects. And if we paſs on to Spain, or England, or Germany, the ſame aſtoniſhing contraſt will ſtrike us. Would Mr. Hope, of Amſterdam, ſaid to be the greateſt merchant in the world, be able, in this age, to form eſtabliſhments, to be compared with thoſe of the Medicis? We have merchants in London, that make twenty, and even thirty thouſand pounds a year profit, but you will find them in brick cottages, for our modern London houſes are no better, compared with the palaces of Florence and Venice, erected in the age of their commerce; the paintings, in the poſſeſſion of our merchants, a few daubed portraits; their ſtatues, earthen-ware figures on chimney-pieces;

their libraries—their cabinets,—how contemptible the idea of a compariſon! It is a remarkable fact, that with this prodigious commerce and manufactures, Florence was neither ſo large nor ſo populous as at preſent. This is inexplicable, and demands enquiries from the *hiſtorical* traveller:—a very uſeful path to be trodden by a man of abilities, who ſhould travel for the ſake of comparing the things he ſees with thoſe he reads of. Trade, in that age, muſt, from the fewneſs of hands, have been a ſort of monopoly, yielding immenſe profits. From the modern ſtate of Florence, without one new houſe that rivals, in any degree, thoſe of the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries, it might be thought, that with their commerce, the Florentines loſt every ſort of income; yet there is no doubt, that the revenue from land is, at this moment, greater that it was in the moſt flouriſhing age of the republic. The revenue of Tuſcany is now more equally ſpent. The government of the Grand Dukes, I take to have been far better than the republican, for it was not a republic equally formed from all parts of the territory, but a city governing the country, and conſequently impoveriſhing the whole, to enrich itſelf, which is one of the worſt ſpecies of government to be found in the world. When Italy was decorated with fine buildings, the rich nobles muſt have ſpent their incomes in raiſing them: at preſent, thoſe of Florence have other methods of applying their fortunes; not in palaces, not in the fine arts, not in dinners;—the account I received was, that their incomes are, for the greateſt part, conſumed by keeping great crouds of domeſtics, many of them married, with their familes, as in Spain. The Marcheſe Ricardi has forty, each of which hath a family of his own, ſome of them under ſervants, but all maintained by him. His table is very magnificent, and ſerved with all ſorts of delicacies, yet never any company at it, except the family, tutors, and chaplains. The houſe of Ranuzzi hath a greater fortune, and alſo a greater number of domeſticks, in the ſame ſtile. No dinners, as in England; no ſuppers, as in France; no parties; no expenſive equipages; little comfort; but a great train of idle lounging penſioners, taken from uſeful labour, and kept from productive induſtry; one of the worſt ways of ſpending their fortunes, relatively to the public good, that could have been adopted. How inferior to the encouragement of the fine or the uſeful arts. The manner in which our little party has paſſed their time, has been agreeable enough, and wonderfully cheap: we have been very well ſerved by a *traiteur*, with plenty of good things, well dreſſed, at 4 *pauls* a head for dinner, and a ſlight repaſt at night; ſugar, rum, and lemons for punch, which both French and Italians like very well, added a trifle more. These articles, and the apartment, with wood, which is dear, and the weather, as I noted, very cold, made my whole expence, excluſive of amuſements, 3s. 6d. a day Engliſh, which ſurely is marvellouſly cheap; for we had generally eight or ten things for dinner, and ſuch a deſſert as the ſeaſon would allow, with good wine, the beſt I have drunk in Italy. The Abbate Amoretti, who, fortunately for me, arrived at Florence the ſame day as myſelf, was lodged with a friend, a canon, who being obliged to be abſent, in the country, moſt of the time the Abbate, to ſave the ſervants the trouble of providing for him only, joined our party, and lived with us for ſome days, adding to our common bank no ſlight capital in good ſenſe, information, and agreeableneſs. Madame de Bouille's eaſy and unaffected character, and the good humour of the Baron, united with Mr. Stewart, and his young friend, to make a mixture of nations—of ideas—of purſuits—and of tempers,—which contributed to render converſation diverſified, and the topics more in contraſt, better treated, and more intereſting; but never one idea, or one ſyllable, that caſt even a momentary ſhade acroſs that flow of eaſe and good humour, which gives to every ſociety its beſt reliſh. There was not one in the party which any of us wiſhed out of it; and we were too much pleaſed with one another to want any addition. Had I not been turning my face towards my family, and the old friends I left in England, I ſhould have quitted our little ſociety with more pain. Half a dozen people have rarely been brought together, by ſuch mere accident, that have better turned the little nothings of life to account (if I may venture to uſe the expreſſion), by their beſt cement,—good humour.

The 2d. The day of departure muſt deeds give ſome anxiety to thoſe who cannot throw their ſmall evils on ſervants. Renew my connexion with that odious Italian race, the *vetturini.*—I had agreed for a *compagnon de voyage*; but was alone, which I liked much better. To ſtep at once from an agreeable ſociety, into an Italian *voiture*, is a kind of malady which does not agree with my nerves. The beſt people appear but blanks at ſuch a moment: the mind having gotten a particular impulſe, one cannot ſo ſoon give it another. The inn at Maſchere, where I found no fire, but in partnerſhip with ſome Germans, did not tend much to revive chearfulneſs, ſo I cloſed myſelf in that which Sancho wiſely ſays, covers a man all over like a cloak——18 miles.

The 3d. Dine at Pietra Mala, and, while the dinner was preparing, I walked to the volcano, as it is called. It is a very ſingular ſpectacle, on the ſlope of a mountain, without any hole or apparent crevice, or any thing that tends towards a crater; the fire burns among ſome ſtones, as if they were its fuel; the flame fills the ſpace of a cube of about two feet, beſides which there are ten or twelve ſmaller and inconſiderable flames. Theſe I extinguiſhed in the manner Monſ. de la Lande mentions, by rubbing hard with a ſtick among the ſmall ſtones: the flame catches again in a few moments, but in a manner that convinces me the whole is merely a vent to a current of inflammable air, which Signore Amoretti informed me has been lately aſſerted by ſome perſon who has tried experiments on it. The flame revives with ſmall exploſions, exactly like thoſe of inflammable air fired from a ſmall phial; and when I returned to the inn, the landlord had a bottle of it, which he burns at pleaſure, to ſhew to his gueſts. The cauſe of this phœnomenon has been ſought in almoſt every thing but the real fact. I am ſurpriſed the fire is not applied to ſome uſe. It would boil a conſiderable copper conſtantly, without the expence of a farthing. If I had it at Bradfield, I would burn brick or lime, and boil or bake potatoes for bullocks and hogs at the ſame time. Why not build a houſe on the ſpot? and let the kitchen-chimney ſurround the flame? there would be no danger in living in ſuch a houſe, certainly as long as the flame continued to burn. It is true the idea of a mine of inflammable air, juſt under a houſe, would ſometimes, perhaps, alarm one's female viſitors; they would be afraid of a magazine of vital air uniting with it, and at one exploſion blowing up the œconomical edifice. On the whole, the idea is rather too volcanic for Bradfield: Italy has things better worth importing than burning mountains. The king of Poland's brother, the primate, ſtopping at Pietra Mala a day for illneſs (the 25th or 26th November), the weather was ſo ſevere that it froze his Cyprus wine; milk was as hard as ſtone, and burſt all the veſſels that contained it. On whatever account Engliſhmen may travel to Tuſcany, let not a warm winter be among their inducements.—Sleep at that hideous hole *Loiano*, which would be too bad for hogs accuſtomed to a clean ſtye.——26 miles.

The 4th. The paſſage of the Appenines has been a cold and comfortleſs journey to me, and would have been much worſe, if I had not taken refuge in walking. The hills are almoſt covered with ſnow; and the road, in many deſcents, a ſheet of ice. At the St. Marco, at Bologna, they brought me, according to cuſtom, the book to write my name for the commandante, and there I ſee *Lady Erne* and *ſua figlia*, and *Mr. Hervey*, *October* 14. Had my ſtars been lucky enough to have given me more of the ſociety of that cultivated family, during my ſtay in Italy, it would have ſmoothed ſome of my difficulties. I miſſed Lord Briſtol at Nice, and again at Padua. He has travelled, and lived in Italy, till he knows it as well as Derry; and, unfortunately for the ſociety of Suffolk, ten times better than Ickworth. Call on Mr. Taylor, and find, to my great concern, two of his children very ill. Abbate Amoretti, who left Florence a few days ago, is here to my comfort, and we ſhall continue together till we come to Parma. This is indeed fortunate, for one can hardly wiſh for a better fellow-traveller.——20 miles.

The 5th. Viſit the Inſtitute, which has acquired a greater reputation than it merits. Whoever has read any thing about modern Italy, knows what it contains. I never view muſeums of natural hiſtory, and cabinets of machines for experimental philoſophy, but with a ſpecies of diſguſt. I hate expence, and time thrown away for vanity and ſhew more than utility. A well arranged laboratory, clean, and every thing in order, in a holy-day dreſs, is deteſtable; but I found a combination of many pleaſures in the diſorderly dirty laboratories of Meſſrs. de Morveau and la Voiſier. There is a face of buſineſs; there is evidently work going forwards; and if ſo, there is uſe. Why move here, and at Florence, through rooms well garniſhed with pneumatical inſtruments that are never uſed? Why are not experiments going forward? If the profeſſors have not time or inclination for thoſe experiments, which it is their duty to make, let others, who are willing, convert ſuch machines to uſe. Half theſe implements grow good for nothing from reſt; and before they are uſed, demand to be new arranged. You ſhew me abundance of tools, but ſay not a word of the diſcoveries that have been made by them; A prince, who is at the expence of making ſuch great collections of machines, ſhould always order a ſeries of experiments to be carrying on by their means. If I were Grand Duke of Tuſcany, I ſhould ſay, " You, Mr. Fontana, have invented an eudiometer;

ter; I deſire that you will carry on a ſeries of trials, to aſcertain every circumſtance which changes the reſult, in the qualities of airs, that can be aſcertained by the nitrous teſt; and if you have other enquiries, which you think more important, employ ſome perſon upon whom you can depend."—And to Mr. John Fabbroni, "You have made five trials on the weight of geoponic ſoils, taken hydroſtatically; make five hundred more, and let the ſpecimens be choſen in conjunction with the profeſſor of agriculture. You have explained how to analyze ſoils—analyze the ſame ſpecimens." When men have opened to themſelves careers which they do not purſue, it is uſually for want of the means of proſecuting them; but in the muſeum of a prince; in ſuch cabinets as at Florence or Bologna, there are no difficulties of this ſort,—and they would be better employed than in their preſent ſtate, painted and patched, like an opera girl, for the idle to ſtare at. What would a Watſon, a Milner, or a Prieſtley ſay, upon a propoſal to have their laboratories bruſhed out clean and ſpruce? I believe they would kick out the operator who came on ſuch an errand. In like manner, I hate a library well gilt, exactly arranged, not a book out of its place; I am apt to think the owner better pleaſed with the reputation of his books, than with reading them. Here is a chamber for machines applicable to mechanics; and the country is full of carts, with wheels two feet high, with large axles; what experiments have been made in this chamber to inform the people on a point of ſuch conſequence to the conduct of almoſt every art? I have, however, a greater quarrel than this with the Inſtitute. There is an apartment of the art of war and fortification. Is there one of the machines of agriculture, and of ſuch of its proceſſes as can be repreſented in miniature?—No: nor here, nor any where elſe have I ſeen ſuch an exhibition: yet in the king's library at Paris, the art of Engliſh gardening is repreſented in wax-work, and makes a play-thing pretty enough for a child to cry for. The attention paid to war, and the neglect of agriculture in this Inſtitute, gives me a poor opinion of it. Bologna may produce great men, but ſhe will not owe them great obligations for this eſtabliſhment. View ſome churches and palaces, which I did not ſee when here before. In the church of St. Dominico, a ſlaughter of the Innocents, by Guido, which will command attention, how little inclined ſoever you may be to give it. The mother, and the dead child, in the fore-ground, are truly pathetic, and the whole piece finely executed. The number of highly decorated churches at Bologna is ſurpriſing. They count, I think, above an hundred; and all the towns, and many villages in Italy, offer the ſame ſpectacle; the ſums of money inveſted in this manner in the 15th and 16th centuries, and ſome even in the 17th, are truly amazing; the palaces were built at the ſame time, and at this period all the reſt of Europe was in a ſtate of barbariſm: national wealth muſt have been immenſe, to have ſpared ſuch an enormous ſuperfluity. This idea recurs every where in Italy, and wants explanation from modern hiſtorians. The Italian republics had all the trade of Europe; but what was Europe in that age? England and Holland have had it in this age without any ſuch effects; with us architecture takes quite a different turn; it is the diffuſion of comfort in the houſes of private people; not concentrated magnificence in public works. But there does not appear, from the ſize and number of the towns in Italy, built in the ſame ages, to have been any want of this—private houſes were numerous, and well erected. A difference in manners, introducing new and unheard-of luxuries, has probably been the cauſe of the change. In ſuch a diary as this, one can only touch on a ſubject—but the hiſtorians ſhould dwell on them, rather than on battles and ſieges.

The 6th. Left Bologna, with Abbate Amoretti, in a *vettura*, but the day ſo fine and froſty, that we walked three-fourths of the way to Modena. Paſs Anſolazen, the ſeat of the Marcheſe Abbergatti, who, after having paſſed his grand climacteric, has juſt married a *ballarina*, of ſeventeen. The country to Modena is the ſame as the flat part of the Bologneſe; it is all a dead level plain, incloſed by neatly wrought hedges againſt the road, with a view of diſtinguiſhing properties. I thought, on entering the Modeneſe dominions, acroſs the river, that I obſerved rather a decline in neatneſs and good management. View the city; the ſtreets are of a good breadth, and moſt of the houſes with good fronts, with a clean painted or well waſhed face,—the effect pleaſing. In the evening to the theatre, which is of the oddeſt form I have ſeen. We had a hodge-podge of a comedy, in which the following paſſage excited ſuch an immoderate laugh, that it is worth inſerting, if only to ſhew the taſte of the audience, and the reputation of the *ballarini*; "*Era un cavallo, sì bello, sì ſvelto, sì agile, di bel petto; gambe ben fatta, groppa groſſa, che ſe foſſe ſtata una cavalla, converebbe dire che l'anima della prima ballerina del teatro era traſmigrata in quella.*" Another piece of miſerable wit, was received with as much applauſe as the moſt ſterling:—Arlecch. "*Chi e quel rè che ha la più gran corona del mondo?*——Brighel. "*Quello che ha la teſta più piccola*"——24 miles.

The 7th. To the ducal palace, which is a magnificent building, and contains a conſiderable collection of pictures, but nothing to what were once here. The library, celebrated for its contents, is ſplendid; we were ſhewn the curious MS. of which there is an account in De la Lande. The Bible made for the D'Eſte family, is beautifully executed, begun in 1457, and finiſhed in 1463, and coſt 1875 *zecchins*. In the afternoon, accompanied the Abbate Amoretti, to Signore Belentani; and in the evening, to Signore Venturi, profeſſor of phyſicks in the univerſity, with whom we ſpent a very agreeable and inſtructive evening. We debated on the propriety of applying ſome political principles to the preſent ſtate of Italy; and I found, that the profeſſor had not only conſidered the ſubjects of political importance, but ſeemed pleaſed to converſe upon them.

The 8th. Early in the morning to Reggio. This line of country appears to be one of the beſt in Lombardy; there is a neatneſs in the houſes, which are every where ſcattered thickly, that extends even to the homeſteads and hedges, to a degree that one does not always find, even in the beſt parts of England; but the trees that ſupport the vines being large, the whole has now, without leaves, the air of a foreſt. In ſummer it muſt be an abſolute wood. The road is a noble one. Six miles from Modena, we paſſed the Secchia, or rather the vale ruined by that river, near an unfiniſhed bridge, with a long and noble cauſeway leading to it, on each ſide, which does honour to the duke and ſtates of Modena. It being a *feſta* (the immaculate conception), we met the country people going to maſs: the married women had all muffs, which are here wedding preſents. Another thing I obſerved, for the firſt time, were children ſtanding ready in the road, or running out of the houſes, to offer, as we were walking, aſſes to ride: they have them always ſaddled and bridled, and the fixed price is 1 *ſol* per mile. This ſhews attention and induſtry, and is, therefore, commendable. A countryman, who had walked with us for ſome diſtance, replied to them, that we were not *Signori d'aſini*. In the afternoon to Parma. The country the ſame; but not with that air of neatneſs that is between Reggio and Modena; not ſo well incloſed, nor ſo well planted; and though very populous, not ſo well built, nor the houſes ſo clean and neat. Paſs the Euſa, a poor miſerable brook, now three yards wide, but a bridge for it a quarter of a mile long, and a fine vale, all deſtroyed by its ravages; this is the boundary of the two dutchies.——30 miles.

The 9th. At the academy is the famous picture of the holy family and St. Jerome, by Correggio, maſter more inimitable perhaps than Raphael himſelf. To my unlearned eyes, there is in this painting ſuch a ſuffuſion of grace, and ſuch a blaze of beauty, as ſtrike me blind (to uſe another's expreſſion) to all defects which learned eyes have found in it. I have admired this piece often in Italy in good copies, by no ordinary maſters, but none come near the original. The head of the Magdalen is reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of Correggio. The celebrated cupola of the Duomo is ſo high, ſo much damaged, and my eyes ſo indifferent, that I leave it for thoſe, who have better. At St, Sepulchro, St. Joſeph gathering palms, &c. by the ſame great hand. There are works by him alſo in the church of St. John, but not equally beautiful, and a copy of his famous *Notte.* At the academy is a fine adoration, by Mazzola. The great theatre here is the largeſt in the world. In the afternoon to the citadel; but its governor, count Rezzonico, to whom I had a letter, is abſent from Parma. Then to the celebrated *reale typografia* of Signore Bodoni, who ſhewed me many works of ſingular beauty. The types, I think, exceed thoſe of Didot at Paris, who likewiſe often crowds the letters cloſe, as if to ſave paper. The Daphne and Chloe, and the Amynta, are beautifully executed; I bought the latter, as a ſpecimen of this celebrated preſs, which really does honour to Italy. Signore Bodoni had the title of the printer to the king of Spain, but never received any ſalary, or even gratification, as I learned in Parma from another quarter; where I was alſo informed, that the ſalary he has from the Duke is only 150 *zechins.* His merit is great and diſtinguiſhed, and his exertions are uncommon. He has 30,000 matrices of type. I was not a little pleaſed to find, that he has met with the beſt ſort of patron, in Mr. Edwards, the bookſeller, at London, who has made a contract with him for an impreſſion of two hundred and fifty of four Greek poets, four Latin, and four Italian ones—Pindar, Sophocles, Homer, and Theocritus; Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, and Plautus; Dante, Petrarcha, Arioſto, and Taſſo. In ſearching bookſellers ſhops for printed agriculture, I became poſſeſſed of a book which I conſider as a real curioſity—*Diario di Colorno per l'anno* 1789, preceded by a ſermon, on this text, *Ut ſeductores et veraces*; Corinth. cap. vi. ver. 8. The diary is a catalogue of the ſaints, with the chief circumſtances of their lives, their merits, &c. This book, which is put together in the ſpirit of the tenth century, is (marvelouſly be it ſpoken!) the production of the duke of Parma's pen. The ſovereign, for whoſe education a conſtellation of French talents was collected—with what effect, let this production witneſs. Inſtead of profanely turning friars out of their convents, this prince has peopled his palace with monks: and the holy office of inquiſition is found at Parma, inſtead of an academy of agriculture. The dutcheſs has her amuſements, as well as her huſband: doubtleſs they are more agreeable, and more in uniſon with the character and practice of this age. The memoirs of the court of Parma, both during the reigns of Don Philip and the preſent duke, whenever they are publiſhed, for written I ſhould ſuppoſe they muſt be, will make a romance as intereſting as any that fiction has produced. If I lived under a government that had the power of fleecing me, to ſupport the extravagancies of a prince, in the name of common feelings, let it be to fill a place with miſtreſſes, rather than with monks. For half a million of French livres, the river

Parma might be made navigable from the Po; it has been more than once mentioned; but the preſent duke has other and more holy employments for money: Don Philip's were not ſo directly aimed at the gates of Paradiſe.

The 10th. In the morning, walked with Signore Amoretti to Vicomero, ſeven miles north of Parma towards the Po, the ſeat of the count de Schaffienatti. For half the way, we had a fine clear froſty ſun-ſhine, which ſhewed us the conſtant fog that hangs over the Po; but a ſlight breeze from the north riſing, it drove this fog over, and changed the day at once. It rarely quits the Po, except in the heat of the day in fine weather in ſummer, ſo that when you are to the ſouth of it, with a clear view of the Appenines, you ſee nothing of the Alps: and when to the north of it, with a view of the latter, you ſee nothing of the Appenines. Commonly it does not ſpread more than half a mile on each ſide wider than the river, but varies, by wind, as it did to-day. The country for four miles, is moſtly meadow, and much of it watered; but then becomes arable. Entered the houſe of a *metayer*, to ſee the method of living, but found nobody; the whole family, with ſix or eight women and children, their neighbours were in the ſtable, ſitting on forms fronting each other in two lines, on a ſpace paved and clean, in the middle of the room, between two rows of oxen and cows: it was moſt diſagreeably hot on entering

ing. They ſtay there till they go to bed, ſometimes till midnight. This practice is univerſal in Lombardy. Dine with the count de Schaſſienatti, who lives entirely in the country, with his wife. He ſhewed me his farm, and I examined his dairy, where cheeſes are made nearly in the ſame way, and with the ſame implements as in the Lodeſan; theſe cheeſes may therefore, with as much propriety, be called Parmeſan, as thoſe that come from Lodi. My friend, the Abbate Amoretti, having other engagements in this country, I here took leave of him with regret.——14 miles.

The 11th. Having agreed with a *vetturino* to take me to Turin, and he not being able to procure another paſſenger, I went alone to Firenzola. It is fine ſun-ſhine weather, deciſively warmer than ever felt in England at this ſeaſon: a ſharp froſt, without affecting the extremities as with us, where cold fingers and toes may be claſſed among the nuiſances of our climate. I walked moſt of the way. The face of the country is the ſame as before, but vines decreaſe after Borgo St. Domino. An inequality in the ſurface of the country begins alſo to appear, and every where a ſcattering of oak-timber, which is a new feature.——20 miles.

The 12th. Early in the morning to Piacenza, that I might have time to view that city, which, however, contains little worthy of attention to any but thoſe who ſtudy painting as connoiſſeurs.

The country changed a good deal to-day. It is like the flat rich parts of Eſſex and Suffolk. Houſes are thinner, and the general face inferior. The inequalities which began yeſterday increaſe. —The two equeſtrian ſtatues of Alexander and Rannutio Farneſe, are finely expreſſive of life; the motion of the horſes, particularly that of Alexander's, is admirable; and the whole performance ſpirited and alive. They are by John of Bologna, or Moca his *eleve*. Sleep at Caſtel St. Giovanne. ——26 miles.

The 13th. Croſs a brook, two miles diſtant, and enter the king of Sardinia's territory, where the ſculls of two robbers, who, about two months ago, robbed the courier of Rome, are immediately ſeen: this is an agreeable object, that ſtrikes us at our entrance into any part of the Piedmonteſe dominions; the inhabitants having in this reſpect an ill reputation throughout all Italy, much to the diſgrace of the government. The country, to Tortona, is all hill and dale; and being cultivated, with an intermixture of vines, and much incloſed, with many buildings on the hills, the features are ſo agreeable, that it may be ranked among the moſt pleaſing I have ſeen in Italy. Within three miles of Vogara, all is white with ſnow, the firſt I have ſeen in the plain: but as we approach the mountains, ſhall quit it no more till the Alps are croſſed. Dine at Vogara, in a room in which the chimney does not ſmoke; which ought to be noted, as it is the only one free from it ſince I left Bologna. At this freezing ſeaſon, to have a door conſtantly open to aid the chimney in its office; one ſide burnt by the blaze of a faggot, and the other frozen by a door that opens into the yard, are among the *agrémens* of a winter journey in lat. 45. After Vogara, the hills trend more to the ſouth. The ſun ſetting here is a ſingular object to an eye uſed only to plains. The Alps not being viſible, it ſeems to ſet long before it reaches the plane of the horizon. Paſs the citadel of Tortona on a hill, one of the ſtrongeſt places in the poſſeſſion of the king of Sardinia.——33 miles.

The 14th. Ford the Scrivia; it is as ravaging a ſtream as the Trebbia, ſubject to dreadful floods, after even two days rain, eſpecially if a Scirocco wind melts the ſnow on the Appenines: ſuch accidents have often kept travellers four, five, and even ſix days at miſerable inns. I felt myſelf lighter for having paſſed it; for there were not fewer than ſix or ſeven rivers, which could have thus ſtopped me. This is the laſt. The weather continues ſharp and froſty, very cold, the ice five inches thick, and the ſnow deep. Dine at Alexandria, joined there by a gentleman who has taken the other ſeat in the *vettura* to Turin. Juſt on the outſide of that town, there is an uncommon covered bridge. The citadel ſeems ſurrounded with many works. Sleep at Felliſham, a vile dirty hole, with paper windows, common in this country, and not uncommon even in Alexandria itſelf.——18 miles.

The 15th. The country, to Aſti and Villanova, all hilly, and ſome of it pleaſing. Coming out of Aſti, where we dined, the country for ſome miles is beautiful. My *vetturino* has been travelling, in company with another, without my knowing any thing of the maſter till to-day; but we joined at dinner; and I found him a very ſenſible agreeable Frenchman, apparently a man of faſhion, who knows every body. His converſation, both at dinner, and in the evening, was no inconſiderable relief to the dullneſs of ſuch a frozen journey. His name Nicolay.——22 miles.

The 16th. To Turin, by Moncallier; much of the country dull and diſagreeable; hills without landſcape; and vales without the fertility of Lombardy.—My companion, who is in office as an architect to the king, as well as I could gather from the hints he dropped, lived nine years in Sardinia. The account he gives of that iſland, contains ſome circumſtances worth noting. What keeps it in its preſent unimproved ſituation, is chiefly the extent of eſtates, the abſence of ſome very great proprietors, and the inattention of all. The duke of Aſſinara has 300,000 liv. a-year, or 15,000l. ſterling. The duke of St. Piera 160,000. The Marcheſe di Paſcha, very great. Many of them live in Spain. The Conte de Girah, a grandee of Spain, has an eſtate of two days journey,

reaching

reaching from Poula to Oliuſtre. The peaſants are a miſerable ſet, that live in poor cabins; without other chimnies than a hole in the roof to let the ſmoke out. The *intemperia* is frequent and pernicious every where in ſummer; yet there are very great mountains. Cattle have nothing to eat in winter, but brouzing on ſhrubs, &c. There are no wolves. The oil ſo bad as not to be eatable. Some wine almoſt as good as Malaga, and not unlike it. No ſilk. The great export is wheat, which has been known to yield forty for one; but ſeven or eight for one is the common produce. Bread, 1*ſ.* the pound; beef, 2*ſ.*; mutton, 2½*ſ.* There are millions of wild ducks; ſuch numbers, that perſons fond of ſhooting have gone thither merely for the incredible ſport they afford.

The 17th. Waited on our ambaſſador, the honourable Mr. Trevor, who was not at home; but I had an invitation to dinner ſoon after, which I accepted readily, and paſſed a very pleaſant day. Mr. Trover's ſituation is not compatible with his being a practical farmer; but he is a man of deep ſenſe, and much obſervation; all ſuch are political farmers, from conviction of the importance of the ſubject. He converſes well on it; Mr. Trevor mentioned ſome Piedmonteſe nobles, to whom he would have introduced me, if my ſtay had been long enough; but he would not admit an excuſe reſpecting the portugueze ambaſſador, of whom he ſpeaks as a perſon remarkably well informed; and who loves agriculture greatly. In the evening, accompanied Mrs Trevor to the great opera-houſe; a rehearſal of *l'Olympiade*, new-ſet by a young compoſer, Frederici; Marcheſe ſung.

The 18th. I am not a little obliged to Mr. Trevor for introducing me to one of the beſt informed men I have any where met with, Don Roderigo de Souza Continho, the Portugueze miniſter at the court of Turin, with whom I dined to-day; he had invited to meet me the *Medico* Bonvicino, l'Abbatte Vaſco, author of ſeveral political pieces of merit, and Signore Bellardi, a botaniſt of conſiderable reputation, whom I had known when before at Turin. What the young and beautiful Madame de Souza thinks of an Engliſh farmer, may be eaſily gueſſed; for not one word was ſpoken in an inceſſant converſation, but on agriculture, or thoſe political principles which tend to cheriſh or reſtrain it. To a woman of faſhion in England this would not appear extraordinary, for ſhe now and then meets with it; but to a young Piedmonteſe, unaccuſtomed to ſuch converſations, it muſt have appeared odd, uninviting, and unpolite. M. de Souza ſent to the late prince of Brazil, one of the beſt and moſt judicious offerings that any ambaſſador ever made to his ſovereign; Portugal he repreſents as a country capable of vaſt improvements by irrigation, but almoſt an entire ſtranger to the practice; therefore, with a view of introducing a knowledge of its importance, he ordered a model, in different woods, to be conſtructed of a river; the method of taking water from it; and the conducting of it by various channels over the adjoining or diſtant lands, with all the machinery uſed for regulating and meaſuring the water. It was made on ſuch a ſcale, that the model was an exhibition of the art, ſo far as it could be repreſented in the diſtribution of water. It was an admirable thought, and might have proved of the greateſt importance to his country. The machine is at Liſbon; and, I take it for granted, is there conſidered (if Liſbon be like other courts), as a toy for children to look at, inſtead of a ſchool for the inſtruction of a people. I was pleaſed to find the Portugueze miniſter among the moſt intimate acquaintances of Mr. Trevor; the friendſhip of men of parts and knowledge, does them reciprocal honour: I am ſorry to quit Turin, juſt as I am known to two men who would be ſufficient to render any town agreeable; nor ſhould I be ſorry if Don Roderigo was a farmer near me in Suffolk, inſtead of being an ambaſſador at Turin, for which he is doubtleſs much obliged to me.

The 19th. The king has ſent a meſſage to the academy of ſciences, recommending them to pay attention to whatever concerns dying. The miniſter is ſaid to be a man of abilities, from which expreſſion, in this age, we were to underſtand,

ſtand, a perſon who is, or ſeems to be active for the encouragement of manufactures and commerce, but never one who has juſt ideas on the importance of agriculture in preference to all other objects. To multiply mulberries in Piedmont, and cattle and ſheep in Savoy—to do ſomething with the fertile waſtes and peſtiferous marſhes of Sardinia, would give a miniſter reputation among the few real politicians only in any country: but dying, and buttons*, and ſciſſars, and commerce, are calculated to pleaſe the many, and conſequently to give reputation to thoſe who build on ſuch foundations. Dine with Mr. Trover, and continue to find in him an equal ability and inclination to anſwer ſuch of my enquiries as I took the liberty of troubling him with. In the evening he introduced me to count Granari, the ſecretary of ſtate for home affairs, that is the prime miniſter, under an idea that he had an intention of introducing Spaniſh ſheep: he was ambaſſador in Spain, and ſeems, from his converſation, well informed concerning the Spaniſh flocks. This miniſter was called home to fill his preſent important ſituation to the ſatisfaction of the people, who have very generally a good opinion of his ability and prudence. To-morrow I leave Turin, I have agreed with a *vetturino* for carrying me to Lyons acroſs Mont Cenis, in a chariot, and allowed him to take another perſon; this perſon he has found; and it is Mr. Grundy, a conſiderable merchant of Birmingham, who is on his return from Naples.

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* See Milan.

The 20th. Leave Turin; dine at St. Anthony, like hogs; and ſmoked all the dinner like hams. Sleep at Suza, a better inn.——32 miles.

The 21ſt. The ſhorteſt day in the year, for one of the expeditions that demand the longeſt, the paſſage of Mont Cenis, about which ſo much has been written. To thoſe who, from reading are full of expectation of ſomething very ſublime, it is almoſt as great a deluſion as to be met with in the regions of romance: if travellers are to be believed; the deſcent *rammaſſant* on the ſnow, is made with the velocity of a flaſh of lightning; I was not fortunate enough to meet with any thing ſo wonderful. At the *grand croix* we ſeated ourſelves in machines of four ſticks, dignified with the name of *traineau*: a mule draws it, and a conductor, who walks between the machine and the animal, ſerves chiefly to kick the ſnow into the face of the rider. When arrived at the precipice, which leads down to Lanebourg, the mule is diſmiſſed, and the *rammiſſing* begins. The weight of two perſons, the guide ſeating himſelf in the front, and directing it with his heels in the ſnow, is ſufficient to give it motion. For moſt of the way he is content to follow very humbly the path of the mules, but now and then croſſes to eſcape a double, and in ſuch ſpots the motion is rapid enough, for a few ſeconds, to be agreeable; they might very eaſily ſhorten the line one half, and by that means gratify the Engliſh with the velocity they admire ſo much. As it is at preſent, a good Engliſh horſe would trot as faſt as we *rammaſſed.* The exaggerations we have read of this buſineſs have ariſen, perhaps, from travellers paſſing in ſummer, and accepting the deſcriptions of the muleteers. A journey on ſnow is commonly productive of laughable incidents; the road of the *traineau* is not wider than the machine, and we were always meeting mules, &c. It was ſometimes, and with reaſon, a queſtion who ſhould turn out; for the ſnow being ten feet deep, the mules had ſagacity to conſider a moment before they buried themſelves. A young Savoyard female, riding her mule, experienced a complete reverſal; for, attempting to paſs my *traineau,* her beaſt was a little reſtive, and tumbling, diſmounted his rider: the girl's head pitched in the ſnow, and ſunk deep enough to fix her beauties in the poſition of a forked poſt; and the wicked muleteers, inſtead of aſſiſting her, laughed too heartily to move: if it had been one of the *ballerini* the attitude would have been nothing diſtreſſing to her. Theſe laughable adventures, with the gilding of a bright ſun, made the day paſs pleaſantly; and we were in good humour enough to ſwallow with chearfulneſs, a dinner at Lanebourg, that, had we been in England,

land, we ſhould have conſigned very readily to the dog-kennel.——20 miles.

The 22d. The whole day we were among the high Alps. The villages are apparently poor, the houſes ill built, and the people with few comforts about them, except plenty of pine wood, the foreſts of which harbour wolves and bears. Dine at Modane, and ſleep at St. Michel.———25 miles.

The 23d. Paſs St. Jean Maurienne, where there is a biſhop, and near that place we ſaw what is much better than a biſhop, the pretticſt, and indeed the only pretty woman we ſaw in Savoy; on enquiry, found it was Madame de la Coſte, wife of a farmer of tobacco; I ſhould have been better pleaſed if ſhe had belonged to the plough.—The mountains now relax their terrific features: they recede enough, to offer to the willing induſtry of the poor inhabitants ſomething like a valley; but the jealous torrent ſeizes it with the hand of deſpotiſm, and like his brother tyrants, reigns but to deſtroy. On ſome ſlopes vines: mulberries begin to appear; villages increaſe; but ſtill continue rather ſhapeleſs heaps of inhabited ſtones than ranges of houſes; yet in theſe homely cots, beneath the ſnow-clad hills, where natural light comes with tardy beams, and art ſeems more ſedulous to exclude than admit it, peace and content, the companions of honeſty, may reſide; and certainly would, were the penury of nature the only evil felt; but the hand of deſpotiſm may be more heavy. In ſeveral places the view is pictureſque and pleaſing: incloſures ſeem hung againſt the mountain ſides, as a picture is ſuſpended to the wall of a room. The people are in general mortally ugly and dwarfiſh. Dine at La Chambre; ſad fare. Sleep at Aguebelle.—— 30 miles.

The 24th. The country to day, that is, to Chambery, improves greatly; the mountains, though high, recede; the vallies are wide, and the ſlopes more cultivated; and towards the capital of Savoy, are many country houſes, which enliven the ſcene. Above Mal Taverne is Chateauneuf, the houſe of the Counteſs of that name. I was ſorryto ſee, at the village, a *carcan*, or ſeigneural ſtardard, erected, to which a chain and heavy iron collar are faſtened, as a mark of the lordly arrogance of the nobility, and the ſlavery of the people. I aſked why it was not burned, with the horror it merited? The queſtion did not excite the ſurprize I expected, and which it would have done before the French revolution. This led to a converſation, by which I learned, that in the *haut* Savoy, there are no ſeigneurs, and the people are generally at their eaſe; poſſeſſing little properties, and the land in ſpite of nature, almoſt as valuable as in the lower country, where the people are poor, and ill at their eaſe. I demanded why? *Becauſe there are* *ſeigneurs every where.* What a vice is it, and even a curſe, that the gentry, inſtead of being the cheriſhers and benefactors of their poor neighbours, ſhould thus, by the abomination of feudal rights, prove mere tyrants. Will nothing but revolutions, which cauſe their *chateaux* to be burnt, induce them to give to reaſon and humanity, what will be extorted by violence and commotion? We had arranged our journey, to arrive early at Chambery, for an opportunity to ſee what is moſt intereſting in a place that has but little. It is the winter reſidence of almoſt all the nobility of Savoy. The beſt eſtate in the dutchy is not more than 60,000 Piedmonteſe livres a year (3000l.), but for 20,000 liv. they live *en grand ſeigneur* here. If a country gentleman has 150 louis d'or a year, he will be ſure to ſpend three months in a town; the conſequence of which muſt be, nine uncomfortable ones in the country, in order to make a beggarly figure the other three in town. Theſe idle people are this Chriſtmas diſappointed, by the court having refuſed admittance to the uſual company of French comedians;—the government fears importing, among the rough mountaineers, the preſent ſpirit of French liberty. Is this weakneſs or policy? But Chambery had objects to me more intereſting. I was eager to view Charmettes, the road, the houſe of Madame de Warens, the vineyard, the garden, every thing, in a word, that had been deſcribed by the inimitable pencil of Rouſſeau. There was ſomething ſo deliciouſly amiable in her character, in ſpite of her frailties—her conſtant gaiety and good humour—her tenderneſs and humanity—her farming ſpeculations—but, above all other circumſtances, the love of Rouſſeau, have written her name amongſt the few whoſe memories are connected with us, by ties more eaſily felt than deſcribed. The houſe is ſituated about a mile from Chambery, fronting the rocky road which leads to that city, and the wood of cheſnuts in the valley. It is ſmall, and much of the ſame ſize as we ſhould ſuppoſe, in England, would be found on a farm of one hundred acres, without the leaſt luxury or pretenſion; and the garden, for ſhrubs and flowers, is confined, as well as unaſſuming. The ſcenery is pleaſing, being ſo near a city, and yet, as he obſerves, quite ſequeſtered. It could not but intereſt me, and I viewed it with a degree of emotion; even in the leafleſs melancholy of December it pleaſed. I wandered about ſome hills, which were aſſuredly the walks he has ſo agreeably deſcribed. I returned to Chambery, with my heart full of Madame de Warens. We had with us a young phyſician, a Monſieur Bernard, of Modanne en Maurienne, an agreeable man, connected with people at Chambery; I was ſorry to find, that he knew nothing more of the matter than that Madame de Warens was certainly dead. With ſome trouble I procured the following certificate :

Extract from the Mortuary Regiſter of the Pariſh Church of St. Peter de Lemens.

“ The 30th of July, 1762, was buried, in the burying ground of Lemens, Dame Louiſa Frances Eleonor de la Tour, widow of the Seignor Baron de Warens, native of Vevay, in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, who died yeſterday, at ten in the evening, like a good Chriſtian, and fortified with her laſt ſacraments, aged about ſixty-three years. She abjured the Proteſtant religion about thirty-ſix years paſt ; ſince which time ſhe lived in our religion. She finiſhed her days in the ſuburb of Neſin, where ſhe had lived for about eight years, in the houſe of M. Crepine. She lived heretofore at the Rectus, during about four years, in the houſe of the Marquis d'Alinge. She paſſed the reſt of her life, ſince her abjuration, in this city.

(Signed GAIME, rector of Lemens.'

“ I, the underwritten, preſent rector of the ſaid Lemens, certify, that I have extracted this from the mortuary regiſter of the pariſh church of the ſaid place, without any addition or diminution whatſoever ; and, having collated it, have found it conformable to the original. In witneſs of all which, I have ſigned the preſents, at Chambery, the 24th of December, 1789.

(Signed) A. Sachod, rector of Lemens."

23 miles.

The 25th. Left Chambery much diſſatisfied, for want of knowing more of it. Rouſſeau gives a good character * of the people, and I wiſhed to know them better. It was the worſt day I have known for months paſt, a cold thaw, of ſnow and rain; and yet in this dreary ſeaſon, when nature ſo rarely has a ſmile on her countenance, the environs were charming. All hill and dale, toſſed about with ſo much wildneſs, that the features are bold enough for the irregularity of a foreſt ſcene; and yet withal, ſoftened and melted down by culture and habitation, to be eminently beautiful. The country incloſed to the firſt town in France, Pont Beauvoiſin, where we dined and ſlept. The paſſage of Echelles, cut in the rock by the ſovereign of the country, is a noble and ſtupendous work. Arrive at Pont Beauvoiſin, once more entering this noble kingdom, and meeting with the cockades of liberty, and thoſe arms in the hands of THE PEOPLE, which, it is to be wiſhed, may be uſed only for their own and Europe's peace.——24 miles.

The 26th. Dine at Tour du Pin, and ſleep at Verpiliere. This is the moſt advantageous entrance

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* S'il une eſt petite ville au monde où l'on goûte la douceur de la vie dans un commerce agréable & ſur c'eſt Chambery.

trance into France, in reſpect of beauty of country. From Spain, England, Flanders, Germany, or Italy by way of Antibes, all are inferior to this. It is really beautiful, and well planted, has many incloſures and mulberries, with ſome vines. There is hardly a bad feature, except the houſes; which inſtead of being well built, and white as in Italy, are ugly thatched mud cabins, without chimnies, the ſmoke iſſuing at a hole in the roof, or at the windows. Glaſs ſeems unknown; and there is an air of poverty and miſery about them quite diſſonant to the general aſpect, of the country. Coming out of Tour du Pin, we ſee a great common. Paſs Bourgoyn, a large town. Reach Verpiliere. This day's journey is a fine variation of hill and dale, well planted with *chateaux*, and farms and cottages ſpread about it. A mild lovely day of ſunſhine, threw no ſlight gilding over the whole. For ten or twelve days paſt, they have had, on this ſide of the Alps, fine open warm weather, with ſun-ſhine; but on the Alps themſelves, and in the vale of Lombardy, on the other ſide, we were frozen and buried in ſnow. At Pont Beauvoiſin and Bourgoyn, our paſſports where demanded by the *milice bourgeoiſe*, but no where elſe: they aſſure us, that the country is perfectly quiet every where, and have no guards mounted in the villages—nor any ſuſpicions of fugitives, as in the ſummer. Not far from Verpiliere, paſs the burnt *chateau* of M. de Veau, in a fine ſituation, with a noble wood behind it. Mr. Grundy was here in Auguſt, and it had then but lately been laid in aſhes; and a peaſant was hanging on one of the trees of the avenue by the road, one among many who were ſeized by the *milice bourgeoiſe* for this attrocious act.——27 miles.

The 27th. The country changes at once; from one of the fineſt in France, it becomes almoſt flat and *ſombre*. Arrive at Lyons, and there, for the laſt time ſee the Alps; on the quay, there is a very fine view of Mont Blanc, which I had not ſeen before; leaving Italy, and Savoy, and the Alps, probably never to return, has ſomething of a melancholy ſenſation. For all thoſe circumſtances that render that claſſical country illuſtrious, the ſeat of great men—the theatre of the moſt diſtinguiſhed actions—the excluſive field in which the elegant and agreeable arts have loved to range—what country can be compared with Italy? to pleaſe the eye, to charm the ear, to gratify the enquiries of a laudable curioſity, whither would you travel? In every boſom whatever, Italy is the ſecond country in the world—of all others, the ſureſt proof that it is the firſt. To the theatre; a muſical thing, which called all Italy by contraſt to my ears! What ſtuff is French muſic! the diſtortions of embodied diſſonance. The theatre is not equal to that of Nantes; and very much inferior to that of Bourdeaux.——18 miles.

The 28th. I had letters to Monſ. Goudard, a conſiderable ſilk merchant, and, waiting on him yeſterday, he appointed me to breakfaſt with him this morning. I tried hard to procure ſome information relative to the manufactures of Lyons; but in vain: every thing was *ſelon* and *ſuivant*. To Monſ. l'Abbé Rozier, author of the voluminous dictionary of agriculture, in quarto. I viſited him, as a man very much extolled, and not with an idea of receiving information in the plain practical line, which is the object of my enquiries, from the compiler of a dictionary. When Monſ. Rozier lived at Beziers, he occupied a conſiderable farm; but, on becoming the inhabitant of a city, he placed this motto over his door—*Laudato ingentia rura, exiguum colito*, which is but a bad apology for *no farm at all*. I made one or two efforts towards a little *practical* converſation; but he flew off from that centre in ſuch eccentric *radii* of ſcience, that the vanity of the attempt was obvious in the moment. A phyſician preſent, remarked to me, that if I wanted to know common practices and products, I ſhould apply to common farmers, indicating, by his air and manner, that ſuch things were beneath the dignity of ſcience. Monſ. l'Abbé Rozier is, however, a man of conſiderable knowledge, though no farmer; in thoſe purſuits, which he has cultivated with inclination, he is juſtly celebrated—and he merits every elogium, for having ſet on foot the *Journal de Phyſique*, which, take it for all and all, is by far the beſt journal that is to be found in Europe. His houſe is beautifully ſituated, commanding a noble proſpect; his library is furniſhed with good books; and every appearance about him points out an eaſy fortune. Waited then on Monſ. de Froſſard, a proteſtant miniſter, who, with great readineſs and liberality, gave me much valuable information; and for my further inſtruction on points with which he was not equally acquainted, introduced me to Monſ. Roland la Platerie, inſpector of the Lyons fabrics. This gentleman had notes upon many ſubjects which afforded an intereſting converſation; and as he communicated freely, I had the pleaſure to find, that I ſhould not quit Lyons without a good portion of the knowledge I ſought. This gentleman, ſomewhat advanced in life, has a young and beautiful wife—the lady to whom he addreſſed his letters, written in Italy, and which have been publiſhed in five or ſix volumes. Monſ. Froſſard deſiring Monſ. de la Platerie to dine with him, to meet me, we had a great deal of converſation on agriculture, manufactures and commerce; and differed but little in our opinions, except on the treaty of commerce between England and France, which that gentleman condemned, as I thought, unjuſtly; and we debated the point. He warmly contended, that ſilk ought to have been included as a benefit to France; I urged, that the offer was made to the French miniſtry, and refuſed; and I ventured to ſay, that had it been accepted, the advantage would have been on the ſide of England, inſtead of France, ſuppoſing, according to the vulgar ideas, that the *benefit* and the *balance* of trade are the ſame things. I begged him to give me a reaſon for believing that France would buy the ſilk of Piedmont and of China, and work it up to underſell England; while England buys the French cotton, and works it into fabrics that underſell thoſe of France, even under an accumulation of charges and duties? We diſcuſſed theſe, and ſimilar ſubjects, with that ſort of attention and candour that render them intereſting to perſons who love a liberal converſation upon important points.—Among the objects at Lyons, that are worthy of a ſtranger's curioſity, is the point of junction of the two great rivers, the Soanne and the Rhone; Lyons would doubtleſs be much better ſituated, if it were really at the junction; but there is an unoccupied ſpace ſufficient to contain a city half as large as Lyons itſelf. This ſpace is a modern embankment, that coſt ſix millions, and ruined the undertakers. I prefer even Nantes to Lyons. When a city is built at the junction of two great rivers, the imagination is apt to ſuppoſe, that thoſe rivers form a part of the magnificence of the ſcenery. Without broad, clean, and well built quays, what are rivers to a city but a facility to carry coals or tar-barrels? What, in point of beauty, has London to do with the Thames, except at the terrace of the Adelphi, and the new buildings of Somerſet-place, any more than with Fleet-ditch, buried as it is, a common ſhore? I know nothing in which our expectations are ſo horribly diſappointed as in cities, ſo very few are built with any general idea of beauty or decoration!

The 29th. Early in the morning, with Monſ. Froſſard, to view a large farm near Lyons. Monſ. Froſſard is a ſteady advocate for the new conſtitution eſtabliſhing in France. At the ſame time, all thoſe I have converſed with in the city, repreſent the ſtate of the manufacture as melancholy to the laſt degree. Twenty thouſand people are fed by charity, and conſequently very ill fed; and the maſs of diſtreſs, in all kinds, among the lower claſſes, is greater than ever was known,—or than any thing of which they had an idea. The chief cauſe of the evil felt here, is the ſtagnation of trade, occaſioned by the emigrations of the rich from the kingdom, and the general want of confidence in merchants and manufacturers; whence, of courſe, bankruptcies are common. At a moment when they are little able to bear additional burthens, they raiſe, by voluntary contributions, for the poor, immenſe ſums; ſo that, including the revenues of the hoſpitals, and other charitable foundations, there is not paid, at preſent, for the uſe of the poor, leſs than

40,000 louis d'or a year. My fellow traveller, Mr. Grundy, being deſirous to get ſoon to Paris, perſuaded me to travel with him in a poſt-chaiſe, a mode of travelling which I deteſt, but the ſeaſon urged me to it; and a ſtill ſtronger motive, was the having of more time to paſs in that city, for the ſake of obſerving the extraordinary ſtate of things,—of a King, Queen, and Dauphin of France, actual priſoners; I, therefore, accepted his propoſal, and we ſet off after dinner to day. In about ten miles come to the mountains. The country dreary; no incloſures, no mulberries, no vines, much waſte, and nothing that indicates the vicinity of ſuch a city. At Arnas, ſleep at a comfortable inn.——17 miles.

The 30th. Continue early in the morning to Tarar; the mountain of which name is more formidable in reputation than in reality. To St. Syphorien the ſame features. The buildings increaſe, both in number and goodneſs, on approaching the Seine, which we croſſed at Roane; it is here a good river, and is navigable many miles higher, and conſequently at a vaſt diſtance from the ſea. There are many flat bottomed barges on it, of a conſiderable ſize.——50 miles.

The 31ſt. Another clear, fine, ſunſhine day; rarely do we ſee any thing like it at this ſeaſon in England. After Droiturier, the woods of the Bourbonnois commence. At St. Gerund le Puy the country improves, enlivened by white houſes and *chateaux*, and all continues ſine to Moulins. Sought here my old friend, Monſ. L'Abbe Barut, and had another interview with Monſ. le Marquis Degouttes, concerning the ſale of his *chateaux* and eſtate of Riaux; I deſired ſtill to have the refuſal of it, which he promiſed, and will, I have no doubt, keep his word. Never have I been ſo tempted, on any occaſion, as with the wiſh of poſſeſſing this agreeable ſituation, in one of the fineſt parts of France, and in the fineſt climate of Europe. God grant, that, ſhould he be pleaſed to protract my life, I may not, in a ſad old age, repent of not cloſing at once with an offer to which prudence calls, and prejudice only forbids! Heaven ſend me eaſe and tranquillity, for the cloſe of life, be it paſſed either in Suffolk, or the Bourbonnois!——38 miles.

JANUARY 1, 1790. Nevers makes a fine appearance, riſing proudly from the Loire; but, on the firſt entrance, it is like a thouſand other places. Towns, thus ſeen, reſemble a groupe of women, huddled cloſe together: you ſee their nodding plumes and ſparkling gems, till you fancy that ornament is the herald of beauty; but, on a nearer inſpection, the faces are too often but common clay. From the hill that deſcends to Pougues, is an extenſive view to the north; and after Pouilly a fine ſcenery, with the Loire doubling through it.——75 miles.

The 2d. At Briare, the canal is an object that announces the happy effects of induſtry. There we quit the Loire. The country all the way diverſified; much of it dry, and very pleaſant, with rivers, hills, and woods, but almoſt every where a poor ſoil. Paſs many *chateaux*, ſome of which are very good. Sleep at Nemours, where we met with an inn-keeper, who exceeded, in knavery, all we had met with, either in France or Italy: for ſupper, we had a *ſoupe maigre*, a partridge and a chicken roaſted, a plate of celery, a ſmall cauliflower, two bottles of poor *vin du Pays*, and a deſſert of two biſcuits and four apples: here is the bill:——Potage, 1 liv. 10*ſ.*—Perdrix, 2 liv. 10*ſ.*—Poulet, 2 liv.—Celeri, 1 liv. 4*ſ.*—Choufleur, 2 liv.—Pain et deſſert, 2 liv.—Feu & apartement, 6 liv.—Total, 19 liv. 8*ſ.* Againſt ſo impudent an extortion, we remonſtrated ſeverely, but in vain. We then inſiſted on his ſigning the bill, which, after many evaſions, he did, *a l'etoile*; *Foulliare.* But having been carried to the inn, not as the ſtar, but the *écu de France*, we ſuſpected ſome deceit: and going out to examine the premiſes, we found the ſign to be really the *écu*, and learned, on enquiry, that his own name was *Roux*, inſtead of *Foulliare*: he was not prepared for this detection, or for the execration we poured on ſuch an infamous conduct; but he ran away, in an inſtant, and hid himſelf, till we were gone. In juſtice to the world, however, ſuch a fellow ought to be marked out. ——60 miles.

The 3d. Through the foreſt of Fontainbleau, to Melun and Paris. The ſixty *poſtes* from Lyons to Paris, making three hundred Engliſh miles, coſt us, including 3 louis for the hire of the poſt chaiſe (an old French cabriolet of two wheels) and the charges at the inns, &c. 15l. Engliſh; that is to ſay, 1s. per Engliſh miles, or 6d. per head. At Paris, I went to my old quarters, the hotel de la Rochefoucauld; for at Lyons I had received a letter from the duke de Liancourt, who deſired me to make his houſe my home, juſt as in the time of his mother, my much lamented friend, the dutcheſs d'Eſtiſſac, who died while I was in Italy. I found my friend Lazowſki well, and we were *à gorge deployée*, to converſe on the amazing ſcenes that have taken place in France ſince I left Paris.——46 miles.

The 4th. After breakfaſt, walk in the gardens of the Thuilleries, where there is the moſt extraordinary ſight that either French or Engliſh eyes could ever behold at Paris. The king, walking with ſix grenadiers of the *milice bourgeoiſe*, with an officer or two of his houſehold, and a page. The doors of the gardens are kept ſhut in reſpect to him, in order to exclude every body but deputies, or thoſe who have admiſſion-tickets. When he entered the palace, the doors of the gardens were thrown open for all without diſtinction, though the Queen was ſtill walking with a lady of her court. She alſo was attended ſo cloſely by the *gardes bourgeoiſe*, that ſhe could not ſpeak, but in a low voice, without being heard by them. A mob followed her, talking very loud, and paying no other apparent reſpect than that of taking off their hats wherever ſhe paſſed, which was indeed more than I expected. Her majeſty does not appear to be in health; ſhe ſeems to be much affected, and ſhews it in her face; but the king is as plump as eaſe can render him. By his orders, there is a little garden railed off, for the Dauphin to amuſe himſelf in, and a ſmall room is built in it to retire to in caſe of rain; here he was at work with his little hoe and rake, but not without a guard of two grenadiers. He is a very pretty good-natured-looking boy, of five or ſix years old, with an agreeable countenance; wherever he goes, all hats are taken off to him, which I was glad to obſerve. All the family being kept thus cloſe priſoners (for ſuch they are in effect) afford, at firſt view, a ſhocking ſpectacle; and is really ſo, if the act were not abſolutely neceſſary to effect the revolution; this I conceive to be impoſſible; but if it were neceſſary, no one can blame the people for taking every meaſure poſſible to ſecure that liberty they had ſeized in the violence of a revolution. At ſuch a moment, nothing is to be condemned but what endangers the national freedom. I muſt, however, freely own, that I have my doubts whether this treatment of the royal family can be juſtly eſteemed any ſecurity to liberty; or, on the contrary, whether it were not a very dangerous ſtep, that expoſes to hazard whatever had been gained. I have ſpoken with ſeveral perſons to-day, and have ſtarted objections to the preſent ſyſtem, ſtronger even than they appear to me, in order to learn their ſentiments; and it is evident, they are at the preſent moment under an apprehenſion of an attempt towards a counter revolution. The danger of it very much, if not abſolutely, reſults from the violence which has been uſed towards the royal family. The National Aſſembly was, before that period, anſwerable only for the permanent conſtitutional laws paſſed for the future: ſince that moment, it is equally anſwerable for the whole conduct of the government of the ſtate, executive as well as legiſlative. This critical ſituation has made a conſtant ſpirit of exertion neceſſary amongſt the Paris militia. The great object of M. la Fayette, and the other military leaders, is to improve their diſcipline, and to bring them into ſuch a form as to allow a rational dependence on them, in caſe of their being wanted in the field; but ſuch is the ſpirit of freedom, that even in the military, there is ſo little ſubordination, that a man is an officer to-day, and in the ranks to-morrow; a mode of proceeding, that makes it the more difficult to bring them to the point their leaders ſee neceſſary. Eight thouſand men in Paris may be called the ſtanding army, paid every day 15*ſ.* a man; in which number is included the corps of the French guards from Verſailles, that deſerted to the people: they have alſo eight hundred horſe, at an expence each of 1500 liv. (62l. 15s. 6d.) a year, and the officers have double the pay of thoſe in the army.

The 5th. Yeſterday's addreſs of the National Aſſembly to the king has done them credit with every body. I have heard it mentioned, by people of very different opinions, but all concur in commending it. It was upon the queſtion of naming the annual ſum which ſhould be granted for the civil liſt. They determined to ſend a deputation to his majeſty, requeſting him to name the ſum himſelf, and praying him to conſult leſs his ſpirit of œconomy, than a ſenſe of that dignity, which ought to environ the throne with a becoming ſplendour. Dine with the duke de Liancourt, at his apartments in the Thuilleries, which, on the removal from Verſailles, were aſſigned to him as grand maſter of the wardrobe; he gives a great dinner, twice a-week, to the deputies, at which from twenty to forty are uſually preſent. Half an hour after three was the hour appointed; but we waited, with ſome of the deputies that had left the Aſſembly, till ſeven, before the duke and the reſt of the company came.

There is in the Aſſembly at preſent a writer of character, the author of a very able book, which led me to expect ſomething much above mediocrity in him; but he is made up of ſo many pretty littleneſſes, that I ſtared at him with amazement. His voice is that of a feminine whiſper, as if his nerves would not permit ſuch a boiſterous exertion as that of ſpeaking loud enough to be heard; when he breathes out his ideas, he does it with eyes half cloſed; waves his head in circles, as if his ſentiments were to be received as oracles; and has ſo much relaxation and pretenſion to eaſe and delicacy of manner, with no perſonal appearance to ſecond theſe prettineſſes, that I wondered by what artificial means ſuch a maſs of heterogeneous parts became compounded. How ſtrange that we ſhould read an author's book with great pleaſure; that we ſhould ſay, this man has no ſtuff in him; all is of conſequence; here is a character uncontaminated with that *rubbiſh* which we ſee in ſo many other men—and after this, to meet the garb of ſo much littleneſs.

The 6th, 7th, and 8th. The duke of Liancourt having an intention of taking a farm into his own hands, to be conducted on improved principles after the Engliſh manner, he deſired me to accompany him, and my friend Lazowſki, to Liancourt, to give my opinion of the lands, and of the beſt means towards executing the project, which I very readily complied with. I was here witneſs to a ſcene which made me ſmile: at no great diſtance from the *chateau* of Liancourt, is a piece of waſte land, cloſe to the road, and belonging to the duke. I ſaw ſome men very buſily at work upon it, hedging it in, in ſmall diviſions; levelling, and digging, and beſtowing much labour for ſo poor a ſpot. I aſked the ſteward if he thought that land worth ſuch an expence? he replied, that the poor people in the town, upon the revolution taking place, declared, that the poor were the nation; that the waſte belonged to the nation; and, proceeding from theory to practice, took poſſeſſion, without any further authority, and began to cultivate; the duke not viewing their induſtry with any diſpleaſure, would offer no oppoſition to it. This circumſtance ſhews the univerſal ſpirit that is gone forth; and proves, that were it puſhed a little farther, it might prove a ſerious matter for all the property in the kingdom. In this caſe, however, I cannot but commend it; for if there be one public nuiſance greater than another, it is a man preſerving the poſſeſſion of waſte land, which he will neither cultivate himſelf, nor let others cultivate. The miſerable people die for want of bread, in ſight of waſtes that would feed thouſands. I think them wiſe, and rational, and philoſophical, in ſeizing such tracks: and I heartily wiſh there was a law in England for making this action of the French peaſants a legal one with us.——72 miles.

The 9th. At breakfaſt this morning in the Thuilleries. Monſ. Deſmarets, of the Academy of Sciences, brought a *Memoire, preſenté par la Societé Royale d'Agriculture, a l'Aſſemblée Nationale*, on the means of improving the agriculture of France; in which, among other things, they recommend great attention to bees, to panification, and to the obſtetrick art. On the eſtabliſhment of a free and patriotic government, to which the national agriculture might look for new and halcyon days, theſe were objects doubtleſs of the firſt importance. There are ſome parts of the memoir that really merit attention. Called on my fellow traveller, Monſ. Nicolay, and find him a conſiderable perſon; a great hotel; many ſervants; his father a marechal of France, and himſelf firſt preſident of a chamber in the parliament of Paris, having been elected deputy, by the nobility of that city, for the ſtates general, but declined accepting; he has deſired I would dine with him on Sunday, when he promiſes to have Monſ. Decretot, the celebrated manufacturer and deputy, from Louviers. At the National Aſſembly—The count de Mirabeau, ſpeaking upon the queſtion of the members of the chamber of vacation, in the parliament of Rennes, was truly eloquent,—ardent, lively, energic, and impetuous. At night to the aſſembly of the Ducheſs d'Anville; the Marquis and Madame Condorcet there, &c. not a word but politics.

The 10th. The chief leaders in the National Aſſembly, are, Target, Chapellier, Mirabeau, Bernave, Volney the traveller, and, till the attack upon the property of the clergy, l'Abbé Syeyes; but he has been ſo much diſguſted by that ſtep, that he is not near ſo forward as before. The violent democrats, who have the reputation of being ſo much republican in principle, that they do not admit any political neceſſity for having even the name of a king, are called the *enragés*. They have a meeting at the Jacobins, called the revolution club, which aſſembles every night, in the very room in which the famous league was formed, in the reign of Henry III.; and they are ſo numerous, that all material buſineſs is there decided, before it is diſcuſſed by the National Aſſembly. I called this morning on ſeveral perſons, all of whom are great democrats; and mentioning this circumſtance to them, as one which ſavoured too much of a Paris junto governing the kingdom, an idea, which muſt, in the long run, be unpopular and hazardous; I was anſwered, that the predominancy which Paris aſſumed, at preſent, was abſolutely neceſſary, for the ſafety of the whole nation; for if nothing were done, but by procuring a previous common conſent, all great opportunities would be loſt, and the National Aſſembly left conſtantly expoſed to the danger of a counter-revolution. They, however, admitted, that it did create great jealouſies, and no where more than at Verſailles, where ſome plots (they added) are, without doubt, hatching at this moment, which have the king's perſon for their object: riots are frequent there, under pretence of the price of bread; and ſuch movements are certainly very dangerous, for they cannot exiſt ſo near Paris, without the ariſtocratical party of the old government endeavouring to take advantage of them, and to turn them to a very different end, from what was, perhaps, originally intended. I remarked, in all theſe converſations, that the belief of plots, among the diſguſted party, for ſetting the king at liberty, is general; they ſeem almoſt perſuaded, that the revolution will not be abſolutely finiſhed before ſome ſuch attempts are made; and it is curious to obſerve, that the general voice is, that if an attempt were to be made, in ſuch a manner as to have the leaſt appearance of ſucceſs, it would undoubtedly coſt the king his life; and ſo changed is the national character, not only in point of affection for the perſon of their prince, but alſo in that ſoftneſs and humanity, for which it has been ſo much admired, that the ſuppoſition is made without horror or compunction. In a word, the preſent devotion to liberty is a ſort of rage; it abſorbs every other paſſion, and permits no other object to remain in view, than what promiſes to confirm it. Dine with a large party, at the duke de la Rochefoucauld's; ladies and gentlemen, and all equally politicians; but I may remark another effect of this revolution, by no means unnatural, which is, that of leſſening, or rather reducing to nothing, the enormous influence of the ſex: they mixed themſelves before in every thing, in order to govern every thing: I think I ſee an end to it very clearly. The men in this kingdom were puppets, moved by their wires, who, inſtead of giving the *ton*, in queſtions of national debate, muſt now receive it, and muſt be content to move in the political ſphere of ſome celebrated leader,—that is to ſay, they are, in fact, ſinking into what nature intended them for; they will become more amiable, and the nation better governed.

The 11th. The riots at Verſailles are ſaid to be ſerious; a plot is talked of, for eight hundred men to march, armed, to Paris, at the inſtigation of ſomebody, to join ſomebody; the intention, to murder La Fayette, Bailly, and Necker; and very wild and improbable reports are propagated every moment. They have been ſufficient to induce Monſ. La Fayette to iſſue, yeſterday, an order concerning the mode of aſſembling the militia, in caſe of any ſudden alarm. Two pieces of cannon, and eight hundred men, mount guard at the Thuilleries every day. See ſome royaliſts this morning, who aſſert, that the public opinion in the kingdom is changing apace; that pity for the king, and diſguſt at ſome proceedings of the Aſſembly, have lately done much: they ſay, that any attempt at preſent to reſcue the king would be abſurd, for his preſent ſituation is doing more for him than force could effect, at this moment, as the general feelings of the nation are in his favour. They have no ſcruple in declaring, that a well concerted vigorous effort would place him at the head of a powerful army, which could not fail of being joined by a great, diſguſted, and injured body. I remarked, that every honeſt man muſt hope no ſuch event would take place; for if a counter-revolution ſhould be effected, it would eſtabliſh a deſpotiſm, much heavier than ever France experienced. This they would not allow; on the contrary, they believed, that no government could, in future, be ſecure, that did not grant to the people more extenſive rights and privileges than they poſſeſſed under the old one. Dine with my brother traveller, the count de Nicolay; among the company, as the count had promiſed me, was Monſ. Decretot, the celebrated manufacturer of Louviers, from whom I learned the magnitude of the diſtreſſes at preſent in Normandy. The cotton mills which he had ſhewn me, laſt year, at Louviers, have ſtood ſtill nine months; and ſo many ſpinning jennies have been deſtroyed by the people, under the idea that ſuch machines were contrary to their intereſts, that the trade is in a deplorable ſituation. In the evening, accompanied Monſ. Lazowſki to the Italian opera, *La Berbiera di Seviglia*, by Paieſello, which is one of the moſt agreeable compoſitions of that truly great maſter. Mandini and Raffanelli excellent, and Baletti a ſweet voice. There is no ſuch comic opera to be ſeen in Italy, as this of Paris, and the houſe is always full: this will work as great a revolution in French muſic, as ever can be wrought in French government. What will they think, by and by, of Lully and Rameau? And what a triumph for the manes of Jean Jacques!

The 12th. To the National Aſſembly:—a debate on the conduct of the chamber of vacation, in the parliament of Rennes, continued. Monſ. l'Abbé Maury, a zealous royaliſt, made a long and eloquent ſpeech, which he delivered with great fluency and preciſion, and without any notes, in defence of the parliament: he replied to what had been urged by the count de Mirabeau, on a former day, and ſpoke ſtrongly on his unjuſtifiable call on the people of Bretagne, to a *redoubtable dénombrement.* He ſaid, that it would better become the members of ſuch an aſſembly, to count their own principles and duties, and the fruits of their attention, to the privileges of the ſubject, than to call for a *denombrement*, that would fill a province with fire and bloodſhed. He was interrupted by the noiſe and confuſion of the aſſembly, and of the audience, ſix ſeveral times; but it had no effect on him; he waited calmly till it ſubſided, and then proceeded as if no interruption had been given. The ſpeech was a very able one, and much reliſhed by the royaliſts; but the *enragés* condemned it, as good for-nothing. No other perſon ſpoke without notes; the count de Clermont read a ſpeech that had ſome brilliant paſſages, but by no means an anſwer to l'Abbé Maury, as indeed it would have been wonderful if it were, being prepared before he heard the Abbé's oration. It can hardly be conceived how flat this mode of debate renders the tranſactions of the Aſſembly. Who would be in the gallery of the Engliſh Houſe of Commons, if Mr. Pitt were to bring a written ſpeech, to be delivered on a ſubject on which Mr. Fox was to ſpeak before him? And in proportion to its being unintereſting to the hearer is another evil; that of lengthening their ſittings, ſince there are ten perſons who will read their opinions, to one that is able to deliver an *impromptu*. The want of order, and every kind of confuſion,

ſion, prevails now almoſt as much as when the Aſſembly ſat at Verſailles. The interruptions given are frequent and long; and ſpeakers, who have no right by the rules to ſpeak, will attempt it. The count de Mirabeau preſſed to deliver his opinion after the Abbé Maury; the preſident put it to the vote, whether he ſhould be allowed to ſpeak a ſecond time, and the whole houſe roſe up to negative it; ſo that the firſt orator of the Aſſembly has not the influence even to be heard to explain—we have no conception of ſuch rules; and yet their great number muſt make this neceſſary. I forgot to obſerve, that there is a gallery at each end of the ſaloon, which is open to all the world; and ſide ones for admiſſion of the friends of the members by tickets: the audience in theſe galleries are very noiſy: they clap, when any thing pleaſes them, and they have been known to hiſs; an indecorum which is utterly deſtructive of freedom of debate. I left the houſe before the whole was finiſhed, and repaired to the duke of Liancourt's apartments in the Thuilleries, to dine with his cuſtomary party of deputies; Meſſ. Chapellier and Demeuſniers were there, who had both been preſidents, and are ſtill members of conſiderable diſtinction; M. Vonley, the celebrated traveller, alſo was preſent; the prince de Poix, the count de Montmorenci, &c. Waiting for the duke of Liancourt, who did not arrive till half after ſeven, with the greateſt part of the company, the converſation almoſt entirely turned upon a ſtrong ſuſpicion entertained of the Engliſh having made a remittance for the purpoſe of embroiling matters in the kingdom. The count de Thiard, *cordon blue*, who commands in Bretagne, ſimply ſtated the fact, that ſome regiments at Breſt had been regular in their conduct, and as much to be depended on as any in the ſervice; but that, of a ſudden, money had found its way among the men in conſiderable ſums, and from that time their behaviour was changed. One of the deputies demanding at what period, he was anſwered †; on which he immediately obſerved, that it followed the remittance of 1,100,000 liv. (48,125l,) from England, that had occaſioned ſo much conjecture and converſation. This remittance, which had been particularly enquired into, was ſo myſterious and obſcure, that the naked fact only could be diſcovered; but every perſon preſent aſſerted the truth of it. Other gentlemen united the two facts, and were ready to ſuppoſe them connected. I remarked, that if England had really interfered, which appeared to me incredible, it was to be preſumed, that it would have been either in the line of her ſuppoſed intereſt, or in that of the king's ſuppoſed inclination; that theſe happened to be exactly the ſame, and if money were remitted from that kingdom, moſt aſſuredly it would be to ſupport the falling intereſt of the crown, and by no means to detach from it any force whatever; in ſuch a caſe, remittance from England might go to Metz, for keeping troops to their duty, but would never be ſent to Breſt to corrupt them, the idea of which was groſsly abſurd. All ſeemed inclined to admit the juſtneſs of this remark, but they adhered to the two facts, in whatever manner they might, or might not, be connected. At this dinner, according to cuſtom, moſt of the deputies, eſpecially the younger ones, were dreſſed *au poliſſon*, many of them without powder in their hair, and ſome in boots; not above four or five were neatly dreſſed. How times are changed! When they had nothing better to attend to, the faſhionable Pariſians were correctneſs itſelf, in all that pertained to the *toilette*, and were, therefore, thought a frivolous people; but now they have ſomething of more importance than dreſs to occupy them; and the light airy character that was uſually given them, will have no foundation in truth. Every thing in this world depends on government.

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† It was a late tranſaction.

The 13th. A great commotion among the populace late laſt night, which is ſaid to have ariſen on two accounts—one to get at the baron de Beſneval, who is in priſon, in order to hang him; the other to demand bread at 2ſ. the pound. They eat it at preſent at the rate of twenty-two millions a-year cheaper than the reſt of the kingdom, and yet they demand a further reduction. However, the current diſcourſe is, that Favras, an adventurer alſo in priſon, muſt be hanged to ſatisfy the people; for as to Beſneval, the Swiſs cantons have remonſtrated ſo firmly, that they will not dare to execute him. Early in the morning, the guards were doubled, and eight thouſand horſe and foot are now patrolling the ſtreets. The report of plots, to carry off the king, is in the mouth of every one; and it is ſaid, theſe movements of the people, as well as thoſe at Verſailles, are not what they appear to be, mere mobs, but inſtigated by the ariſtocrats; and if permitted to riſe to ſuch a height as to entangle the Paris militia, will prove the part only of a conſpiracy againſt the new government. That they have reaſon to be alert is undoubted; for though there ſhould actually be no plots in exiſtence, yet there is ſo great a temptation to them, and ſuch a probability of their being formed, that ſupineneſs would probably create them. I have met with the lieutenant-colonel of a regiment of horſe, who is come from his quarters, and who aſſerts, that his whole regiment, officers and men, are now at the king's devotion, and would march whereever he called, and would execute whatever he ordered, not contrary to their ancient feelings; but that they would not have been inclined to be ſo obedient before he was brought to Paris; and from the converſation he has had with the officers of other regiments, he believes that the ſame ſpirit pervades their corps alſo. If any ſerious plans have been laid for a counter-revolution, or for carrying off the king, and their execution has been, or ſhall be prevented, poſterity will be much more likely to have information of it than this age. Certainly the eyes of all the ſovereigns, and of all the great nobility in Europe, are on the French revolution; they look with amazement, and even with terror, upon a ſituation which may poſſibly be hereafter their own caſe; and they muſt expect, with anxiety, that ſome attempts will be made to reverſe an example, that will not want copies, whenever the period is favourable to make them. Dine at the Palais Royal, with a ſelect party; politicians they muſt be, if they are Frenchmen. The queſtion was diſcuſſed, Are the plots and conſpiracies of which we hear ſo much at preſent, real, or are they invented by the leaders of the revolution, to keep up the ſpirits of the militia, in order to enable themſelves to ſecure the government on its new foundation irreverſibly?

The 14th. Plots! plots!—the marquis La Fayette, laſt night, took two hundred priſoners in the *Champs Elyſées*, out of eleven hundred that were collected. They had powder and ball, but no muſquets. Who? and what are they? is the queſtion; but an anſwer is not ſo eaſily to be had. *Brigands*, according to ſome accounts, that have collected in Paris for no good purpoſe; people from Verſailles by others; Germans by a third: but every one would make you believe, they are an appendix to a plot laid for a counter-revolution. Reports are ſo various and contradictory, that no dependence is to be placed on them; nor credit given to one-tenth of what is aſſerted. It is ſingular, and has been much commented on, that La Fayette would not truſt his ſtanding troops, as they may be called, that is the eight thouſand regularly paid, and of whom the French guards form a conſiderable portion, but he took, for the expedition, the *bourgeoiſe* only; which has elated the latter as much as it has diſguſted the former. The moment ſeems big with events; there is an anxiety, an expectation, an uncertainty, and ſuſpenſe that is viſible in every eye one meets; *and even the beſt* informed people, and the leaſt liable to be led away by popular reports, are not a little alarmed at the apprehenſion of ſome unknown attempt that may be made to reſcue the king, and overturn the National Aſſembly. Many perſons are of opinion, that it would not be difficult to take the King, Queen, and Dauphin away, without endangering them, for which attempt the Thuilleries is particularly well ſituated, provided a body of troops, of ſufficient force, were in readineſs to receive them. In ſuch a caſe, there would be a civil war, which, perhaps, would end in deſpotiſm, whatever party came off victorious; conſequently ſuch an attempt, or plan, could not originate in any boſom from true patriotiſm. If I have a fair opportunity to paſs much of my time in good company at Paris, I have alſo no ſmall trouble in turning over books, MSS. and papers, which I cannot ſee in England: this employs many hours a day, with what I borrow from the night, in making notes. I have procured alſo ſome public records, the copying of which demands time. He who wiſhes to give a good account of ſuch a kingdom as France, muſt be indefatigable in the ſearch of materials; for let him collect with all the care poſſible, yet when he comes to ſit down coolly to the examination and arrangement, will find, that much has been put into his hands, of no real conſequence, and more, poſſibly, that is abſolutely uſeleſs.

The 15th. To the Palais Royal, to view the pictures of the duke of Orleans, which I had tried once or twice before to do in vain. The collection is known to be very rich, in pieces of the Dutch and Flemiſh maſters; ſome finiſhed with all the exquiſite attention which that ſchool gave to minute expreſſion. But it is a *genre* little intereſting, when the works of the great Italian artiſts are at hand: of theſe the collection is one of the firſt in the world. Raphael, Hanibal Carracci, Titian, Dominichino, Correggio, and Paul Veroneſe. The firſt picture in the collection, and one of the fineſt that ever came from the eaſel, is that of the three Maries, and the dead Chriſt, by H. Carracci; the powers of expreſſion cannot go further. There is the St. John of Raphael, the ſame picture as thoſe of Florence and Bologna; and an inimitable Virgin and Child, by the ſame great maſter. A Venus bathing, and a Magdalen, by Titian. Lucretia, by Andrea del Sarto, Leda, by Paul Veroneſe, and alſo by Tintoretto. Mars and Venus, and ſeveral others, by Paul Veroneſe. The naked figure of a woman, by Bonieu, a French painter, now living, a pleaſing piece. Some noble pictures, by Pouſſin and Le Seur. The apartments muſt diſappoint every one:—I did not ſee one good room, and all inferior to the rank and immenſe fortune of the poſſeſſor, certainly the firſt ſubject in Europe. Dine at the duke of Liancourt's: among the company was Monſ. de Bougainville, the celebrated circumnavigator, agreeable as well as ſenſible; the count de Caſtellane, and the count de Montmorenci, two young legiſtators, as *enragés* as if their names were only Bernave or Rabeau. In ſome alluſions to the conſtitution of England, I found they hold it very cheap, in regard to political liberty. The ideas of the moment, relative to plots and conſpiracies were diſcuſſed, but they ſeemed very generally to agree, that; however the conſtitution might, by ſuch means, be delayed, it was now abſolutely impoſſible to prevent its taking place. At night to the national circus, as it is called, at the Palais Royal, a building in the gardens, or area, of that palace, the moſt whimſical and expenſive folly that is eaſily to be imagined: it is a large ball room, ſunk half its height under ground; and, as if this circumſtance were not ſufficiently adapted to made it damp enough, a garden is planted on the roof, and a river is made to flow a round it, which, with the addition of ſome ſpirting *jets d'eau*, have undoubtedly made it a delicious place, for a winter's entertainment. The expence of this gew-gaw building, the project of ſome of the duke of Orleans' friends, I ſuppoſe, and executed at his expence, would have eſtabliſhed an Engliſh farm, with all its principles, buildings, live ſtock, tools, and crops, on a ſcale that would have done honour to the firſt ſovereign of Europe; for it would have converted five thouſand arpents of deſert into a garden. As to the reſult of the mode that *has been* purſued, of inveſting ſuch a capital, I know no epithet equal to its merits. It is meant to be a concert, ball, coffee, and billiard room, with ſhops, &c. deſigned to be ſomething in the ſtyle of the amuſements of our Pantheon. There were muſic and ſinging to night, but the room being almoſt empty, it was, on the whole, equally cold and *ſombre*.

The 16th. The idea of plots and conſpiracies has come to ſuch a height as greatly to alarm the leaders of the revolution. The diſguſt that ſpreads every day at their tranſactions, ariſes more from the king's ſituation than from any other circumſtance. They cannot, after the ſcenes that have paſſed, venture to ſet him at liberty before the conſtitution is finiſhed: and they dread, at the ſame time, a change working in his favour in the minds of the people: in this dilemma, a plan is laid for perſuading his majeſty to go ſuddenly to the National Aſſembly, and, in a ſpeech, to declare himſelf perfectly ſatisfied with their proceedings, and to conſider himſelf as at the head of the revolution, in terms ſo couched, as to take away all idea or pretence of his being in a ſtate of confinement or coercion. This is at preſent a favourite plan; the only difficulty will be, to perſuade the king to take a ſtep that will apparently preclude him from whatever turn or advantage the general feeling of the provinces may work in his favour; for, after ſuch a meaſure, he will have reaſon to expect that his friends will ſecond the views of the democratical party, from an abſolute deſpair of any other principles becoming efficient. It is thought probable, that this ſcheme will be brought about; and if it is, it will do more to eaſe their apprehenſions of any attempts than any other plan. I have been among the bookſellers, with a catalogue in hand to collect publications, which, unfortunately for my purſe, I find I muſt have on various topics, that concern the preſent ſtate of France.—Theſe are now every day ſo numerous, eſpecially on the ſubjects of commerce, colonies, finances, taxation, *deficit*, &c. not to ſpeak of the ſubject immediately of the revolution itſelf, that it demands many hours every day to leſſen the number to be bought, by reading pen in hand. The collection the duke of Liancourt has made from the very commencement of the revolution, at the firſt meeting of the notables, is prodigious, and has coſt many hundred louis d'ors. It is uncommonly complete, and will hereafter be of the greateſt value, to conſult on abundance of curious queſtions.

The 17th. The plan I mentioned yeſterday, that was propoſed to the king, was urged in vain: his majeſty received the propoſition in ſuch a manner as does not leave any great hope of the ſcheme being executed; but the marquis La Fayette is ſo ſtrenuous for its being brought about, that it will not yet be abandoned; but propoſed again at a more favourable moment. The royaliſts, who know of this plan (for the public have it not), are delighted at the chance of its failing. The refuſal is attributed to the Queen. Another circumſtance, which gives great diſquiet at preſent to the leaders of the revolution, are the accounts daily received from all parts of the kingdom, of the diſtreſs, and even ſtarving condition of the manufacturers, artiſts, and ſailors, which grow more and more ſerious, and muſt make the idea of an attempt to overturn the revolution ſo much the more alarming and dangerous. The only branch of induſtry in the kingdom, that remains flouriſhing, is the trade to the ſugar-colonies; and the ſcheme of emancipating the negroes, or at leaſt of putting an end to importing them, which they borrowed from England, has thrown Nantes, Havre, Marſeilles, Bourdeaux, and all other places connected ſecondarily with that commerce, into the utmoſt agitation. The count de Mirabeau ſays publicly, that he is ſure of carrying the vote to put an end to negro ſlavery—it is very much the converſation at preſent, and principally amongſt the leaders, who ſay, that as the revolution was founded on philoſophy, and ſupported by metaphyſics, ſuch a plan cannot but be congenial. But ſurely trade depends on practice much more than on theory; and the planters and merchants, who come to Paris to oppoſe the ſcheme, are better prepared to ſhew the importance of their commerce, than to reaſon philoſophically on the demerits of ſlavery. Many publications have appeared on the ſubject—ſome deſerving attention.

The 18th. At the duke of Liancourt's dinner, to-day, meet the marquis de Caſaux, the author of the mechaniſm of ſocieties; notwithſtanding all the warmth, and even fire of argument, and vivacity of manner and compoſition for which his writings are remarkable, he is perfectly mild and placid in converſation, with little of that effervescence one would look for from his books. There was a remarkable aſſertion made to-day, at table, by the count de Marguerite, before near thirty deputies; ſpeaking of the determination on the Toulon buſineſs, he ſaid, it was openly ſupported by deputies, under the avowal that more inſurrections were neceſſary. I looked round the table, expecting ſome deciſive anſwer to be given to this, and was amazed to find that no one replied a word. Monſ. Volney, the traveller, after a pauſe of ſome moments, declared, that he thought the people of Toulon had acted right, and were juſtifiable in what they had done. The hiſtory of this Toulou buſineſs is known to all the world. This count de Marguerite has a *tetê dure* and a ſteady conduct—it may be believed that he is not an *enragé*. At dinner, M. Blin, deputy from Spain, mentioning the conduct of the revolution club at the *Jacobins*, ſaid, we have given you a good preſident; and then aſked the count, why he did not come among them? He anſwered, *Je me trouve heureux en verité de n'avoir jamais été d'aucune ſociété politique particuliere; je penſe que mes fonctions ſont publiques, et qu'elles peuvent aiſément ſe remplir ſans aſſociations particulieres.* He got no reply here.—At night, Monſ. Decretot, and Monſ. Blin, carried me to the revolution club at the *Jacobins*; the room where they aſſemble, is that in which the famous league was ſigned, as it has been obſerved above. There were above one hundred deputies preſent, with a preſident in the chair; I was handed to him, and announced as the author of the *Arithmetique Politique*; the preſident ſtanding up, repeated my name to the company, and demanded if there were any objections——None; and this is all the ceremony, not merely of an introduction, but an election: for I was told, that now I was free to be preſent when I pleaſed, being a foreigner. Ten or a dozen other elections were made. In this club, the buſineſs that is to be brought into the National Aſſembly is regularly debated; the motions are read, that are intended to be made there, and rejected or corrected and approved. When theſe have been fully agreed to, the whole party are engaged to ſupport them. Plans of conduct are there determined; proper perſons nominated for being of committees, and preſidents of the Aſſembly named. And I may add, that ſuch is the majority of numbers, that whatever paſſes in this club, is almoſt ſure to paſs in the Aſſembly. In the evening at the dutcheſs d'Anville's, in whoſe houſe I never failed of ſpending my time agreeably.

One of the moſt amuſing circumſtances of travelling into other countries, is the opportunity of remarking the difference of cuſtoms amongſt different nations in the common occurrences of life. In the art of living, the French have generally been eſteemed by the reſt of Europe, to have made the greateſt proficiency, and their manners have been accordingly more imitated, and their cuſtoms more adopted than thoſe of any other nation. Of their cookery, there is but one opinion; for every man in Europe, that can afford a great table, either keeps a French cook, or one inſtructed in the ſame manner. That it is far beyond our own, I have no doubt in aſſerting. We have about half a dozen real Engliſh diſhes, that exceed any thing, in my opinion, to be met with in France; by Engliſh diſhes I mean, a turbot and lobſter ſauce—ham and chicken—turtle—a haunch of veniſon—a turkey and oyſters—and after theſe, there is an end of an Engliſh table. It is an idle prejudice, to claſs roaſt beef among them; for there is not better beef in the world than at Paris. Large handſome pieces were almoſt conſtantly on the conſiderable tables I have dined at. The variety given by their cooks, to the ſame thing, is aſtoniſhing; they dreſs an hundred diſhes in an hundred different ways, and moſt of them excellent; and all ſorts of vegetables have a ſavourineſs and flavour, from rich ſauces, that are abſolutely wanted to our greens boiled in water. This variety is not ſtriking, in the compariſon of a great table in France with another in England; but it is manifeſt in an inſtant, between the tables of a French and Engliſh family of ſmall fortune. The Engliſh dinner, of a joint of meat and a pudding, as it is called, or *pot luck*, with a neighbour, is bad luck in England; the ſame fortune in France gives, by means of cookery only, at leaſt four diſhes to one among us, and ſpreads a ſmall table incomparably better. A regular deſſert with us is expected, at a conſiderable table only, or at a moderate one, when a formal entertainment is given; in France it is as eſſential to the ſmalleſt dinner as to the largeſt; if it conſiſts only of a bunch of dried grapes, or an apple, it will be as regularly ſerved as the ſoup. I have met with perſons in England, who imagine the ſobriety of a French table carried to ſuch a length, that one or two glaſſes of wine are all that a man can get at dinner; this is an error; your ſervant mixes the wine and water in what proportion you pleaſe; and large bowls of clean glaſſes are ſet before the maſter of the houſe, and ſome friends of the family, at different parts of the table, for ſerving the richer and rarer ſorts of wines, which are drunk in this manner freely enough. The whole nation are ſcrupulouſly neat in refuſing to drink out of glaſſes uſed by other people. At the houſe of a carpenter or blackſmith, a tumbler is ſet to every cover. This reſults from the common beverage being wine and water; but if at a large table, as in England, there were porter, beer, cyder, and perry, it would be impoſſible for three or four tumblers or goblets to ſtand by every plate; and equally ſo for the ſervants to keep ſuch a number ſeparate and diſtinct. In table-linen, they are, I think, cleaner and wiſer than the Engliſh: that the change may be inceſſant, it is every where coarſe. The idea of dining without a napkin ſeems ridiculous to a Frenchman, but in England we dine at the tables of people of tolerable fortune, without them. A journeyman carpenter in France has his napkin as regularly as his fork; and at an inn, the *fille* always lays a clean one to every cover that is ſpread in the kitchen, for the loweſt order of pedeſtrian travellers. The expence of linen in England is enormous, from its fineneſs; ſurely a great change of that which is coarſe, would be much more rational. In point of cleanlineſs, I think the merit of the two nations is divided; the French are cleaner in their perſons, and the Engliſh in their houſes; I ſpeak of the maſs of the people, and not of individuals of conſiderable fortune. A *bidet* in France is as univerſally in every apartment, as a baſon to waſh your hands, which is a trait of perſonal cleanlineſs I wiſh more common in England; on the other hand their neceſſary houſes are temples of abomination; and the practice of ſpitting about a room, which is amongſt the higheſt as well as the loweſt ranks, is deteſtable: I have ſeen a gentleman ſpit ſo near the cloaths of a dutcheſs, that I have ſtared at his unconcern. In every thing that concerns the ſtables, the Engliſh far exceed the French; horſes, grooms, harneſs, and change of equipage; in the provinces you ſee cabriolets undoubtedly of the laſt century; an Engliſhman, however ſmall his fortune may be, will not be ſeen in a carriage of the faſhion of forty years paſt; if he cannot have another, he will walk on foot. It is not true that there are no complete equipages at Paris, I have ſeen many; the carriage, horſes, harneſs, and attendance, without fault or blemiſh;—but the number is certainly very much inferior to what are ſeen at London. Engliſh horſes, grooms, and carriages, have been of late years largely imported. In all the articles of the fitting up and furniſhing houſes, including thoſe of all ranks in the eſtimate, the Engliſh have made advances far beyond their neighbours. Mahogany is ſcarce in

France, but the uſe of it is profuſe in England. Some of the hotels in Paris are immenſe in ſize, from a circumſtance which would give me a good opinion of the people, if nothing elſe did, which is the great mixture of families. When the eldeſt ſon marries, he brings his wife home to the houſe of his father, where there is an apartment provided for them; and if a daughter does not wed an eldeſt ſon, her huſband is alſo received into the family, in the ſame way, which makes a joyous number at every table. This cannot altogether be attributed to œconomical motives, though they certainly influence in many caſes, becauſe it is found in families poſſeſſing the firſt properties in the kingdom. It does with French manners and cuſtoms, but in England it is ſure to fail, and equally ſo amongſt all ranks of people: may we not conjecture, with a great probability of truth, that the nation in which it ſucceeds is therefore better tempered? Nothing but good humour can render ſuch a jumble of families agreeable, or even tolerable. In dreſs they have given the *ton* to all Europe for more than a century; but this is not among any but the higheſt rank an object of ſuch expence as in England, where the maſs of mankind wear much better things (to uſe the language of common converſation) than in France: this ſtruck me more amongſt ladies who, on an average of all ranks, do not dreſs at one half of the expence of Engliſh women. Volatility and changeableneſs are attributed to the French as national characteriſticks,—but in the caſe of dreſs with the groſſeſt exaggeration. Faſhions change with ten times more rapidity in England, in form, colour, and aſſemblage; the viciſſitudes of every part of dreſs are phantaſtic with us: I ſee little of this in France; and to inſtance the mode of dreſſing the gentlemens' hair, while it has been varied five times at London, it has remained the ſame at Paris. Nothing contributes more to make them a happy people, than the chearful and facile pliancy of diſpoſition with which they adapt themſelves to the circumſtances of life: this they poſſeſs much more than the high and volatile ſpirits which have been attributed to them; one excellent conſequence is, a greater exemption from the extravagance of living beyond their fortunes, than is met with in England. In the higheſt ranks of life, there are inſtances in all countries; but where one gentleman of ſmall property, in the provinces of France, runs out his fortune, there are ten ſuch in England that do it. In the blended idea I had formed of the French character from reading, I am diſappointed from three circumſtances, which I expected to find predominant. On compariſon with the Engliſh, I looked for great talkativeneſs, volatile ſpirits, and univerſal politeneſs. I think, on the contrary, that they are not ſo talkative as the Engliſh; have not equally good ſpirits, and are not a jot more polite: nor do I ſpeak of certain claſſes of people, but of the general maſs. I think them, however, incomparably better tempered; and I propoſe it as a queſtion, whether good temper be not more reaſonably expected under an arbitrary, than under a free government?

The 19th. My laſt day in Paris, and, therefore, employed in waiting on my friends, to take leave; amongſt whom, the duke de Liancourt holds the firſt place; a nobleman, to whoſe uninterrupted, polite, and friendly offices I owe the agreeable and happy hours which I have paſſed at Paris, and whoſe kindneſs continued ſo much, to the laſt, as to require a promiſe, that if I ſhould return to France, his houſe, either in town or country, ſhould be my home. I ſhall not omit obſerving, that his conduct in the revolution has been direct and manly from the very beginning; his rank, family, fortune, and ſituation at court, all united to make him one of the firſt ſubjects in the kingdom; and upon the public affairs being ſufficiently embroiled, to make aſſemblies of the nobility neceſſary, his determination to render himſelf maſter of the great queſtions which were then in debate, was ſeconded by that attention; and application which was neceſſary in a period, when none but men of buſineſs could be of importance in the ſtate. From the firſt aſſembling of the States General, he reſolved to take the party of freedom; and would have joined the *tiers* at firſt, if the orders of his conſtituents had not prevented it; he deſired them, however, either to conſent to that ſtep or to elect another repreſentative; and, at the ſame time, with equal liberality, he declared, that if ever the duty he owed his country became incompatible with his office at court, he would reſign it; an act that was not only unneceſſary, but would have been abſurd, after the king himſelf had become a party in the revolution. By eſpouſing the popular cauſe, he acted conformably to the principles of all his anceſtors, who in the civil wars and confuſions of the preceding centuries, uniformly oppoſed the arbitrary proceedings of the court. The deciſive ſteps which this nobleman took at Verſailles, in adviſing the king, &c. &c. are known to all the world. He is, undoubtedly, to be eſteemed one of thoſe who have had a principal ſhare in the revolution, but he has been invariably guided by conſtitutional motives; for it is certain, that he has been as much averſe from unneceſſary violence and ſanguinary meaſures, as thoſe who were the moſt attached to the ancient government.—With my excellent friend Lazowſki, I ſpent my laſt evening; he endeavouring to perſuade me to reſide upon a farm in France, and I enticing him to quit French buſtle for Engliſh tranquillity.

The 20th—25th. By the diligence to London, where I arrived the 25th; though in the moſt commodious ſeat, yet languiſhing for a horſe, which, after all, affords the beſt means of travelling. Paſſing from the firſt company of Paris to the rabble which one ſometimes meets in diligences is contraſt ſufficient.—but the idea of returning to England, to my family, and friends, made all things appear ſmooth.——272 miles.

The 30th. To Bradfield; and here terminate, I hope, my travels. After having ſurveyed the agriculture and political reſources of England and Ireland, to do the ſame with France, was certainly a great object, the importance of which animated me to the attempt: and however pleaſing it may be to hope for the ability of giving a better account of the agriculture of France than has ever been laid before the public, yet the greateſt ſatiſfaction I feel, at preſent, is the proſpect of remaining, for the future, on a farm, in that calm and undiſturbed retirement, which is ſuitable to my fortune, and which, I truſt, will be agreeable to my diſpoſition.——72 miles.

TOUR IN CATALONIA,

PUBLISHED IN THE

ANNALS OF AGRICULTURE, 1787.

A RESIDENCE of ſome weeks at Bagnere de Luchon, in the Pyrenees, afforded me an opportunity of ſeeing a part of Catalonia. The fame of that province for induſtry and for cultivation is great; the Catalans have been long reckoned the moſt active people in Spain; and I was taught to believe in converſation, as well as from reading, that that province might with propriety be called the garden of Spain, being, with its neighbour Valentia, infinitely better cultivated than any other part of the kingdom: full of theſe expectations, my friend Monſ. Lazowſki, did me the favour of accompanying me, we hired mules and a guide to conduct us to Barcelona, acroſs the Pyrenees, with intention to return to France by Rouſſillon.

July 10th, 1787. We left Bagnere de Luchon, and croſſed the mountains to Vielle, the firſt town on the Spaniſh ſide; the Pyrenees are ſo great an object of examination in whatever light they are conſidered, but eſpecially, in that of agriculture, that it would be adding a great deal too much to the length of this paper to ſpeak of them here; I ſhall on another occaſion be particular in deſcribing the huſbandry practiſed in them, and at preſent ſtop no longer than to mention the paſturage of Catalonian ſheep in them. By a little detour out of our direct road, and by paſſing Hoſpital, which is the name of a ſolitary wretched inn, we gained the heights, but free from ſnow, which the Spaniards hire of the French for the paſturage of their flocks. I muſt obſerve, that a conſiderable part of the mountains belong in property to the communities of the reſpective pariſhes, and are diſpoſed of by what we ſhould call the veſtry: they hire a very conſiderable range of many miles. The French mountains, on which they paſture, are four hours diſtant from Bagnere de Luchon, and belong to that town, thoſe hours are more than 20 Engliſh miles, and are the moſt diſtant part of the pariſh. To arrive at them, we followed the river Pique, which upon the maps is ſometimes called the Neſte. The whole way it runs in a torrent, and falls in caſcades of many ſtories, formed either by large pieces of rock, or by trees carried down and ſtopped by ſtones. The current, in proceſs of ages, has worn itſelf deep glens to paſs through, at the bottom of which the tumbling of the water is heard, but can be ſeen only at breaks in the wood, which hang over and darken the ſcene. The road, as it is called, paſſes generally by the river, but hangs, if I may uſe the expreſſion, like a ſhelf on the mountain ſide, and is truly dreadful to the inhabitants of plains, from being broken by gullies, and ſloping on the edges of precipices: it is, however, paſſable by mules, and by the horſes of the mountains. The vale grows ſo narrow at laſt that it is not above 100 yards wide in ſome places. The general ſcene at laſt has little wood; the mountains on the South ſide, finiſh in a pyramidical rock of micaceous ſchiſtus, which is conſtantly tumbling into the plain, from the attacks of the froſt, and the melting of the ſnows, the ſlope to the river being ſpread with the fragments. Met here with pieces of lead ore and manganeſe. On the northern ridge, bearing to the weſt, are the paſtures of the Spaniſh flocks. This ridge is not however, the whole, there are two other mountains, quite in a different ſituation, and the ſheep travel from one to another as the paſturage is ſhort or plentiful. I examined the ſoil of theſe mountain paſtures, and found it in general ſtoney; what in the Weſt of England would be called a *ſtone braſh*, with ſome mixture of loam, and in a few places a little peaty. The plants are many of them untouched by the ſheep: many ferns, narciſſus, violets, &c. * but burnet,

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* See Appendix to this paper.

poterium ſanguiſorba) and the narrow-leaved plantain *(plantago lanceolata)* were eaten as may be ſuppoſed cloſe. I looked for trefoils, but found ſcarcely any: It was very apparent, that ſoil and peculiarity of herbage had little to do in rendering theſe heights proper for ſheep. In the northern parts of Europe, the tops of mountains half the height of theſe, for we were above ſnow in July, are bogs, all are ſo, which I have ſeen in our iſlands, or at leaſt, the proportion of dry land is very trifling to that which is extremely wet: Here they are in general very dry; now a great range of dry land, let the plants be what they may, will in every country ſuit ſheep. The flock is brought every night to one ſpot, which is ſituated at the end of the valley on the river I have mentioned, and near the port or paſſage of Picada: It is a level ſpot ſheltered from all winds. The ſoil is 8 or 9 inches deep of old dung, not at all incloſed: from the freedom from wood all around it, ſeems to be choſen partly for ſafety againſt wolves and bears. Near it is a very large ſtone, or rather rock, fallen from the mountain. This the ſhepherds have taken for a ſhelter, and have built a hut againſt it; their beds are ſheep-ſkins, and their door ſo ſmall that they crawl in. I ſaw no place for fire, but they have it ſince they dreſs here the fleſh of their ſheep, and in the night ſometimes keep off the bears, by whirling fire-brands: four of them belonging to the flock mentioned above lie here. Viewed their flock very carefully, and by means of our guide and interpreter, made ſome enquiries of the ſhepherds, which they anſwered readily, and very civilly. A Spaniard at Venaſque, a city in the Pyrenees, gives 600 livres, French, (the livre is 10½d Engliſh) a year, for the paſturage of this flock of 2000 ſheep: In the winter he ſends them into the lower parts of Catalonia, a journey of 12 or 13 days, and when the ſnow is melted enough in the ſpring, they are conducted back again. They are the whole year kept in motion, and moving from ſpot to ſpot, which is owing to the great range they every where have of paſture. They are always in the open air, never houſed or under cover, and never taſte of any food, but what they can find on the hills.

Four ſhepherds, and from four to ſix large Spaniſh dogs have the care of this flock, the latter are in France called of the Pyrenees breed; they are black and white, of the ſize of a large wolf, a large head and neck, armed with collars ſtuck with iron ſpikes, no wolf can ſtand againſt them; but bears are more potent adverſaries; if a bear can reach a tree he is ſafe, he riſes on his hind legs, with his back to the tree, and ſets the dogs at defiance. In the night the ſhepherds rely entirely on their dogs, but on hearing them bark are ready with fire-arms, as the dogs rarely bark if a bear is not at hand. I was ſurprized to find that they are fed only with bread and milk. The head ſhepherd is paid 120 livres a year wages and bread; the others 80 livres and bread. But they

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are allowed to keep goats, of which they have many which they milk every day; their food is milk and bread, except the fleſh of ſuch ſheep or lambs as accidents give them. The head ſhepherd keeps on the mountain top, or an elevated ſpot from whence he can the better ſee around while the flock traverſes the declivities. In doing this the ſheep are expoſed to great danger in places that are ſtoney; for by walking among the rocks, and eſpecially the goats, they move the ſtones, which rolling down the hills, acquire an accelerated force enough to knock a man down, and ſheep are often killed by them: yet we ſaw how alert they were to avoid ſuch ſtones, and cautiouſly on their guard againſt them. Examine the ſheep attentively. They are in general polled, but ſome have horns; which in the rams turn backwards behind the ears and project half a circle forward; the ewes' horns turn alſo behind the ears, but do not project: the legs white or reddiſh; ſpeckled faces, ſome white ſome reddiſh; they would weigh fat, I reckon, on an average, from 15lb. to 18lb. a quarter. Some tails ſhort, ſome left long. A few black ſheep among them: ſome with a very little tuft of wool on their foreheads. On the whole they reſemble thoſe on the South Downs; their legs are as ſhort as thoſe of that breed; a point which merits obſervation, as they travel ſo much and ſo well. Their ſhape is very good; round ribs and flat ſtraight backs; and would with us be reckoned handſome ſheep; all in good order and fleſh. In order to be ſtill better acquainted with them, I deſired one of the ſhepherds to catch a ram for me to feel, and examine the wool, which I found very thick and good of the carding ſort as may be ſuppoſed. I took a ſpecimen of it, and alſo of a hoggit, or lamb of laſt year. In regard to the mellow ſoftneſs under the ſkin, which, in Mr. Bakewell's opinion, is a ſtrong indication of a good breed, with a diſpoſition to fatten, he had it in a much ſuperior degree to many of our Engliſh breeds, to the full as much as the South Downs, which are, for that point, the beſt ſhort-woolled ſheep which I know in England; the fleece was on his back, and weighed, as I gueſſed about 8lb. Engliſh, but the average they ſay of the flock is from four to five, as I calculated by reducing the Catalonian pound of 12 oz. to ours of 16, and is all ſold to the French at 30s. the lb. French. This ram had the wool of the back part of his neck tied cloſe and the upper tuft tied a ſecond knot by way of ornament, nor do they ever ſhear this part of the fleece for that reaſon; we ſaw ſeveral in the flock with this ſpecies of decoration. They ſaid that this ram would ſell in Catalonia for 20 livres. A circumſtance which cannot be too much commended, and deſerves univerſal imitation, is the extreme docility they accuſtom them to; when I deſired the ſhepherd to catch one of his rams, I ſuppoſed he would do it with his crook; or probably not be able to do it at all; but he walked into the flock, and ſingling out a ram and a goat bid them follow him, which they did immediately, and he talked to them while they were obeying him, holding out his hand as if to give them ſomething. By this method he brought me the ram, which I caught, and held without difficulty.

Having ſatisfied ourſelves with our examination of this flock, we returned to the direct road for Viella, which quits the river above deſcribed about a ſmall league from Bagnere; it enters ſoon after one of the moſt wooded regions of the Pyrenees, and at the ſame time the moſt romantic. The road is ſo bad that no horſe but thoſe of the mountains could paſs it; but our mules trod ſecurely amidſt rolling ſtones on the edges of the precipices of a tremendous depth, but ſure-footed as they are, they are not free from ſtumbling, and when they happen to trip a little in thoſe ſituations, they electrify their riders in a manner not altogether ſo pleaſant as Mr. Walker. Theſe mountains are chiefly rocks of ſchiſtus, micaceous, but there are large detached fragments of granite. Paſs the frontier line which divides France and Spain; and riſing on the mountains, ſee the Spaniſh valley c Aran, with the river Garronne, winding through it in a beautiful manner. The town of Boſoſte is at the foot of the mountains where is the Spaniſh cuſtom-houſe; mules imported into Spain pay here 16 livres. A four year old horſe the ſame. A ſix year old one 13 ditto. An ox 5. And a ſheep 1½ ſol. This vale of Aran is richly cultivated, and without any fallows. Nothing ſcarcely can be finer than the view of the valley from heights ſo great as to render the moſt common objects intereſting; the road leads under trees, whoſe arching boughs preſent at every ten paces new landſkips. The woods here are thick, and preſent fine maſſes of ſhade; the rocks large, and every outline bold; and the verdant vale that is ſpread far below at your feet, has all the features of beauty in contraſt with the ſublimity of the ſurrounding mountains. Deſcend into this vale, and bait at our firſt Spaniſh inn. No hay, no corn, no meat, no windows; but cheap; eggs and bread, and ſome trout for 15 ſous. (7½d. Engliſh.)

Follow from hence the Garronne, which is already a fine river, but very rapid; on it they float many trees to their ſaw mills, to cut into boards; we ſaw many at work. The vale is narrow, but the hills to the left are cultivated high up. No fallows. They have little wheat, but a great deal of rye; and much better barley than in the French mountains; inſtead of fallows they have maiz and millet, and many more potatoes than in the French mountains. Haricots (French beans) alſo, and a little hemp; ſaw two fields of vetches and ſquare peaſe. The ſmall potatoes they give to their pigs, which do very well on them; and the leaves to their cows, but aſſert that they refuſe the roots. Buck-wheat alſo takes the place of fallow, many crops of it were good, and ſome as fine as poſſible.

The whole valley of Aran is well cultivated and highly peopled, it is eight hours long, or about 40 miles Engliſh, and has in it 32 villages. Theſe villages, or rather little towns, have a very pretty appearance, the walls being well built, and the houſes all well ſlated; but on entering theſe towns, the ſpectacle changes at once; we found them the abodes of poverty and wretchedneſs; not one window of glaſs to be ſeen in a whole town; ſcarcely any chimnies, both ground floor and the chambers vomiting the ſmoke out of the windows.

Arrive at Vielle, the capital of this valley, and the paſſage from this part of France to Barcelona, a circumſtance which has given ſome trifling reſources to it, informed here, that we could not go into Spain without a paſſport, waited therefore on the governor who preſides over the whole valley and its 32 towns; his houſe was the only one we had ſeen with glaſs windows, he is a lieutenant-colonel, and Knight of Calatrava; in his anti-room, the king's picture with a canopy of ſtate over it: the governor received us with the Spaniſh formality, and aſſured us that a few months ago, there was an order to ſend every foreigner, found without a paſſport, to the troops: ſuch orders ſhew pretty well the number of foreigners here; on each ſide of his bed was a brace of piſtols, and a crucifix in the middle, we did not aſk in which he put the moſt confidence.

Made enquiries concerning their agriculture; they have no farmers. Every one cultivates his own land, which is never fallowed. A journal of meadow ſells in the valley for 800 liv. irrigated, but by no means ſo well as in the French mountains, nearly an arpent of Paris, which is ſomething more than an Engliſh acre. The lower arable lands are ſold for 5 or 600 liv. the ſides of the hills proportionably; and the higher lands not more than 100. Their crops of all ſorts vary from 2½ to 3 quarters Engliſh the acre. Hay harveſt no where begun. They have no ſpecies of manufactures, but ſpinning and weaving for the private uſe of every family. The price of labour 10 ſous a day and food; women for hoeing, &c. 2½ ſous and food.

The mountains belong, as in the French Pyrenees, to the pariſhes; each inhabitant has a right to cut what wood he pleaſes for fuel and repairs, in the woods aſſigned for that purpoſe; others are let by leaſe at public auction for the benefit of the pariſh, the trees to be cut being marked; and, in general, the police of their woods is better than on the French ſide; when woods are cut they are preſerved for the next growth. Their mountain paſtures not uſed by themſelves, they let to the owners of large flocks, who bring them from the lower part of Catalonia, as with the French mountains; theſe flocks riſe to 4000 ſheep, the rent, in general, being from 5 to 7 ſous a head for the ſummer food. Every inhabitant poſſeſſes cattle, which he keeps in the common mountains in what quantity he pleaſes; but others who do not belong to the pariſh, pay 5 to 7 ſous a head for the ſheep, and 10 ſous for a cow; which diſproportion they explain, by ſaying, that ſheep muſt have a much greater range. In ſummer they make cheeſe, which we taſted and found good. In winter their cattle are kept at home, and their cows fed on buck-wheat ſtraw, which they aſſert to be good food; alſo that of maiz and millet, and a little hay; moſt of it being aſſigned to their mules. They have good ſheep, but all are ſent to Saragoſa or Barcelona. Have ſcarce any oxen; what few they kill, they ſalt for winter.

Taxes are light; the whole which this town is aſſeſſed at, being only 2700 livres, which they pay by the rent of their woods and paſtures let: but if calculated by tailles, houſes, &c. and including every thing, the amount would be about 3 livres a year, on a journal of 600 livres value. This is the proportion of an acre of land worth 30l. paying 3s. a year in lieu of land and all other taxes. When the principles of a government tend to deſpotiſm, and the very pictures of kings treated with reverence, the conſequence is light taxation; the only effectual means of inſuring a great revenue, is to extend the principles and the exerciſe of liberty; the change is, and ever will be, as much for the benefit of the prince, as of the ſubject.

At Bagnere de Luchon we were told that the inn at Vielle was good. We found the lower floor a ſtable, from which we mounted to a black kitchen, and through that to a baking-room with a large batch of loaves making for an oven which was heating to receive them. In this room were two beds for all the travellers that might come; if too numerous, ſtraw is ſpread on the floor, and you may reſt as you can. No glaſs to the windows; and a large hole in the cieling to clamber into the garret above it, where the windows are without ſhutters to keep out either rain or wind. One of the beds was occupied, ſo my companion laid on a table. The houſe, however, afforded eggs for an omlet, good bread, thick wine, brandy, and fowls killed after we arrived. The people very dirty, but civil.

July 11th. Left Vielle, and took that route to Barcelona, which is by the *port* (paſſage acroſs the mountains) of Piaſs; another ſomewhat ſhorter being repreſented to us as exceedingly ſteep and difficult, and the country to that city worſe. Coming out of Vielle, ſee to the right ſome of the moſt ſtoney land I have ever beheld, yet good hemp and buck-wheat were growing on it. In the hedges all the plants common to them in England *. The paſtures on the mountains good quite to the ſnow; but the low meadows not watered with the attention given by the French in their Pyrenees. Paſs ſeveral of the 32 villages of the valley of Aran; population very great, for they croud on each other; and this reſults here from the diviſion of property, and not from manufactures, which have more than once been ſuppoſed the only origin of great population.

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* Appendix.

Paſs Arteas and Jaſa; croſs a river that falls into the Garronne, and afterwards the Garronne itſelf on a high flat arch. A ſtriking view of the mountains over Arteas, three features, one wooded, another rock, and a third ſnow. The trees floating down the Garronne, ſtrike their ends againſt the rocks in it, and make a moſt ſingular noiſe, very much like thunder. Paſs Salardeau and Tradoze, which is the laſt village of the valley, and near it the ſource of the river Garronne to the left; but a ſtream to the right which joins it, and by which we paſſed ſeems rather larger. Much millefolium here, and other plants common with us†. Plough with bullocks; all we ſaw, pale reddiſh or cream-coloured, and with horns. All the villages we have ſeen, wretched; ſmoke out of the windows. Vaſt rocks of granite rolled promiſcuouſly from the mountains, innumerable ſprings pouring down their ſide, but at only a ſmall height above the river. The water here, they told us, was too cold to uſe in irrigation, and that the land gave much more hay at Vielle. Riſe to the very top of the Pyrenees, much above ſome of the remaining ſnow, and from thence have a tremendous view of ridges of mountains one beyond another in Catalonia, to the diſtance of 50 or 60 miles; many of them with ſnowy tops. It took us four hours and three quarters to get to the top, yet when we began to aſcend, we muſt have been, if we may judge by the rapidity of the Garronne, for ſeveral hundred miles hence to Bourdeaux, on ſome of the higheſt land in Europe. No wood at the top, but paſturage and rocks of micaceous ſchiſtus; met a great herd of dry cows and oxen at the top, cream-coloured. It is remarkable, that a pale reddiſh cream-colour holds from Calais quite acroſs France, hither, with very little variation.

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† See Appendix, where I ſhall give the names of the plants, I obſerved on this and other occaſions.

Springs now flow towards the Mediterranean. Paſs a church by itſelf in the deſcent, and a beautiful caſcade of five or ſix different ſheets of water among wood for 500 feet fall; a vaſt rock above it; a great and ſavage view. Flocks of ſheep, and a pen for oxen and cows; the latter milked for cheeſe. Plough with oxen in yokes and bows as in England, and not yoked by the horns as in the South of France. Come to fallows (which is a point of worſe huſbandry than we have ſeen for ſome time) manuring by aſſes, loaded with baſkets. The trees here (pines), are finer than on the French ſide; they are all cut for the Colouſe market, being carried over the mountains,

tains, and floated down the Garronne; from whence we may draw concluſions on the comparative demand of the two kingdoms. Land here ſells at 4 to 500 livres the journal.

Paſs a ſpot, where an earthquake threw down a part of a mountain, ſtopped a ſtream and formed a large pond; it muſt have been a dreadful convulſion, for it is now a waſte of immenſe fragments of rock, large as cottages, that are tumbled about in ſuch ruinous confuſion, as to be truly horrible to view. The tradition is, that four men and their mules were buried under them. Come to the valley d'Eſteredano, where wheat and rye are cut. Every ſcrap on the deſcent is cultivated; an extenſive ſavage view of mountain, with patches of culture ſcattered about the declivities: but fallows are found here. The proſpect down the vale beautiful; it is without fallows, fine hemp inſtead of them. Look down on the town of Eſteredano, around which, culture riſes pretty high up the mountains. All the corn cut, is reaped, and bound in ſheaves—Walnuts.—Deſcend into the vale.—Figs—Watered meadows.—Ray-graſs predominates; much common clover, white clover, trefoil, vetch, &c. A cauſeway for irrigation acroſs the vale; the meadows are uncut; and have 2½ tons per acre, on an average; the corn all through three quarters an acre. Paſs a rich flat common, part of this vale fed by horſes, mules, hogs, aſſes, and a few oxen.—The vale cloſes, and we croſs an arch at the junction of two rivers,

rivers; all ſavage pendent rocks. Rafters are now formed of plank and trees, and floated down the river. A ſtubble ploughed up, and manuring for a ſecond crop. Reach Scullow; the inn ſo bad, that our guide would not permit us to enter it, ſo he went to the houſe of the Curè: A ſcene followed ſo new to Engliſh eyes, that we could not refrain from laughing very heartily. Not a pane of glaſs in the whole town, but our reverend hoſt had a chimney in his kitchen; he ran to the river to catch trout; a man brought us ſome chickens which were put to death on the ſpot.—For light they kindled ſplinters of pitch-pine, and two merry wenches, with three or four men, collected to ſtare at us, as well as we at them, were preſently buſy in ſatisfying our hunger. They gave us red wine ſo dreadfully putrid from the borachio, that I could not touch it. Brandy, but poiſoned with aniſeed, what then to do? A bottle of excellent rich white wine came forth, reſembling good mountain, all was well; but when we came to examine our beds there was only one; my friend would again do the honours and inſiſted on my taking it, he made his on a table; and what with bugs, fleas, rats, and mice, ſlept not. I was not attacked, and though the bed and a pavement might be ranked in the ſame claſs of ſoftneſs, fatigue converted it to down. This town and its inhabitants are, to the eye, equally wretched, the ſmoke holes inſtead of chimneys, the total want of glaſs windows—the chearfulneſs of which, to the eye, is known only by the want—the dreſs of the women all in black, with cloth of the ſame colour about their heads, and hanging half down their backs—no ſhoes—no ſtockings—the effect upon the whole diſmal—ſavage as the rocks and mountains.

July 12th, proceed:—the hills on each ſide now almoſt cloſe, and juſt admit the river, the road, and a ſcrap of meadow. The rocks are in thin lamellæ; ſchiſtus, but ſome micaceous. A lime-kiln ſhews ſome calcareous; meet lavender, for the firſt time, ſpontaneous. Paſs Briaſca, a village perched on a mountain like an eagle's neſt. A fold of goats. Graſs mown, and ſome cleared. Come to Labourſel, another village, where is an iron forge, where ſteel and iron are made at the ſame time, and the furnace blown by the fall of water ſimply without bellows: the water falls about ten feet, and the air moved is received in a ſort of tunnel which points to the center of the fire: the bottom of the maſs of melted metal is ſteel; the middle of it ſoft, and the upper part hard iron. They burn charcoal made of pine wood. Croſs the river, the vale now conſiſts ſimply of the river, the road hangs on the mountain like a ſhelf—all rock. Paſs Rudàſe on the top of a rocky mountain, come preſently to vines, figs, and fruit trees; ſnow in ſight. As we deſcend to the vale every ſpot is cultivated that is capable of being ſo. Croſs the river to Realp, about which place is much cultivation, as the mountains ſlope more gently than hitherto. Hedges of pomegranates in bloſſom; the town is long and has ſhops; hemp is the great object in it, of this they make ropes, twine of all ſorts, bags, and have ſome looms for converting it into cloth. Corn and hay all carried on panniers. Paſs Sort, a vale ſpoiled by the river, which exhibited the depredations of the Italian rivers ſo excellently deſcribed by my learned friend Mr. Profeſſor Symonds: dine at a dreadful auberge, which, inſtead of ſatisfying, offended all the ſenſes we were maſters of.

Hitherto, in Catalonia, we have ſeen nothing to confirm the character that has been given of it; ſcarcely any thing has a tolerable appearance. It is much to be queſtioned, from our intelligence, whether they have any ſuch thing as a farmer who rents land: only patches of property—no maiz, and French beans very poor—fallows every where on the hills, and yet the rye after them miſerable. Old vineyards of late quite neglected, over-run with weeds, yet the grapes of a ſize that ſhew what the climate is, they are now as big as peaſe—In the towns every thing as bad; all poor and miſerable.

Come to Jarè, about which place things wear a much better appearance, owing to an immenſe ſalt work of the king. It is a very powerful ſalt ſpring which is raiſed to the evaporating pans by a huge wheel, and conducted by well contrived conduits to an immenſe extent of evaporation, covering many acres; the whole work is carried on with much intelligence, and every thing in it ſeems active and alive: a *charge* of 2½ quintals, each of 100lb. is ſold for exportation at 8 livres, but to the natives at 16 livres, 5 ſous.—Here firſt meet with olives; what meadows there are, are well watered, as are French beans, hemp, and a ſmall quantity of lucerne. Riſing up the mountain, which is all of pudding-ſtone, we find it is all cut into terraces, ſupported by many walls, with rows of vines on them for raiſins, not wine. Mulberries, and olives: But here are fallows, and I thought I perceived traces of theſe hills having been formerly more cultivated than at preſent.

The road then led through a paſs in the mountains which preſented, I think without exception, the moſt ſtriking ſcene that I had ever beheld: I remember the impreſſion which the ocean made on me the firſt time I ſaw it, and believe it to have been weaker than this: I ſhall not ſpend many words in attempting to deſcribe what the pencil itſelf, in the hands of a maſter, would fail to convey an adequate idea of. The paſs is above a mile long, the rocks ſeem rent aſunder to make way for the river, which entirely fills the bottom of the chaſm, the road is cut out of the rock, and was wrought with gunpowder, a work of prodigious labour and expence: it paſſes at heights great enough to vary the ſcene and to give the depth below the eye, which is always intereſting; but in general it is low in the paſs, and near the water. The mountains of ſtone, which riſe on either ſide, are the moſt tremendous in their height, magnitude, and pendent form, that imagination can conceive. Were all the rocks of England piled on one another, they would form but pigmy heaps, compared with theſe gigantic and ſtupendous maſſes. Rocks are commonly, even in their moſt bold appearances, detached parts of mountains; and however great in themſelves, have maſſes above them which leſſen their effect: It is otherwiſe here: if we ſuppoſe the ſkeletons of mountains laid bare to the eye, it will be but a vague idea; vaſtneſs of ſize, perpendicularity of form; pendent and protruding—every circumſtance that can give a power to inanimate nature to arreſt and command attention, is ſpread forth with an impoſing magnificence, through every feature of this ſublime ſcenery.

Paſs Colagaſc *. Come to a regular vineyard, the rows 12 feet aſunder, the intervals alternate fallow and corn. The features of the country now begin to relax, the mountains are not ſo high, and the vales are wider. The leaves of a good mulberry-tree ſell for 44 ſous, or 22d. Engliſh. Arrive at Poeblar, after a fatiguing journey

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* I ought to obſerve once for all, that the ſpelling of the names of theſe Spaniſh towns and villages, muſt ſometimes be erroneous as I have not had hitherto an opportunity of conſulting the beſt maps of Catalonia.

of 36 Engliſh miles, more than half of which, as in general, we made on foot.

Here we fared ſumptuouſly, for report made the inn ſo bad, that we took refuge with a ſhopkeeper; It ſeems an extraordinary circumſtance, that in theſe parts of Spain you ride to the door of a private houſe and demand lodging and food, and pay for it, of courſe what they demand; however, it muſt always be taken into the account of our fare, that the wine of all the country is ſo poiſoned with the borachio, that water is the beſt beverage, unleſs aniſeed brandy ſhould be to your taſte; ſalads alſo, a principal diſh with them, are not eatable, owing to all the oil of the country being ſtrong and rancid, a quality which the inhabitants ſeem to think eſſential to good oil, for they every where gave it the higheſt praiſes. This town has ſome good houſes with glaſs windows, and we ſaw a well-dreſſed young lady gallanted by two monks.

The 13th, leave that town; they have lucerne, but not good;- the gardens are all watered; mulberries; price of ſilk this year 18 livres the pound. Cultivation all around, among the olive trees, but it is corn one year and fallow another. Croſs the river, which is here 60 yards wide. Wheels for raiſing the water of it into the gardens 10 or 12 feet high. They are of a very ſimple conſtruction; they are ſomething like the common water-wheels of a mill, but made very light, the fellies of the wheel are hollow in diviſions, taking the water in through holes at equal diſtances, and as the ſtream turns the wheel, it delivers the water out of the ſame holes at the top of its revolution into a trough, which conducts it where wanted. It is cheap, ſimple, and effectual. Many peach-trees ſcattered about the gardens &c. Mount the hills, paſs two large tracts of above 100 acres deſtroyed by the torrents. Great quantity of pudding-ſtones. The mountains around are of intereſting and bold features. The country in general here has a great mixture of cultivation and waſte, it is for ſome ſpace pleaſing enough to the eye, but the produce is, I believe, very low; we ſaw many oats, and ſcarcely any that will produce more than a quarter an acre—they have no meadows, and I ſhould obſerve that our mules have not found ſuch a thing as hay; ſtraw and barley are their food; in all thoſe ſpots which would give graſs, corn and legumes are ſown, as more neceſſary and more valuable; and this I am told is the caſe over all Spain, lucerne excepted. The mountains and waſtes have no ſheep, only goats. Many walnut-trees full of fruit. Every thing is tithed by the church—ſee much corn threſhing every where.

Croſs two pieces that had rye laſt year, left now to weeds, and will be under rye again next year; an extraordinary courſe. Mulberry-leaves never ſold, but if ſo, the price would not be leſs than 4½ livres a tree. Cows all red. Land in the vale ſells at 20 to 25l. Engliſh the journal. The road leads up Monte Schia, the whole of which conſiſts of a white ſtone, and argillaceous marle. Snow on the diſtant mountains. They have here poor crops of flat barley: of water they know well the value, a ſpring of great account being carefully conducted into a reſervoir, and let out at ſeven in the morn and at night to water a garden, and a piece of French beans. Look back over a great proſpect, but totally to the eye without wood. Croſs a hill to another great vale, where is much, and ſome rich cultivation, as the hills are not ſteep, but ſloping. Here is ſome good hemp watered: and I ſee enough of the country to find that water is all in all; where that is to be conducted they get crops that pay well; but where no water, they have not the power or the knowledge to turn the ſoil, however good it may be to a profitable account; fallow the only effort, and the ſucceſs every where miſerable. Ourcaſò a poor place; there, as every where elſe, the firſt floor always a ſtable, which is cleaned out not more than once or twice a year when the land is ready to receive the dung; the delicious effluvia, therefore, given to the reſt of the houſe may be conjectured; riſing into the kitchen and the chambers, it there meets with ſuch a variety of other unſavory eſſences as to form compounds ſufficient to puzzle the moſt dextrous of the aerial philoſophers to analize. All their white wine here is boiled. Deſcend mountains terraced for olives, which grow well in rocks, but add nothing to their beauty; inſomuch,

much, that cloathing a naked country with this moſt ugly of all trees, adds nothing to the pleaſure of the eye. Croſs great waſtes, which in other countries would be ſheep-walks, but none here, for five ſixths of the ſpontaneous growth are aromatic plants: Croſs a fine ſtream with many acres under it, yet no watering; the reaſon I cannot tell, unleſs the land is common; if ſo it is eaſily explained. The whole hill has been formed almoſt entirely of ſhells, which burn into good lime. Paſs in ſight of St. Roma, near it the road leads by a ſmall round lake, but it is on very high ground, no hills near it; it is ſaid to be very deep. Here they were hoeing a barley ſtubble, juſt ploughed, to form ridges, on which they ſow French beans—This diſtrict is called that of ſhells: millet juſt up; paſs a large waſte almoſt entirely covered with lavender; corn on a part of it; but after a crop they leave it to weeds to recover again. Here, alſo, they practiſe the alternate huſbandry of one bed, or broad ridge, corn, and another fallow. Plough with cream coloured oxen. In breaking up the waſtes here they cut the ſpontaneous growth to dry, then pile it into heaps with the earth pared and placed on it; this is all burned; we ſaw heaps ready to be burned to the quantity of 500 loads an acre: but the crops are wretched for many miles, ſcarcely the ſeed again. The ſoil ſtoney, the large, of the pudding claſs; but, in the midſt of this arid, wretched deſert, come to a ſpring, which riſes out of the earth into a ſmall reſervoir, and is immediately uſed for irrigation; maiz, hemp, cabbages, beans, and all fine; the contraſt ſhews the aſtoniſhing effect of water, and that in this climate the ſoil is the leaſt object—the ſun and water do the whole.

In our enquiries meet with ſome traces of what in France are called *metayers*, that is, a ſort of farmers who cultivate the land for half the produce; the landlord taking one half and the tenant the other.

Paſs up a great waſte mountain, which commands a vaſt proſpect of diſtant mountains W. S. W. from us; they are in Arragon; very high, and ſeen one beyond another to a great diſtance; alſo the ſnowy ones of the Pyrenees, which we have left. Following the road it opens to an immenſe view of what at firſt appears to be a plain, a great range of country towards the ſea, but it is all broken in mountainous ridges, which appear low only on compariſon with the greater heights from which we view them. The Pyrenees in one great chain to the left, and the mountains of Tortoſa to the right.

Deſcend: for 2½ hours paſs a waſte mountain covered with ſhrubs, and ſcattered with evergreen oaks, and lower down the evident remains of old terraces which have once been cultivated, but now over-run with weeds. To Fulca, where we ſtop for the night at an inn, kept by a conſiderable farmer, and meet, for Spain, with tolerable accommodation. The ploughs here have all long beams as in the ſouth of France, which reach to the yokes of the oxen, and conſequently they have no traces; two ſmall ſticks form all the mould board; they plough all flat. We had here in the evening a moſt tremendous tempeſt; the lightning which I have ſeen in England has been mere glimmerings in compariſon with the dreadful coruſcations of this ardent and electric atmoſphere. A range of the Pyrenees was in ſight for near 100 miles in a line; the forked flaſhes of the lightning darted in ſtreams of fire to the length of half that extent, and much of it from an immenſe height. The colour was of the brighteſt whiteneſs; the ſcene was great, awful, and ſublime.

The 14th, in the morn took our leave of Fulca; the hemiſphere was all heavy with clouds, and ſome rain fell; we expreſſed apprehenſions of being wet, but our landlord ſaid we ſhould have a very fine day; we had confidence, and it proved a clear burning day. Paſs a varied country, much culture, and much waſte alſo. A courſe of crops common is,

1. Fallow,
2. Rye,
3. Spelta wheat,

the ſoil all ſtoney loams; pine grounds; and broken waſte. Bad, however, as the mountains are, their waſte ſides have a price, they ſell at 72 livres the journal; that which is cultivated of it, at 240.

Have no dung for improvement, and, therefore, burn the clods of a ploughing with faggots of rubbiſh, to prepare for rye.

Here I may obſerve, that in above 100 miles in Catalonia, we have ſeen but two houſes that appeared, decidedly, to be gentlemen's, one, the governor's at Vielle, and the other in the town of Poeblar, and in the ſame line of country, not more than one acre probably in 200 is cultivated. Thus far, therefore, we have experienced an entire diſappointment in the expectation of finding this province a garden.

In this diſtrict not one acre in an hundred cultivated, all rocks, ſhrubs, and weeds, with patches of wretched oats on the mountain ſides. The road leads up one which is all of ſtone, covered with roſemary, box, brambles, &c. At the top break at once on the view of a deep vale, or rather glen at the bottom of which, a muddy river has ſpoiled the little land which might have been cultivated. The hills are ſteep, and all is cultivated there that could be ſo, but the quantity very ſmall.

Deſcend into a very rich vale, and to the town of Paous: croſs the river Sagrèe by a moſt commodious ferry-boat, much better contrived and executed for carriage and horſes than any I have ſeen in England. I have croſſed the Thames, the Severn, the Trent, and other rivers, but never ſaw any horſes forced to leap through a narrow cut in the ſide of the boat, but I expected them to be lamed, and have been preſent when others have, with the greateſt difficulty, been whipt in: A carriage may be driven in and out of this ferry-boat without taking off a horſe, or any perſon moving from his ſeat; it croſſes the river by a great rope paſſing againſt a lanthern wheel, which is long enough to allow for the ſpreading of the river in the higheſt floods. Every thing now changes the features; the vale on compariſon with thoſe we have ſeen is wide, and alſo flat, and water plentifully conducted in canals, which paſs every quarter, ſo as to be let into the field of every proprietor; having paſſed above 100 miles of dreary mountain, this vale, ſo great was the contraſt, had the appearance of enchantment; the care and attention given to irrigation, cannot be exceeded. The land is prepared for it, by levelling with a nicety as curious as for making a bowling-green, and this (conducting the water excepted, which is common to every one) is the only expence: this general level is divided into oblong beds, from 6 to 8 feet wide, by little ridges of fine mould, drawn up nicely with a rake every time the ground is ſown, in order that the water may not ſpread over too much at once, in which caſe the irrigation would be unequal; there would be too much of a current at the part where the water enters; a circumſtance of no great importance in watering graſs land, but which would be miſchievous in arable; ſmall trenches take the water from the carrier canals, and paſſing by the ends of thoſe beds, the farmer opens them at pleaſure to diſtribute the water where wanted. As ſoon as the land is ſown it is watered, and periodically, till the plants are up; moderately while they are young; but every day, ſometimes twice a day, when full grown: the effect is ſurprizing, and infinitely exceeds that of the very richeſt manures that can be ſpread upon any land. The rapidity of vegetation is ſo great that there are but few crops, which demand all the ſummer for coming to perfection; I believe hemp is the only one; that plant is now 5 to 7 feet in height, and of ſo thick a luxuriance that nothing can be imagined finer. The rye ſtubbles are ploughed and ſown with French beans, which are up and watered. After hemp wheat is the crop. At Paous we ſaw many perſons winding ſilk, the cocoons were in warm water and wound off by a well-contrived reel, ſomething different from thoſe uſed in France.

Prices.—Bread, 3 ſous, lb. of 12 oz.
Mutton, 6 ſous } the lb. of 48 oz.
Pork, 15 ſous }
Bottle of ſweet white wine, 5 ſous.
——————— red, 2 ſous.

Here they were threſhing by driving mules around on a circular floor of earth in the open air, a girl drove three mules round, and four men attended for turning, moving away the ſtraw and ſupplying the floor with corn. Their crops are all brought home by mules or aſſes with panniers;

niers; met ſeveral; they each carried ſix great ſheaves, equal to twenty common Engliſh ones; where roads are bad, this is the only way in which it can be done.

Paſs a great waſte of argillaceous marle, which are ſtrata of talc:—much of it a ſoft white rock, the ſtrata in ſome places clear and tranſparent, ſhining, break in thin flakes; the country for many miles waſte, ſo that there are not more I gueſs than one acre in 200 cultivated.

More deſerts for ſeveral miles.—Some alternate fallow huſbandry between vines, and the crops ſo contemptible that they produce not more than the ſeed. Paſs ſome vineyards ſurrounded on every ſide by deſerts; no water, and yet the vines and grapes are of the moſt beautiful luxuriance; from which I conclude that immenſe tracts of theſe waſte lands might be applied with equal profit if there were men and capitals enough in the country. Paſs Rivellias, a village, whoſe white church and houſes on the pinnacle of a rocky hill has a ſingular effect in the midſt of an uncultivated dreary tract. Dine at Sanaouzier, the day exceſſively hot, and the flies ſo innumerable as to be a perfect plague, they have a clever contrivance for keeping them off the table you eat at, a moveable and very light frame of canvas is ſuſpended from the cieling by two pivots, and a girl keeps pulling it backwards and forwards while you are at table, the motion it gives the air drives away the flies; where this invention is not adopted they uſe a hand-flapper for the ſame purpoſe.—Watered maiz here ſeven to nine feet high. Every time we ſee any irrigation we are ſtruck more and more with the importance of water, even on ſoils which are apparently mere rock, and on the moſt arid deſerts, it gives at once the utmoſt luxuriance of vegetation. Vines and olives, however, ſtand in no need of it, but thrive admirably on the dryeſt ſoils without it: Not one acre, however, in 20, is planted with them that might be. Meet a farmer, who pointed out to us a piece of land, containing exactly a Catalonian Journal, from which, it appeared to be pretty nearly the ſame meaſure as an Engliſh acre.—They ſtack their corn by the threſhing floor, drive mules, &c. around upon it, and draw the ſtraw, when cleared, with ropes, by a mule to the ſtack, in which it is depoſited for winter uſe. Come to more watered grounds; gardening and huſbandry mixed; peaches; apples; ripe pears; pomegranates in the hedges, as large now as walnuts in the ſhell; onions and lettuces, in great plenty. Some watered lands have been ſold at 1300 livres the Journal. To Beoſca, moſtly deſert hills, but ſome broad vales, which are cultivated; about that place, many mulberrys, vines, and corn, but all the laſt gained by fallow. A farmer here, pays a Seigneur, who lives at Barcelona, 2000 livres a year for his farm, which is reckoned a large one. Through all this country they collect from every waſte ſpot, amongſt their cultivated lands, ſhrubby wood and weeds, with which they burn heaps of clods and earth, and ſpread the aſhes on the fallow, as a manure for corn.

There ſeems every where to be incloſures ſufficient for aſcertaining diſtinct properties, but not for ſecurity againſt any ſort of cattle.—No where any wood to be ſeen except olives or ever-green oaks, which are almoſt as ſad as the olive or fruit trees, altogether nothing for beauty of landſkip. The hills all rocks, and the vales vines, ſcattered with thoſe trees. Some new plantations of vines. —Towards Toorà the country is much more cultivated; the ſides of the hills covered with olives. The vale has many mulberries, and much tillage; and for ſome miles paſt there are many ſcattered houſes, which has not been any where the caſe before: at that place alſo we ſaw a new houſe building, which I noted as an object quite new to me. The blackſmiths burn charcoal made of pine wood, which is brought four hours off. Remarked one great improvement which was a vineyard, with vetches ſown in the alternate huſbandry between the rows, inſtead of a fallow to be followed by corn.—See two ſmall flocks of ſheep, exactly like thoſe in the Pyrenees deſcribed the firſt day of this journey.

A well cultivated vale—The mountains all ſtone. Paſs Caſtle Frollict—The country improves to Calaff, more cultivation and better: arrive at that town after a burning journey of forty Engliſh miles, for which we were fourteen hours on our mules.

The 15th, at four in the morn to maſs, it being Sunday, the church was almoſt full of muleteers, who were ſo fervent in their devotion as to beat their breaſts violently in ſome of the reſponſes of the ſervice; how far this uncommon attention to religion is connected with the waſte ſtate of the province I leave to others to determine; one thing which ſurprized me was to ſee great numbers of men going out of the town with their reap hooks to cut their corn, the ſame as on any other day; this muſt be with the leave of their prieſts, and to. give that leave argues a liberality I had not been taught to expect. Leave Calaſſ—Crop and a fallow; ſome vetches, much cultivation, and better corn than we have in general met with; ſome ſown in ſquares as if in cluſters, but could not learn the fact.—In ſome parts many vetches inſtead of fallow; they are planted by hand, and wheat ſown after. The ſoil a good adheſive loam, brown with a reddiſh hue, better than the white land which travelled with us ſo long yeſterday: Moſt of the corn cut.

Great waſte, and mount a hill, from whence an extenſive view, all the country alike, no wood; and not one acre in ten cultivated. Here for the firſt time ſee Montſerrat, the outline of which is intereſting. Paſs four or five cream-coloured bullocks, and one or two blood-coloured. I note them having ſeen ſo few in ſo many miles.

Dine at Camprat—French beans 18 inches by 12, a good deal of cultivation but vaſt waſtes, and country of a rocky, ſavage aſpect; many pines, but poor ones. Within four hours of Montſerrat vines at ſix feet aſunder, the firſt we have ſeen planted in that manner, which ſhews the proprietor content with having one product only on the ground.

Waſtes continue; not one acre in a hundred cultivated. All broken country, and ſcarcely any vales of breadth. Arrive at the foot of Montſerrat, which, from the deſcription given of it by Mr. Thickneſs, was one object of our journey.

It is an iſolated mountain, but of an immenſe baſis; an admirable road is made winding up it, by which we moved for three hours to reach the convent. It is a great effort in a country that has ſo few roads; much of it hewn out of the live rock, in other reſpects it is one of the moſt ſingular in the world; on the right hand is the wall of mountain fringed with wood, at the top of which are thoſe ſtupendous rocks which render it famous: to the left a precipice horrible for its depth, but all covered with plants, which in England are ſought with anxiety and expence for forming ſhrubberies of ornament, all in ſuch luxuriance as may be expected from one of the fineſt climates in the world; the road ſo level and the wood ſo thick that it reſembles a riding decorating' for the mere object of beauty. The ſcenery on which you look is every where uncommon—ſuch a confuſion of ſhades and maſſes—ſuch a tumult of forms; that the eye wanders with a ſort of amazement from part to part without being able to repoſe in the quiet command of any diſtinctly.—Arrive at the convent in time for the evening hymns and muſic. The church is truly ſplendid, ſome of the pictures fine, and the multitude of offerings in diamonds rubies, and all other precious ſtones, with the quantity of gold and ſilver lamps, vaſes, &c. &c. are objects which I ſhall not dwell on. On our arrival, we were conducted to a neat plain apartment in the convent, of two rooms furniſhed, with mere neceſſaries, and nothing more; and we were ſupplied by the ſervants of the convent with ſuch food and wine as we requeſted, at an expence very moderate: To this uſeful ſpecies of hoſpitality, we were obliged for a comfortable night's reſt.

The 16th walk up the mountain; the principal object in this little expedition was of courſe the great proſpect that is commanded from the top, and from various of thoſe hermitages of which Mr. Thickneſs has given ſo particular a deſcription: I muſt leave it entirely in his hands, for the weather proved, all the time we were mounting and deſcending, and, for ſome hours after, ſo cloudy, that we were inveloped in them, and could do no more than mortify ourſelves with imagining the prodigious proſpect which was before us without a poſſibility of ſeeing 500 yards, for the clouds were beneath as well as around us. We ſtopped at one of the hermitages, the inhatant of which, a Malteſe, of a moſt gentleman-like deportment and manners, received us moſt hoſpitably, and, with the utmoſt politeneſs, ſet before us bread, wine, and fruit. He lamented our ill luck, and told us that the Iſle of Majorca was diſtinctly to be ſeen from his little garden, which we viewed with pleaſure, but would have been better pleaſed to ſee Majorca. He had a little crop of potatoes, the roots of which came he ſaid originally from England. All we could ſee, was, as we deſcended, the uncommon form of the rocks of which this remarkable mountain is compoſed. Leave the convent; take the road for Barcelona, which is on the ſame height as the former, but not ſo accompanied with vegetable decoration. Are ſeveral miles deſcending; the whole mountain ſeems to be one vaſt maſs of pudding-ſtone. At the bottom we came again to olives. Meet two very fine cream-coloured oxen, which the owner ſays would ſell for about 18 guineas, feeds them with ſtraw, but gives oats or barley when they are worked; they are in ſuch good order, that the ſtraw muſt either be much more nouriſhing than ours, or their work very light indeed. From the marks in the pine trees conjecture that they draw reſin from them.

Paſs Orevoteau, where a hedge of aloes about four feet high. We are now for the firſt time in what muſt be eſteemed a high road, for we ſaw a cabriolet. Till we gained Montſerrat no wheel-carriage could go the road we travelled.—A gradual deſcent, for ſome time, on a wretched ſtoney deſert, of nothing but aromatic plants, thin and ſcattered with the diſmal ever green oaks, more dull and diſagreeable, if poſſible, than the green olives. Near Eſparagara, vines, at five or ſix feet, which cover the ground, red loam, mixed with ſtones. That town is the firſt manufacturing one we have met with, or which ſeemed to be animated with any other induſtry, than that of cultivation; the fabric is, woollen-cloths and ſtuffs. Spinners, earn 6 ſous a day and food. Carders, 11 ſous. They have alſo many lace-makers, who earn 9 ſous a day. Theſe are Spaniſh money, their ſol is ſomething higher than the French, which is our halfpenny. This town is near a mile long.

Fallows every where, yet many of the ſtubbles full of weeds. Corn yet in the field, and poor. Some vines promiſcuous, at 4 feet. Some, in rows, at 6. Paſs near Martorelle, and ſee the triumphal arch, built by Hannibal—it has been lately repaired, and for the lovers of antiques, too much repaired. Here is a fine irrigated valley; French beans, 7 feet high. Good lucerne cut 3 or 4 times a year: onions, cabbages, lettuces; but the hemp, every where, a principal crop, not great. The land all formed into the beds for watering, which I have already deſcribed. In this town, every one employed in lace-making, earning

ing 7 to 9 ſous, no food; they had however, another employment, not quite ſo agreeable to the eye, that of picking the lice out of each other's heads, which numbers of them were doing; nor could any thing be more ſtinking, or filthy than their perſons; or more dirty than their houſes; not a new houſe in the town, nor in the laſt.—Country diſagreeable; many beds of torrents, without a drop of water, arid, and ſhocking to the eye. Apricots, plumbs, melons, &c. ripe, ſold in the ſtreets, from the open ground. Paſs two other ſmall towns, where lace-making is the employment. A pair of very fine cream-coloured oxen, 24l. Engliſh: The amazement is, how they can be kept in ſuch order in a country ſo arid and deſert, and that has not a pound of hay in it.

Come to a noble road, making by the king of Spain, it is 50 or 60 feet wide, and walled on each ſide to ſupport the earth of which it is formed: the men are paid 18 to 25 ſous a day, beſides, a pint of wine given, they if work well.

The country now is far more populous and better built: many vines and great cultivation, but with fallows. The ſoil all a ſtrong red loam; a way cut through a vineyard of this ſoil, which ſhewed it to be 7 feet deep; at the bottom was a crop of fine hemp; indeed the ſoil to the eye was as good at bottom as on the ſurface.—Paſs a large paper-mill. Continuing on this road, it joins another of the ſame ſize, which leads to

Villa Franca. Turn to the left, over a very fine bridge, built all of red granite. It is a ſolid, durable and noble work, 440 paces long, but the ſtyle of architecture bad, built 8 years ago. They have rolled their lands here, which is the firſt time we have ſeen it in Spain. Exceeding fine hemp, watered—Maiz thick and in ear—Many fine and tall poplars by the river.

Meet great numbers of carts and carriages with very fine mules, and every ſign of approaching a great city.—They are now ploughing their ſtubbles for French beans, their courſe is,

1, Hemp,
2. Wheat, and after wheat French beans.

Three crops are therefore gained in two years. The products good—Very fine mulberries—A journal, which is here alſo about an Engliſh acre, of rich land in the vale not watered, ſells for 500 livres; watered for 1000.—They plough with mules abreaſt without a driver, having a line for reins as in England; the beam of the plough is long enough to reach to the circular iron, about 9 inches under the yoke, to which the mules are collared. The yokes are like thoſe in which oxen are worked, only with collars inſtead of bows. This method, which is very common in France, alſo has both its advantages and diſadvantages; it will be a light draught, when the pitch of the beam is proportioned to the height of the mules, but if the ſhare muſt be raiſed or lowered according to their height, it will be bad both for the land

and the animals. To have the line of traction from the draught to the body of the plough is not quite correct, but it is much better than the common plough beams made either too long or too ſhort: in this caſe, the length of the beam is aſcertained: but the chief origin and intention of it, is cheapneſs.—The mould-board of the plough here has no iron on it, and is fixed to the left ſide, the ſhare is double, as if to work with a mould-board on either ſide, this is a great fault: Only one handle. It did its work tolerably. The wheat in ſheaves is yet in the field, but the ſtubbles all ploughed, a narrow ſlip only left, on which the wheat remained: this ſhews good attention to the ſucceſſion of crops.

Approach Barcelona: buildings many and good; numerous villas, and within 2 or 3 miles. They ſpread to the right and left, and are ſeen all over the country. The firſt view of the town is very fine; the ſituation beautiful, and the road ſo great and well made, as to add much to the general ſcene; indeed there can no where be a finer; it is carried in an even line over all narrow vales, ſo that you have none of the inconveniences, which, otherwiſe, are the effect of hills and declivities. A few palm-trees add to the novelty of the proſpect to northern eyes. The laſt half-mile, we were in great haſte to be in time for the gates, as they are ſhut at nine o'clock; we had had a moſt burning ſun for 40 miles, were a good deal fatigued, yet forced to undergo a ſtrict ridiculous ſearch at the gate, as every thing pays an entrèe to government that goes into the town: When this was over, we went to the *French Crown*, but all full, then to *La Fonde*, where we found good quarters.

My friend thought this the moſt fatiguing day he had ever experienced; the heat being exceſſive, oppreſſed him much. The contraſt of this inn, which is a very great one, with many waiters, active, and alert, as in England; a good ſupper, with ſome excellent Mediterranean fiſh, ripe peaches, good wine, the moſt delicious lemonade in the world, good beds, &c. &c. contraſted moſt powerfully with the dreadful ſtarving or ſtinking fare, we had every where elſe met with.

The 17th, view the town, which is large, and, to the eye, in every ſtreet, remarkably populous; many of the ſtreets are narrow, as may be expected in an old town, but there are alſo many others of a good breadth, and with good houſes. Yet, one cannot, upon the whole, conſider it as well built, except in what relates to the public edifices, which are erected in a magnificent ſtyle. There are ſome conſiderable openings, which, though not regular ſquares, are highly ornamental, and have a good effect in ſetting off the new buildings to the beſt advantage. One quarter of the city called Barcelonetta, is entirely new and perfectly regular, the ſtreets all cutting each other at right angles; it is true, the houſes are all ſmall, being meant for the reſidence of ſailors, little ſhopkeepers, and artizans, but it is at the ſame time no inconſiderable ornament to the city, one front of this new town faces the quay. The ſtreets are well lighted; but the duſt ſo deep in ſome of them, eſpecially the broader ones, that I know not whether they are all paved or not. The governor's houſe, and the new fountain, are on a ſcale, and in a ſtyle which ſhews that there are no mean ideas of embelliſhment here. The royal foundery for cannon is very great. The buildings ſpacious, and nothing wanting to ſhew that no expence is ſpared. The guns caſt, are chiefly braſs, they were boring ſeveral 24 pounders, which had been caſt ſolid, and which is an operation ſo truly curious, that one can never view it, without paying ſome homage to the genius that firſt invented it. In time of war 300 men are employed, but at preſent, the number is not conſiderable. The theatre is very large, and the ſeats on the two ſides of the pit (for the center is at a lower price) extremely commodious; there are elbow to ſeparate the places, ſo that you ſit as in an elbows chair; we were preſent at the repreſentation of a Spaniſh comedy, and an Italian opera after it, and were ſurprized to find clergymen in their habits in every part of the houſe.—This, which is never ſeen in France, ſhews a relaxation in points of religion, that may by and by have its effect. They have an Italian opera twice a week, and plays the other evenings. I ſaw a blackſmith, hot from the anvil, come in, and ſeat himſelf in the pit, with his ſhirt-ſleeves tucked above his elbows. The houſe is larger than ours at Covent-Garden. Every well-dreſſed perſon was in the French faſhion; but there were many others, that ſtill retained the Spaniſh mode of wearing their hair, without powder, in a thick black net, which hangs down the back; nothing can have a worſe effect, or be, in idea, more offenſive in ſo hot a climate. But the object at Barcelona, which is the moſt ſtriking, and which has hardly any where a rival, is the quay; the deſign and execution are equally good; it is about half a mile long, as I gueſſed by my eye. A low plat-form is built, but a few feet above the level of the water, of ſtone, cloſe to which the ſhips are moored; this is of breadth ſufficient for goods and packages of all ſorts in loading and unloading the veſſels; a row of arched warehouſes open on this platform, above and over which is the upper part of the quay, which is on a level with the ſtreet; and, for the convenience of going up or down from one to the other, there are ways for carriages, and alſo ſtaircaſes: the whole is moſt ſolidly erected in hewn ſtone, and finiſhed in a manner that ſhews a true ſpirit of magnificence, in this moſt uſeful ſort of public works. It does credit to the kingdom. The road by which we travelled for ſeveral miles to Barcelona, the bridge which we paſſed the river, and this quay, are all works which will reflect a laſting honour on the preſent king of Spain. They are truly great. There are now about 140 ſhips in the harbour, but the number is often many more.

The manufactories at Barcelona, are conſiderable. There is every appearance as you walk the ſtreets of great and active induſtry; you move no where without hearing the creak of ſtocking-engines. Silk is manufactured into ſtockings, handherchiefs, (but theſe are not on ſo great a ſcale as at Valencia) laces, and various ſtuffs. They have alſo ſome woollen fabricks, but not conſiderable. The great buſineſs of the place is, that of commiſſion; there are not many ſhips belonging to the town, but the amount of the trade tranſacted here, is very conſiderable.

The induſtry and trade, however, which have taken root and proſpered in this city, have withſtood the continued ſyſtem of the court to deal ſeverely with the whole province of Catalonia. The famous efforts which the Catalans made, in the beginning of this century, to place a prince of the houſe of Auſtria upon the throne of Spain, were not ſoon forgotten by the princes of the houſe of Bourbon. Heavy taxes are paid in Barcelona; nothing comes into the town without paying an entrée; a load of 220 bottles of wine, pays 12 peſettos, which is about 12s. Engliſh: even wheat is not exempted. Houſes pay a heavy proportional tax, which is levied with ſuch ſtrictneſs, that the leaſt addition or improvement is ſure to be attended with an increaſe of the tax.

Nor is taxation the only inſtance of ſeverity, the whole province continues to this day diſarmed, ſo that a nobleman cannot wear a ſword, unleſs privileged to do it by grace, or office, and this goes ſo far, that they are known, in order to be able to exhibit this mark of diſtinction, to get themſelves enrolled as familiars of the inquiſition, an office which carries with it that licence. I note this correctly, as the information was given me; but I hope the perſon who gave it was miſtaken, and that no ſuch double diſhonour is in queſtion; in a court to drive men fourſcore years after their offence, and which offence was only fidelity to the prince they eſteemed their ſovereign—to ſo unworthy a means of perſonal diſtinction. The mention of the inquiſition, made us enquire into the preſent ſtate of that *holy* office, and we were informed, that it was now formidable only to perſons very notorious in ill fame; and that when it does act againſt offenders, an inquiſitor comes from Madrid to conduct the proceſs: from the expreſſions, however, which were uſed, and the inſtances given, it appeared that they take cognizance of caſes not at all connected with faith in religion; and that if men or women were guilty of vices, which made them notoriouſly offenſive, this was the power which interpoſed: an account by no means favourable, for the circumſtance which was ſuppoſed moſt to limit their power, was the explicit nature of the offence, that it was againſt the catholic faith, and by no means againſt public morals, to ſecure which, is an object of very different judicatures in every country.

There are reckoned to be from 1200 to 15 monks and nuns in the city.

Price of Proviſions.

Bread, 4 ſous and a fraction, per lb. of 12 oz.
Mutton, 22½ ſous, the lb. of 36 oz.
Pork, 45 ſous, the lb. of 12 oz.

That of the poor people, very little leſs; but they buy the ſoldier's bread, which comes cheaper; they live very much on ſtock-fiſh, &c.

Hams ſometimes three or four peſettos or ſhillings the lb. of 12 oz. wine four to five ſous the bottle.

The markets are now full of ripe figs, peaches, melons, and more common ſorts of fruit, in great profuſion. I bought three large peaches for a penny, and our laquais de place ſaid that I gave too much, and paid like a foreigner. Noble orange trees are in the gardens in the town full of fruit: and all ſorts of garden vegetables in the greateſt plenty and perfection. The climate in winter may be conjectured from their having green peaſe every month in the year.

Labour. Common day wages are 25 ſous *French*, ſometimes riſe to 33 ſous, the very loweſt 22½. Stocking weavers earn 33 ſous.

View the very pretty fort to the ſouth of the town, which is on the ſummit of a hill that commands a vaſt proſpect by ſea and land. It is exceedingly well built, and well kept. Notwithſtanding this fort to the ſouth, and a citadel to the north, of the town, corſairs, in time of war, have cut fiſhing veſſels out of the roads, and very near the ſhore.

The 18th leave Barcelona, ſearched again at the gate going out, which ſeems for the payment of entries to be a needleſs and burthenſome precaution. Enter immediately an extraordinary ſcene of watered cultivation, and which muſt have given the general reputation to the province. Nothing can well be finer.—The crops in perpetual ſucceſſion—and the attention given to their culture great. Not the idea of a fallow; but the moment one crop is off, ſome other immediately ſown. A great deal of lucerne, which is cut four, five, ſix, and even ſeven times in a year; all broadcaſt and exceedingly thick and fine, from 2½ to 3 feet high when cut. It is all watered every eight days. We meet many mule loads of it going into the town, each 450lb. or 4½ quintals, which ſells for four peſettos or near 4s. Engliſh; ſuppoſe it 4s. for 500lb. it will not be difficult to calculate the produce of an acre. All I ſaw would yield ten ton green per acre at each cutting, and much of it a great deal more; let us ſuppoſe five cuttings or 50 tons per acre, at 16s. a ton, this is 40l. ſterling per acre. It is to be remembered that the growth we ſaw was the third, perhaps the fourth, and that the firſt and ſecond are in all probability more conſiderable, it will not, therefore, be thought any exaggeration to calculate on five ſuch. I by no means aſſert that lucerne yields always, or generally ſo, as I ſpeak only of what I ſee. I have very little doubt, however, but this is the amount of that portion which is thus cut and ſold to Barcelona, poſſibly one-third, certainly one-fourth is to be deducted for the expence of carriage; this is the moſt difficult part of the calculation, for it depends on how many times the mule goes in a day, which muſt alſo depend on the readineſs of ſale and other circumſtances. The profit is, however, amazingly great. All the other lucerne I have any where ſeen ſinks, in my idea, to nothing, on compariſon with the vaſt and luxuriant burthens given by theſe watered grounds. The fineſt crops I have known in England are drilled, but there is a fallacy to the eye in the drilled crops in proportion to the diſtance of the rows; they appear thick while they are really thin, but in broadcaſt ones, which ſatisfy the eye, there is no deception, and theſe immenſe burthens, through which the ſcythe is with difficulty moved, produce more at one cutting than two-feet drills would at three, with the advantage of the herbage being finer and ſofter. But weeds in England and Catalonia are two very different things; it well deſerves, however, with us, a better trial than it has yet generally received; I have viewed broadcaſt crops in that country, particularly Rocque's, on a very rich garden ſoil, and Dr. Tanner's on a common turnip loam, which, though not to be named with the Spaniſh, were certainly encouraging.

Hemp, through all theſe watered lands, is the predominate crop, it is 7 feet high and perfectly fine, ſome of it is already harveſted. I am ſorry to ſee that the watered part of the vale is not more than a mile broad. Indian fig, called here *figua de maura*, grows 6 or 7 feet high, very branching and crooked, the arms at bottom as thick as the thigh of a common man; theſe and many aloes in the hedges. Every garden or farm has a ſmall houſe, with a reſervoir for water, which is filled in moſt by a water wheel, with jars around the circumference. The gardens between Barcelona and the fort, and alſo within the walls, are watered in the ſame manner; the water is let into every little bed, in the ſame way as I have already deſcribed. They are crowded with crops and kept in moſt beautiful order: thoſe in and cloſe to the town ſcattered with mulberry trees. But in the diſtrict of which I am ſpeaking at preſent, among the hemp and lucerne, neither vine, olive, nor mulberry. Theſe watered lands belong generally to proprietors who live in Barcelona, and it are at 30 to 40 Spaniſh livres the journal.

The valley in its wideſt part is three miles broad. Here it lets at 34 Spaniſh livres a year the journal, and the journal ſells from 600 to 1000 livres, each of theſe livres being about 54 ſous: (1000 Spaniſh livres make 2700 French ones.)

Taking the medium or 800, and the French livre at $10\frac{1}{2}$, this makes the price of a journal 90l. 2s. 6d. and the rent of it 4l. The groſs rent of the land, therefore, pays nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. but whether this is clear rent, the tenant paying all taxes, and doing the ſmall repairs of his houſe, &c, or whether there are deductions on thoſe accounts, are queſtions which were neither forgotten nor reſolved. To ſhew the quick ſucceſſion of their crops, they have corn in ſtooks on the borders of ſome of the fields, and the land ploughed and ſown with millet, which is already 9 inches high.—Many bleaching grounds.

Advancing—the irrigated land lets from 24 to 40 Spaniſh livres; that not irrigated at 15. Water, therefore, here, more than doubles the rent of the land, and in other places we have found the difference yet greater. The ſoil all the way a red and brown deep friable loam, with a ſufficient adheſion for any crops.—They ſow French beans after hemp, and then ſow wheat.—At Ballalo two hours from Barcelona we meet with the firſt vineyards, but the hills here come down to the ſea; and where they do not, the vale is not more than half a mile wide. Lycium in the hedges; ſome few mulberries. Oranges in the gardens; a few palm trees with vines around them. Cream-coloured oxen in carts, their horns ſawn off to the length of 6 inches, two yoked abreaſt, and one mule before. A pair of good oxen ſell at 25l.

Engliſh. Vale from a quarter to half a mile broad.

All the corn of the country is left in the field till it is threſhed, and they ſay it never takes hurt. A hill cut through 30 feet deep for the road, and walled on each ſide. The ſea cloſe to us on the right, all the way; and the vale I ſpeak of, is between that and the hills—ſome of them are ſandy and planted with vines, which yield, per journal, four charges, the charge ſelling at 13 or 14 peſettos, and a journal for 300 Spaniſh livres; this is the journal, ſelling for 35l. 8s. 9d. and producing about 2l. 14s. very inadequate to the value of the land; there are great quantities of fruit trees of all ſorts. A journal of watered hemp, produces from 10 to 12 quintals; if not watered, the product much inferior; the price 14 to 17 Spaniſh ivres the quintal, or 35s. Engliſh, which makes 19l. 5s. an acre. This is, however, to be underſtood of a very fine acre. The mountains are at half a mile and one mile diſtant, and partly cultivated to the top. All here incloſed, and the men mending gaps in their hedges. The appearance of induſtry on this coaſt, is as great as it can be; great numbers of fiſhing boat and nets, with rows of good white houſes on the ſea-ſide; and while the men are active in their fiſheries, the women are equally buſy in making lace. Dine at Gremah; after which, a vale for a mile and half or two miles, the ſoil ſand; and much cultivation. On the hill many vines. Some corn without fallows; it is all cut, but not carried, and the land all ploughed—vines. Many large villages and ſcattered houſes all the way. Paſs Meljaſa, a fiſhing town; they ſalt great quantities for Barcelona; their nets are very great. Houſes all the way. Wherever an opening is in the mountains, more diſtant ones are ſeen, and ſtill higher; a circumſtance, which unites with the vaſt view from Montſerrat, and ſhews that all behind is mountainous, and that the vales are no where large.

A wheat ſtubble ploughed up, and the land ſown with buck-wheat, which is now up.

Part of a vale highly cultivated, but a great part waſte, though on the ſame level to the eye, but much ſpoiled by a torrent, for a quarter mile broad; it is entirely ruined, yet there is no water now, nor any channel, all being level; in ſuch caſes as theſe, and indeed in moſt others, induſtry, united with good capitals, would remedy the evil. Eight men working a ſandy field, by way of digging with an inſtrument very common here, a ſort of hoe 16 inches long, and nine broad, with a handle ſo ſhort, that the body is bent very much in uſing it. Vale two or three miles broad, and unites with an opening in the mountains. French beans often under maiz, but that crop much thinner, and nothing gotten by it. Some very fine orange-trees, near 20 feet high, large ſtems, and thick round umbrageous heads. All this vale before Maturò, is under a very fine cultivation. They have much lucerne; and an article of attention I had not before obſerved, was, tubs made on purpoſe for carrying the riddance of privies and urine to their fields.

Maturò is a large town, well-built, white and clean houſes, the ſtreets croſſing one another at right angles: It appears exceedingly induſtrious; ſome ſtocking-frames; lace-makers at every door. The houſes have all one large door, which ſerves for both door and window to thatroom, a circumſtance, which ſhews what the climate muſt be. I am ſorry to add, that here alſo, the induſtry of catching lice in each other's heads is well underſtood.

Hemp yields ten quintals the journal. Vineyards give three, four, and five charges of wine per journal, and ſell for two, or 300 Spaniſh liv. the journal: Other lands, not irrigated, 100 to 150 livres.—For above a league, ſand and vines, very little other cultivation; the vale is two miles broad, the ſoil ſand and fine gravel; ſells at 150 livres, Spaniſh, the journal; on the hills and near the ſea vines, mountains cultivated, imperfectly, almoſt to the top; but there is much waſte. —Houſes ſcattered every where.

Paſs Arrengs, a large town, where ſhip-building ſeems a buſineſs of ſome conſequence; making thread lace univerſal here; they have thread from France; women earn ten to 16 ſous at it. Great induſtry, and in conſequence a flouriſhing appearance.—Canet, another large town, employed alſo in ſhip-building, fiſhing, and making lace. All theſe towns are well built; the houſes white, clean, and very good, with an equal appearance of general induſtry, and its right concomitant, private comfort. Every ſcrap of flat land about them well watered from wells and reſervoirs; the hills covered with vines. Land near Canet, well watered, ſells for 500 Spaniſh livres the journal; vineyards for 300. They give, in good years, to 12 charges. Unwatered land 100 to 150. The cultivators are metayers, that is, they pay a portion of the crop inſtead of rent: the produce is divided into three parts; two for the farmer, and one for the landlord, in which caſe the farmer is at every expence whatever. Some vineyards are let at from 15 to 40 peſettos; I have not met any where in France with vineyards let at all, for they are all in the hands of the proprietors. Land in general lets from 15 to 35 livres. To Calielli, a large town like the former, full of induſtry; here we find an inn no better than in the mountains; yet we are now in the high road from Paris to Madrid; a ſtinking dirty dreadful hole, without any thing to eat or drink, but for mulateers.

The 19th, leave it, enter a flat vale, half a mile broad, not watered. Hemp, very poor; maiz, 7 feet high. Vineyards, under regular plantations of olives; corn cut, in ſtooks, and the land ploughed. A journal ſells for 200 livres, and further on, where irrigated, for 1000, which is an aſtoniſhing difference. Paſs Penether, a large town, not a league from Calielli: vale three quarters of a mile broad; mountains are not high, and are under vines or wood. Come to a great cultivated vale, but no water, or but little; maiz, 6 inches to 2 feet high, in ſquares, on land from which the corn has been cleared; the account we got from our guide, imperfect; ſaid to be ſown when ploughed; I ſuſpect the higheſt to be previouſly ſown in a bed, and tranſplanted as ſoon as the land was ready to receive it;—millet alſo after corn—the ſoil a rich black loam.

Paſs Malgra, which is not ſo well built as the other towns, but much lace made in it. Vale two or three miles broad: vines and cultivation. A great deal of fine maiz, called, all over Catalonia, Meliac. I found the ſame name for it afterwards, in Languedoc, where they ſpeak the ſame language as the Catalans. Lets for 15 livres one with another. Maiz is ſown grain by grain after corn; the ſoil a granite ſand.

The road here turns from the ſea into a thick woodland, all incloſed. Pomegranates make very fine thick hedges, much wood and vines—no watering nor fallows—houſes ſcattered every where—ſoil ſandy, but good. Old caſtles on the hills all the way, to defend the coaſt againſt the Africans. Very bad ploughing—cream-coloured oxen. Incloſures become ſtill thicker. Poplars planted over ſome fields, and vines trained to them, and from one to another: reading accounts of this huſbandry in books, I had formed an idea, that it muſt be ſingularly beautiful to ſee feſtoons of vines hanging from tree to tree, but there is nothing either pleaſing or ſtriking in it, and the wine is never good for want of ſun, and owing to its being dripped on by another plant, which robs it alſo of its nouriſhment; corn is ſown under them, which is damaged ſtill more. Broad flat vale, formed of the ruins of granite. Pyrenees now in front, and very high mountains, with their heads in the clouds, to the left. Croſs a river, which has damaged the country very much.

Paſs for ſeveral miles in a vale, where the country has different features. It is all incloſed—much oak—a few vines, trained up trees. Soil bad. Two poor bits of meadow I noted, for they were the firſt I had ſeen bad in Spain. Many fields overrun with ſpontaneous rubbiſh. Maiz and harricots cultivated here together, as in many other quarters. Some ſcattered houſes. Much waſte on gentle hills that have vineyards on them, and would all yield that production, if planted. A ſloping hill of granite ſand, well cultivated. Vines, trained to oak and poplars, with many fruit trees. The price of wheat here, is 15 or 16 peſettos, which I repeat, is not ſo much as a ſhilling (but I have no authorities to turn to for aſcertaining how much: the man who writes on a journey muſt not be expected to write with authorities around him) for the $3\frac{1}{2}$ quarterons, weighing $5\frac{1}{2}$ quarters, and each quarter 26lb.; this is 143lb. of wheat, coſting $15\frac{1}{2}$ peſettos, which will be 50 p. the Engliſh quarter. Barley, half the price.

Come to a great waſte, ſpreading over many hills, for ſeveral miles; to northern eyes, a moſt extraordinary ſcene. It is a thicket of aromatic and beautiful flowering ſhrubs, with very little mixture of any that are common with us. Large ſpreading myrtles, 3 or 4 feet high, and covered with their ſweet-ſcented flowers, jeſſamins, bays, and other ſhrubs, with which we crowd our ſhrubberies. The plants, on an acre of this waſte, would ſell in England for enough to buy many acres of the beſt watered land in Catalonia; they are here worſe nuiſances than heath with us, for we ſaw neither ſheep, nor goats. View after this, a large plain, bounded by mountains, and ſcattered every where with houſes—a good deal of cultivated incloſure. But, on entering, find much waſte in this plain. Vines now form hedges, and ſurround the fields. Come now to cattle, of which we have hitherto ſeen very little., ſaw ſeveral ſmall flocks of ſheep, moſt of them entirely black, ſome without horns, others with, and curling round the ears. All the oxen cream-coloured; except two, with the necks and end of their tails black; all well made, and in fine order. Large breadth of corn, and ſome fields left apparently to graſs. I ſuſpect, fallows.

The country ſtill thickly incloſed, ſome pieces of graſs, and a few of meadow, which are not burned, hot as the climate is. More cattle here than we have yet ſeen. They keep their ſheep and hogs (all black) together, and the girls, &c. who attend them ſpin hemp. Paſs Goronota, and many waſtes for ſome miles on gentle ſlopes, the ſoil good, but covered with aromatic ſhrubs, no cattle ſeen in any of them.—Level vale with much culture and much paſture: many large oaks in old double banks, alſo tall poplars: all incloſed, and like many parts of England, as maiz and vines are not here; a thick woodland. In this part the ſoil is a deep, rich, brown, adheſive loam: the corn not carried, but the land ploughed and ſown with French beans. They have peaſe, beans, maiz, hemp, &c. without watering, and, that circumſtance conſidered, the crops are good. The ploughs are drawn by cream-coloured oxen, guided by a line and without a driver. Some meadows without water, with many quails. They are metayers, paying the landlord one third of the produce; but not of phang, which is for oxen; phang is their name for clover, and this the firſt time we met with any information about it. It puzzled us much to diſcover, what phang could be; but I found, by accident, a plant of *trifolium alpeſtre*, and ſhewing it to a farmer, found, by his deſcription, that it was clover, (*trifolium pratenſe*) beyond all doubt. They were now ploughing a wheat ſtubble, in order to ſow it directly with phang. Their culture of it is ſingular, and very good; it is mown for hay once in the ſpring, yielding a fine crop; the land directly ploughed, and planted with *monget*, which is their name for fallow hoeing crops, ſuch as French beans, millet, peaſe, &c. This monget is kept very clean, and wheat ſown after it, which is off ſoon enough for a ſecond crop of French beans. A courſe with them is,

1. Maiz.
2. Wheat, and ſown after with clover.
3. Clover and French beans.
4. Hemp and French beans
5. Wheat and millet.

Vines are here planted in eſpaliers, ſmall poles are laid on pegs driven into poſts, which ſtand at ſix or eight feet aſunder, and the vines trained to them; corn is ſown between the rows; good land, yet waſte join it.—Many hedges are planted with the yellow bloſſomed prickly acacia, which anſwers perfectly well for that purpoſe.—Within four miles of Gerona, huſbandry continues good. Trees have vines trained to them. Much cattle, mules, horſes, ſheep, and hogs kept in the ſtubbles: fine cream-coloured oxen in the ploughs. The ſoil fine deep reddiſh loam.—Now reaping a crop of ſquare peaſe, three feet high, ſtout as lupins, with pods like that plant: all here an incloſed woodland.—Hemp, ſix feet high, and not watered.—To the left of Gerona, mountain beyond mountain, branches of the Pyrenees, and very high: but ſeemingly a good deal of cultivation on them.—Fine rich deep ſoil in the vale before Gerona; the ſame huſbandry—crops of corn very fine, not carried, though all the land quite green with young millet; this extreme confidence in the climate ſhews clearly what it muſt be.

Gerona is an old town, walled and fortified, with ſome redoubts, and a fort on the hill above it, but not kept up; it would not ſtop an army for half an hour. It looks well at a diſtance, but is ill built. Has a cathedral, and a biſhop, who gave us his bleſſing, as we paſſed him in his coach and ſix mules. They have no manufactures of any conſequence, and no reſource but the rich vale, and what it can get from paſſengers to and from France; yet it has many Caſtilian workmen, who come hither for employment, having none at home; French alſo come hither for the ſame purpoſe. A journal of the vale land, ſells for 200 Spaniſh livres, or 23l. 12s. 6d. and lets, at 8 to 10, that is, 1l. 1s. Engliſh; but none of it is irrigated. The biſhop's revenue is 24,000 French livres; they have Curès with 1200 of the ſame livres, and even ſo high as 3000. They do not tithe either lambs or other live ſtock.

Price.

Price of Proviſions.

Bread, 3 ſous, 22 oz. lb. and excellent.
Beef, 10 ſous, } but they have no mutton, or beef,
Mutton, 5 ſous, } except what comes from France.
Pork, 8 ſous, of 16 oz.
Cheeſe, 20 ſous, 12 oz.

The poor live cheaply on vegetables, and a little pork: their labour 20 ſous, a day.

The 20th, leave Gerona, ſnow on the Pyrenées here, as well as at Bagnere de Luchon. Fine maiz, planted thin, with good cabbages under it, this is a ſyſtem, which promiſes well; but cabbages here, are only for the people, and not for cattle. Three meaſures, and a half make a journal, and a pair of oxen plough three meaſures a day, buy their oxen in the French mountains, at a year old. Their hills are either wood, or cultivation, but mixed with part rocky waſte. Croſs ſome hills, which contain a great deal of waſte, but ſee a broad valley to the right, all incloſed, and well cultivated, to the eye rich; houſes ſcattered. At Marenia, iron, 4 or 5 ſous the lb. of 16 oz. The road leads up a hill; 20 or 30 women winding it, by levelling earth; on enquiry, find it is done by the communities, and that they earn nothing, hence it is by *corvées*. Enter a wood of cork-trees, many of them barked half way up. The texture of this tree is remarkable; it ſeems formed of layers of bark, one under another. A ſmall flock of ſheep, that give 5 or 6lb. of wool each.

We are in the great road from France to Spain, and yet no ſuch thing as poſting, only wretched one-mule chaiſes, which ſeem 200 years old, they go like a cart in the ruts, and the driver walks by the ſide to drive the mule. Yet they are as dear as a poſt-chaiſe in England; travelling all day on horſeback, in the great heats, diſagreeing with my friend, he enquired after one at Gerona, in caſe he ſhould have found it neceſſary; they had none then, but ſaid, the price was 15 peſettos to Figuera.

The country now generally cultivated; the fields ploughed, but have had a crop. Some well-planted olives, ploughed under. All the corn we ſee is wheat; as to barley it was cut and threſhed the firſt week in June, and the land ploughed and ſown with ſomething elſe. From Gerona to Caldeorrles, 3½ hours, generally cultivated; but waſtes ſcattered, and mountains every where in ſight. This as innumerable as ever, and girls with flappers at the inns. The courſe here, is,

1. Barley, left to weeds, &c. for cattle.
2. Wheat and millet, or French beans.
3. Oats or barley, and maiz for cattle.

No fallow, or phang. French beans are called Phaſols. Leaving Caldeorrles, the country all cultivated, many olives, and under them vines, all well incloſed, no waſte, Paſs Baſcrà, a torrent has here deſtroyed a vale half a mile broad; paſs it by a ferry. Country now neither ſo rich nor ſo well cultivated as on the other ſide of that town. Maiz planted at ſix feet, and two rows; French beans in the intervals, olives ſcattered, but the maiz very poor under them. Country more poor and ſtoney, yet but few waſtes. Olives and many tall pines.—Waſtes with pines: the ſea two miles to the right, and the ridge of mountains in the fronts ſeems to end abruptly at it.—Many vineyards, and planted with olives; all under culture; and well incloſed with acacia hedges; ſeveral with ditches to them.

The vale of Figuera bounded finely by the mountains; many olives and vines, and a good deal of corn, but neither ſoil nor cultivation equal to what we have paſſed; the former is more of a ſtone braſh. Reach Figuera, whoſe inhabitants ſeem induſtrious and actve, they make lace, cordage, and mats, and have many potteries of a common ſort. But the buildings are not ſo new, white, or clean, as in the places on the ſea-coaſt.

The 21ſt, left Figuera, and breakfaſted at Jonquieras. Enter the bottom of the mountains very ſoon; paſs through many olive grounds; the trees are large, and ſtand about 16 feet aſunder, ſoil good red loam, but ſtoney; no watering. A quart of oil, 2½lb. at 12 oz. ſells, retail, for a peſetto: Olives bear only every other year. Our guide ſays, he knows a tree, in Aragon, which yields from 50 to 80lb. for a crop. Several ſmall ſheep-folds. In theſe 12 miles to Jonquieras, vines ſcattered all the way on the hills; ſome few olives; —many cork-trees, latterly:—much cultivation, but a good deal waſte alſo. French beans in rows, and ploughed between with oxen. Soil all the way a granite ſand: The road, generally, very bad. The town dirty, and no induſtry, but in ſmuggling. Come to a moſt noble road, which the king of Spain is making; he began at the pillars that mark the boundaries of the two monarchies, joining it with the French one, it is admirably executed; but it will be many years before it will be carried quite to Barcelona. The workmen are paid one peſetto and three ſous a day. Take leave of Spain, and here re-enter France.

OBSERVATIONS.

That remark, which muſt precede all other, and which muſt long ere now have forced itſelf on the mind of the reader, is the deficiency of the information. Travelling in Catalonia is not travelling in England; neither attention nor expence were ſpared, to procure a guide, who could ſpeak both French and the Catalan dialect of the Spaniſh; the man we had was ſtrongly recommended, but, on experience, it was found, that his knowledge of the French was very much confined to the Languedocian dialect, which is common through all the ſouth of France, and reſembles more the Catalan than the French: When niceties, or any thing dubious, was the queſtion, this circumſtance threw us at a loſs, and convinced me, that it was impoſſible to have too much caution in regiſtering information, which came through a queſtionable channel. Such confeſſions as theſe are very uncommon among travellers, from which I conclude, that they have all been maſters of the languages of the countries they travelled through—this has not been my caſe; and as I did not poſſeſs the advantages of fortune, which could in a moment remove ſuch obſtructions, I hope the candid reader will reflect on the ſituation, before he condemns the deficiences which flowed from it.

At the ſame time, I hope this candour will not be ſo far miſtaken, as to induce any one to imagine, that the circumſtance vitiates the information which I have noted; an eye, inquiſitive to know the relations of the objects which it ſees, when aided by a knowledge not altogether novel on ſimilar enquiries, is not eaſily deceived, upon points which come within its cognizance. When enquiries were not ſatisfied, queſtions were not omitted, but, if the replies were doubtful—if there was the leaſt apprehenſion that the circumſtances were dubious, no minutes were made: and this will be ſufficient, I hope to apologize for particulars being noted ſometimes, without the circumſtances, which would have rendered them complete. Whatever is noted affirmatively may be relied on, and we met, ſometimes, with perſons, whoſe converſation was liable to no ſuch objection.

The firſt leading feature of the minutes, is the immenſe quantity of mountains, and other waſtes, which are found in every part of Catalonia. We travelled about 340 miles through the province, and may conclude, from what we ſaw, without any danger of being deceived, that not 1 acre in 100 is under any ſort of cultivation; in ſuch groſs calculation, one would take care to be within the truth, and if I ſaid, not one in 150, I believe I ſhould ſtill be on the ſafe ſide of the aſſertion. When this fact is connected with the reputation which the province has of being next to Valentia, the beſt cultivated, and, without exception, the moſt induſtrious in Spain, concluſions very unfavourable to the ſtate and policy of that monarchy muſt neceſſarily be drawn by every reader. The advantage of poſſeſſing the ſecond city of the kingdom, a place of great trade, and containing 120,000 ſouls, is very conſiderable, and muſt have done much, to bring the province even to its preſent ſituation. At the ſame time that theſe boundleſs waſtes were offending the eye, in every quarter, we could, in no part of Catalonia, condemn the people for want of induſtry; on the contrary, they ſeem very well to merit the character they have gained: the activity which is ſeen through all the towns upon the coaſt, and they are very numerous and very populous, can hardly be greater, in a country ſubmitted to numerous feſtival days, by its religion: the fiſhery in all thoſe places, is conſiderable, and attended to with an unabating ſpirit; the women and children make lace, and wherever the ſoil is good, or water conducted, cultivation, is in a high ſtate of perfection. Even in the interior country, we ſaw, every where, ſigns of much induſtry, and, amidſt a poverty which hurt our feelings, we generally ſaw ſomething to convince us, that it was not the fault of the poor people, that greater exertions were not made. Thoſe interior parts depend entirely on their agriculture, and the height to which they climb the mountains, in order to find a ſpot tolerably level for cultivation, ſhews that their minds and bodies are ready for laborious exertions, whenever there is a proſpect of enjoying the reward. With ſo much induſtry among the people, to what are we to attribute the waſte ſtate of their country? The enquiries neceſſary for a complete inveſtigation of ſuch a queſtion, were not to be made by travellers: a longer reſidence would have been neceſſary; but a few circumſtances ſhould be mentioned, which are, probably, connected intimately with it.

Firſt, the poverty of the people in the interior country is ſtriking; their towns old, ill-built, dirty, and wretched: the people ill-dreſſed and generally deficient in the wealth beſt adapted to ſuch a country, cattle; in the higher Pyrenees this is not ſo much the caſe; they have cattle, and are in every reſpect in a better condition, owing to the plenty which great commons give in a country of good paſturage, and where wood is in profuſion. The number of ſheep we ſaw in general was not the twentieth part of what the waſtes, bad as they are, for that animal would maintain; and that of goats ſo ſmall, as to indicate the ſame thing ſtrongly. This poverty, not being the effect of a want of induſtry, muſt reſult from a government inattentive to their intereſts, and probably, oppreſſive, and from a total want of the higher claſſes reſiding amongſt them. Till we come to the rich country near Barcelona, that is to ſay, in about 200 miles, we ſaw nothing that had the leaſt reſemblance to a gentleman's country ſeat; thoſe who have eſtates let in it are abſent, thoſe we heard of live at Barcelona, and the whole country is thus abandoned to the very loweſt claſſes, and the wealth and intelligence, which might contribute to its improvement diverted into diſtant and very different channels; this is a great misfortune to the people, and which will long contribute to keep things in their preſent ſtate. To the ſame cauſe it is owing, that the roads, ſo eſſential in the improvement of a country, are left in a ſtate which precludes the uſe of wheel carriages, which, with the unnavigable ſtate of all the rivers, except for rafters of timber groſsly put together, cuts off that ſyſtem of reciprocal purchaſe and ſale, that interior commerce which is the beſt a country can poſſeſs. Theſe are alſo evils which the reſidence of men of fortune is the moſt likely to correct; and much above the power of peaſants and mountaineers. With all theſe diſadvantages, there are ſtill circumſtances which make it ſurpriſing that more land is not cultivated. Vines and olives ſucceed very well on the pooreſt and the moſt arid ſoils. Their growth and luxuriance in ſpots ſurrounded on every ſide with waſtes, and in ſoils not better, yield a conviction which leaves nothing to doubt, that the adjoining lands, would, if planted, give a ſimilar produce. The profit of doing it will not be ſuſpected, if the revenue and value of cultivated lands, on compariſon with waſtes, be conſidered. Two points here, force themſelves on our notice; firſt, the want of capitals for undertaking the work, and, ſecondly, the waſtes being in all probability in the poſſeſſion of abſent landlords, who will not give ſufficient encouragement to others to do, what they neglect doing themſelves.

Where cultivation climbs up the mountains ſides, it is by ſmall proprietors, who purchaſe of the communities of the pariſhes, the property of the land; wherever the ſoil is in hands that will ſell juſt the portion which is in the power of a man to buy, great exertions are ſure to be the conſequence. There is no ſpur to induſtry ſo great as the poſſeſſion of a piece of land, which, in a country where the means of ſubſiſtence are contracted for want of more diffuſive and more various employments, is the only comfortable dependence of a man, who wiſhes to be the father of a family. The pariſh that will ſell a waſte, at a moderate price, will be almoſt ſure to ſee it cultivated; but the great lord, who rarely, or never, ſells any of his property, unleſs ruin forces him to ſell the whole, is equally ſure of perpetuating the deſerts, which are the diſgrace of his country. He would let them, and, perhaps, upon advantageous terms; but it demands conſiderable capitals, and a very enlightened ſtate of agriculture, for ſpeculations of that ſort to take place; the only capitals, which can be found in Catalonia, for ſuch a purpoſe, are the hands of men willing to work; aided, perhaps, by ſome little ſavings, which have originated from the view of waſtes, that are to be purchaſed. All that has been done, and it is much in ſome diſtricts, is to be traced clearly to this origin.

That theſe obſervations are juſt, will be confirmed, by the prices of all the neceſſaries of life in that province; they have nothing very cheap; every article of conſumption is ſomewhat dearer than in France; and it is more than once noted, that all the meat they eat, comes from that kingdom. Their mules are bred in France, and great imports of cattle and ſheep are common. This is a direct a direct premium upon every ſpecies of rural induſtry, and its not having operated greater improvements, muſt be owing to the cauſes on which I have touched.

But if the mountainous and waſte parts of the province preſent ſo unfavourable a proſpect, the watered diſtricts are, on the contrary, ſcenes of moſt exuberant fertility. To a perſon, from the north of Europe, there can hardly be a more ſtriking ſpectacle, than the effect of watering in theſe ſouthern climates; it converts an arid ſtoney waſte, which would yield nothing but vines and olives, and on which every ſort of grain would hardly return the ſeed, at once, into fields pregnant with the richeſt harveſts; on ſuch ſoils, it gives almoſt the whole value of the land; and on the richeſt, it raiſes it, at the leaſt, double; and, in ſome inſtances, five times. In enables the cultivator to have a ſucceſſion of crops, more important than any thing we know in the north. The reaping one crop is but the ſignal, for immediately putting in another, in doing which, they exert themſelves with the utmoſt activity; ploughing, univerſally, as ſoon as the corn is cut, and are, by this means, enabled to have conſtantly, two crops a year. The extreme fertility of theſe lands, has however, led many travellers into great or ignorant exaggerations; they have aſſerted, that the land yields many crops at the ſame time, one under another, which is both true and falſe. It is fact, that corn, wine, oil, and ſilk, are produced by the ſame field, in ſome few inſtances; but it is not from hence to be concluded, that the goodneſs of the land, or the importance of irrigation, is at all ſhewn by that circumſtance. The fact is, that it is impoſſible to raiſe one crop under another, without loſing in one, nearly as much as you gain in the other; the olive, being a large tree, cultivation may be carried on under it, but the crop gained, is poor, and ſhews, that exactly in proportion to the ſhade, is the injury ſuſtained, by the produce which is ſhaded. If the trees are thick, the corn is hardly worth reaping; it is the ſame in other caſes, and I was well convinced, from viewing their grounds, with this deſign, that the ſoil can carry, profitably, but one crop at a time; ſeveral may be crowded on it, but nothing is gained; with graſs under trees, this is not the caſe ſo much in a hot climate; even graſs is damaged, and it is not the queſtion, at preſent, as they have none. A country to be ſupported, and in a hot climate, without meadows or paſtures, ſounds very ſtrange to Engliſh ears, and it is among the curious circumſtances of this, and, I am told, of the reſt of Spain. If they applied to graſs the land that is proper for it, they could not poſſibly have bread to eat; ſtraw here is given inſtead of hay, and entirely ſupplies it place, and the oxen and mules, which we ſaw, did not ſhew in the leaſt, by their looks, any deficiency in nouriſhment. Lucerne is not at all common through the interior part of the province, and where they cultivate it, it is uſed green. Maiz is ſometimes ſown merely for its herbage, as it might be, I believe, profitably in England, late in the ſpring, to avoid our froſts; it is one of the moſt nouriſhing plants in the world.

The conſequence of water being ſo apparent in the province, I could not but attend particularly to their exertions in conducting it, and I conclude, that not one acre in 20, perhaps in 40, is watered, that might be. In the flat vales, where canals of irrigation are made, at a ſmall expence, a very good, though by no means a complete, uſe is made of them, but on the declivities of the mountains, it is neceſſary to erect a mound of ſolid maſonry acroſs a river, and to cut the canal partly out of rocks, and to ſupport it by walls of ſtone, as I have ſeen in France; and having thus diverted a large portion of the water of a river, to carry it on its level, along the ſide of the mountain, as far as it will go; ſuch exertions demand a much greater capital, than is to be found upon the lands of Catalonia: It could be done only by a great lord, who knew the importance of ſuch undertakings, who reſided on his eſtate, and whoſe income was ſpent in ſomething elſe that the taſte and pleaſures of a capital. But leaving ſuch exertions to individuals, who either have not the money, or not the will to employ it, is to perpetuate waſte. It is the king of Spain, only, who can make thoſe efforts; a monarch, who ſhould be determined to improve his kingdom, would preſently find the means of doing it. The importance of water is ſo well known, that if a canal is made to conduct it, the proprietors, or farmers of the lands, below it, would readily, and ſpeedily, make uſe of it, paying, proportionally, for the quantity they took; this is the ſyſtem in Lombardy, and the effect is great; it would be the ſame in Catalonia, but the capital, for the great work of the canal, it would probably be neceſſary to ſupply by the king, if not the whole, at leaſt a conſiderable portion; and ſuch money ſhould be lent to undertakers, at a moderate intereſt. Exertions of ſuch a nature, with a proper general attention given to ſuch objects, would make them faſhionable among the great lords of the kingdom, and fertile provinces would ſoon be created out of barren and deſolate waſtes. Arbitrary power has been exerted for ages, in efforts of barbarity, ignorance, and tyranny; it is time to ſee it employed in works, that have the good of mankind for their aim. A beginning, and a very good one, is made in the conſtruction of ſome great roads, on a ſcale of true magnificence, which is never exhibited with ſuch effect, as in works of public utility; and whenever the importance of cultivation is well underſtood in Spain, and the right means of advancing it clearly analized, irrigation will then receive an attention that has not, hitherto, been given. Such is the neceſſity of water, for various productions in this climate, that rivers ought to be no more than infinitely multiplied channels, and collected in one ſtream only, as a reſervoir for freſh, and repeated deviations.

To cultivate their waſtes, and to ſpread irrigation wherever it is poſſible to carry it, are the two firſt objects in Catalonian improvement, all others are inferior; they have, however, ſome which ought not to be neglected. Their wine and oil are objects of the greateſt importance, for it is by theſe, probably, that all the lower waſtes ſhould be improved, which are not capable of irrigation; to improve the manufacture of theſe two articles, in ſuch a manner as to increaſe the demand for them, would be one great means of accelerating the cultivation wanted; they are both bad, the wine is thick, muddy, and poiſoned by the borachio, and the oil is generally rancid; both would otherwiſe be excellent; to remedy theſe defects, and force thoſe commodities, by their merit, into commerce, would tend powerfully to enrich the province; and to enrich it in the very beſt method, by one, which would, at every ſtep, accelerate its improvement. Wool is another commodity, which is of conſiderable value, and might be produced in an infinitely greater quantity than at preſent. In travelling over the lower mountains, after quitting the higher Pyrenees *, the deficiency of ſheep ſtruck me very much; the climate is too dry to think of a luxuriant vegetation of grapes; but if the roſemary, lavender, and other aromatic uſeleſs plants were deſtroyed, and the land by cultivation, properly adapted, was to be laid down to ſuch plants as would feed ſheep, fine paſtures might not be gained, but much valuable ſheep-walk would be created, and the quantity of wool increaſed an hundred fold. Such a ſyſtem would unite well with olives, which might be thinly ſcattered over ſuch improvements: To import immenſe quantities of ſheep from France and to take no ſteps to increaſe them at home, is but a blind conduct, eſpecially when it is conſidered that in a proper ſyſtem they cannot be increaſed, without being at the ſame time the means of improving freſh land.

The reader will not expect from a traveller, who throws his ideas on paper amidſt the movements of a journey, that correct attention which leaves nothing untouched; I attempt no more than to glance at ſome prominent features, and to

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* There is no line of boundary to be fixed, with any preciſion, to the Pyrenees; I am inclined to think, that all the mountains we ſaw, Montſerrat, perhaps, excepted, are branches of that ſtupendous chain, uniting in ſome direction. The whole mountainous part of the province, that is, 18-twentieths of it, is, properly, the Pyrenees.

to delineate them roughly, to draw into one point of view, the concluſions which ought to be the object of all uſeful travels, it would be neceſſary to ſee much more, to reſide longer, and to travel with greater advantages than I poſſeſs. This little journey has been very far from affording ſuch materials, but it has not to me been barren; it has removed many falſe ideas from my mind, which the writings of men, who have either been inattentive to, or ignorant of agriculture, had placed there, relative to this province; and I know better how to approach the praiſes, or condemnation, which are given of this or other countries, in ſimilar climates. One word more, and I conclude:—There are many perſons who travel, for enjoying the beauty of proſpect—and there are others, who ſeek for a reſidence better adapted than their own, to their health or their fortune, to ſuch I will add a few words.

To the taſte of a man that is fond of a country in a northern climate, there are few objects more pleaſing to the eye, or more refreſhing to the imagination, than the natural landſcape ſcenes of a well-cultivated and well-peopled country. Theſe have, in England, features that charm and inſtruct. Inequalities of country, not too abrupt, woods that preſent rich maſſes of ſhade, rivers that offer the contraſt of their ſilver boſoms, gliding gently through vales of conſtant verdure, which are neither hurt by their rapidity, nor rendered marſhy by their ſluggiſhneſs; incloſures, which mark the value and the culture of the ſoil, and ſcattered habitations of the poor, clean and comfortable, mixed with the houſes of farmers, in a ſtate of eaſe and proſperity; and with the ſeats of gentlemen, who find ſociety and liberal pleaſures, without deſerting the fields, which give them their ſupport, for the profuſion and taſte of a capital.—No philoſophical eye can view ſuch a ſcene without pleaſure, nor contemplate it without inſtruction: Such a ſcene is not to be met with in Catalonia; the latitude which ſpreads over their heads, a clear expanſe of blue, which lightens up in their heavens a blazing ſun, with rays of which we have no feelings, which bids the perfumes of the Eaſt breathe over their waſtes, and gives to their gardens a profuſion of the moſt delicious fruits;—forbids it. Infinitely the greater part of the province is rock or mountain, without verdure, and without other wood than evergreen oaks, olives, or pines; and no where, except in the Pyrenees, with any maſſes of ſhade that give effect to the proſpect. The only verdure in the country tolerably durably, is that of the vineyards. Great waſtes are covered with ſhrubs, which, however beautiful, when detached, have very little effect in a general proſpect. To look for neat cottages, or good farm houſes, is to look in vain; and to find the landlords of the country, you muſt go to Barcelona and Madrid. The deficiency of verdure deſtroys half the idea of rural beauty; the eye, dazzled with the unvarying ſplendor of the ſolar beams, and tired with wandering over arid heaths, aches for cooler and more quiet ſcenes, and lanquiſhes to repoſe on the verdant mead. The vale hath not theſe to give.—When watered, where alone there could be verdure, all is a crowded ſcene of trees, and corn and hemp: of glorious fertility, but forming the good feature of a landſcape, only when looked down upon from an eminence immediately above it. Hence I own, that in reſpect of beauty of proſpect, I muſt prefer many parts of France, and more in England, infinitely to any thing I ſaw in Catalonia, a country whoſe moſt ſtriking features are its rocks.

I take the climate to be equal to any thing that is known in the world, I was there in the hotteſt ſeaſon of the year, and travelling 12 and 14 hours a day, yet bore it without any ſuch oppreſſion as could give an idea of its ever being inſupportable, and both men and women ſtood their field buſineſs through the day, except two hours, which they take for repoſe. Suppoſing, however, that July and Auguſt are eſteemed much too hot, ſtill the reſt of the year muſt, from every circumſtance we heard, be delicious—they ſpoke with rapture of the pleaſantneſs of the month of May; and no doubt but the winter muſt be a charming ſeaſon, where ſuch vegetables as green-peaſe are gathered through every month of it, from the open fields. In regard to wholeſomeneſs for invalids, one circumſtance ſhould be conſidered, which may be applied equally to all watered arable lands; I ſhould conceive, that they muſt of neceſſity in ſo hot a climate be very unwholeſome; and little better than rice-grounds, which are known every where to be peſtiferous. The land is kept conſtantly watered, it is, therefore, little better than an earth ſponge, or maſs of mud; innumerable fibres of vegetables are mixed with it, the heat, the moiſture, and the rich ſoil form a putrid fermentation, which gives health and luxuriance to vegetables, but muſt fill the air with phlogiſtic effluviæ, I ſhould apprehend far from wholeſome to the human body. This is a conſideration for phyſicians, and for thoſe whom they ſend to ſouthern climates.

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A COUP D'OEIL ON THE PRESENT SITUATION OF EUROPE.

THE readers of this work will not, I hope, conſider the ſubject of this ſketch as unconnected with agriculture; for if a war ſhould ariſe, I doubt we ſhall too ſoon feel how intimately concerned the landed intereſt of this kingdom is in general, and every farmer in particular, in ſo fatal an event.

The anxiety which at preſent ferments in Europe from Peterſburg to Liſbon, and from the Heleſpont to the Thames is almoſt without example. The origin of it is in theory, as unequal to the effect as could be wiſhed for by any eſſayiſt on *great events from little cauſes*; but it draws a conſequence that promiſes to render wars perpetual. It belongs not to my purpoſe to analyze the negotiations in Holland: That the court of France ſhould be keenly piqued at the conduct of the Stadtholder in the laſt war, which they aſſert, rendered ineffective the operations of the Dutch legiſlature in their favour; and that the court of England ſhould have in equal deteſtation, that of the city of Amſterdam in the ſame quarrel, is as natural a feeling on both ſides as can well be imagined;

But that ſuch derangements in one period, are to produce new wars in another, is a groſs abſurdity; equally ridiculous and pernicious to the real intereſt of every party, immediately or relatively concerned in it. Yet this may prove the origin of kindling a war that ſhall ſpread over the whole world, without ſuppoſing the flame that has burſt forth on the Euxine to be derived from it. Should the madneſs of the two kingdoms come to ſuch a pitch, more money will be torn from the uſeful purſuits of induſtry than all the ſeven provinces are worth; and more lives loſt in the diſpute, than exiſt men and frogs in the whole Dutch republic.

One leading conſideration ought to be equally forceable with England, France, and Pruſſia. While a qurrael is kindled, which ſhall plunge them into a total dereliction of their real intereſts, there are other powers who are ſteadily purſuing theirs. The weſt of Europe engaged in a bloody war, would leave to Auſtria and Ruſſia the moſt inviting opportunity to divide the Turkiſh empire, and make an acquiſition of power terrible to all their neighbours. This is too obvious to be overlooked. I have more than once made this obſervation, and attempted to ſhew, that the general intereſts of Europe demand a ſtrict alliance between France and England, as the only probable means of preſerving the peace and the balance of Europe. The treaty of commerce was one excellent ſtep; whatever events croſs the progreſs which ought to be made towards ſuch an alliance, are truly to be regretted, ſince the increaſe of power in the North will, ſooner or later, render it neceſſary and inevitable.

The intereſts of the king of Pruſſia are ſuch, that every word that can be ſaid in relation to England and the Houſe of Bourbon is much more concluſive when applied to him. The poſition which the amazing genius of his predeceſſor had ſo happily arranged is only to be preſerved, by ſteadily adhering to the ſame principles; and events, as they ariſe, muſt be brought as much as poſſible to render them conſtant and effective. It remains yet to be proved, how far the preſent appearances are to be made to correſpond with ſo neceſſary and leading an idea.

Should the Northern powers make great acquiſitions in Turkey, and every one agrees in the extreme probability of the event, it may be attended with conſequences very far from being obvious at preſent. To render them maſters of the Black Sea, of the Helleſpont, and the Archipelago; to throw into their hands ſome of the richeſt and moſt fertile provinces in Europe, to eſtabliſh them fully in the Mediterranean—can the Houſe of Bourbon for one moment permit the paltry affairs of Holland to rival in their attention ſuch objects as theſe? and by what poſſible means are ſuch menacing advances to be prevented or guarded againſt but by a ſtrict and confidential alliance with England and Pruſſia for the great and ſalutary purpoſe of preſerving to every potentate in Europe his dominions in the preſent ſituation? that is to ſay, by an alliance with thoſe identical powers with whom the preſent prepoſterous diſputes threaten to kindle hoſtility and endleſs warfare.

But if ſuch arrangements are too complex and too difficult to be eſtabliſhed; how are thoſe powers, which have ſo long acted the firſt part in the great theatre of European politics, to ſupport their wonted figure, but by the ſteadieſt and moſt enlightened attention to all the arts of peace: while the Northern potentates ſeek by bloodſhed and conqueſt addition to empires already too large to be well adminiſtered: Let England, France, and Spain, lay on ſurer grounds the foundation of their future importance; not by vain and frivolous additions beyond their preſent territories, but by giving the moſt foſtering attention to their great baſis and ſupport of all power, their AGRICULTURE; by improving their manufactures, and by giving to their commerce all it wants—freedom. By regulating their finances to the perfect eaſe of the farmer, by protecting the lower claſſes, and animating every ſpecies of induſtry that can improve and enrich their dominions. England has not ſo much in ſuch a career to perform as France and Spain, but ſhe has much. Her territory and natural reſources are ſo much ſmaller that ſhe ought to be the more active in improving them to the utmoſt; ſpreading cultivation over her enormous waſtes, and in carrying it every where to the highеſt eſt pitch of which it is capable. Theſe are the true objects for the attention of theſe powers, and the plan which can alone give them the reſources that may render them reſpectable in the next age. Theſe are the arts they ought to cultivate, and not the paltry intrigues of Dutch politics.—Peace and the proſperity of their kingdoms.—Let them amaſs, with the avidity of miſers, the eaſe, the liberty, and the happineſs of their ſubjects, and they will lay foundations of real power deep and ſecure —the balance between the Eaſt and Weſt of Europe will be preſerved, and no potentate be great enough to break the peace of the world with impunity. Peace, therefore, ought on every conſideration to be the object with theſe powers: let us examine for a moment their preſent means of enſuring it.

What has been the viſionary purpoſe of France? To acquire Holland for a future ally, free from all internal ſhackles that might impede her operations. If this could be purchaſed at the expence of embaſſies and intrigues: the proſpect to ſhallow politicians was inviting; but by men who look deeper than into the ſurface of things, that concluſion would not be drawn. Such would conſider the natural ſituation of a king of France, as infinitely ſuperior to the little adventitious, and intriguing beneſits to be derived in idea from ſuch an aid: I have no doubt of this ground, but I delineate a ſketch, and ſhall not involve the enquiry in details. But the preſent queſtion, is a war: will

you

waſte the men, the money, the induſtry and happineſs of your people for ſuch an end? What an opportunity is choſen for ſuch a conduct—The finances of the kingdom are ſo far from being recovered from paſt evils, that an enormous deficiency at a peace eſtabliſhment to an unknown amount, hangs with a dead weight on the vital vigour of the ſtate: the operations to remove it, are but in experiment, and the utmoſt efforts of ſweeping retrenchments leave a doubt of bringing the receipt and the loweſt ſcale of expence to a balance: *Parliaments* baniſhed for their firmneſs, and re-called for their inſtability *, good taxes propoſed by the court, and bad ones accepted by the people—form altogether a maſs of contradictions, which peace may reconcile, but which a war muſt involve in tenfold confuſion. If the provincial aſſemblies, which are now meeting in that kingdom, are ſuffered by peace to carry the propoſed ameliorations into effect, the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of it will thrive, and the revenue will be improved without violence; but if the diſtreſſes of a war are thrown upon them to combat with, every good effect may be loſt, and the inſtitution itſelf fall to decay, even in the firſt moments of its exiſtence. With a debt too great to pay the intereſt, without a vaſt deficiency, what infatuation ſhort of frenzy can paint the ſupport of a faction in Holland, as a prize to play for at the expence of a war! I do not touch upon good or bad ſucceſs in it; in truth, the difference between thoſe extremes is not ſo great as many are apt to imagine, for the moſt brilliant victories, and the moſt ruinous defeats, end nearly, while purchaſed, as they muſt be by either party, in the ſame diſtreſs and weakneſs.

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* They were baniſhed for their ſteady adherence to the principle that the States-General of the kingdom were alone competent to grant taxes; and they were recalled, on agreeing to regiſter an edict for laying taxes.—I need not obſerve, that when the principles of freedom are in queſtion, the prolongation of a tax legally at an end, or laying a new one, are exactly the ſame thing.

With regard to England; the abſurdity of hazarding a war is, if poſſible, ſtill greater; the vaſt and ſtable reſources of France at the laſt extremity, and amidſt bankruptcy and ruin, would ſtill enable her to exiſt with a comparative poſſeſſion of power; but in a country like ours, where the artificial wealth bears ſo enormous a diſproportion to the real, the moſt penetrating politician cannot venture to calculate the event; to meet a war is, upon the moſt moderate calculation, to add another hundred millions to our debt. Suppoſe the nation able to the laſt extremity to bear ſuch a burthen, what infinite diſtreſs and utter ruin muſt be the conſequence to many claſſes of the State! what, upon the beſt ſyſtem of taxation, ſuppoſing it purſued, would become of all country gentlemen with ſmall or moderate eſtates? is it neceſſary to tell them that they would be completely annihilated? thoſe of 2, 3, and 400l. a year are ſunk under our taxes as they ſtand at preſent: another war will ſweep away, with equal certainty; of 5, 6, or 700l. do our farmers conceive they are to eſcape? We have ſeen the line ſo long ſacred, paſſed, and taxes laid upon them; the gloomy eye of the Financier rolling with baleful vigilance in ſearch of new ways and means, will let neither his crops nor his domeſtic comforts eſcape. Agriculture will not long ſurvive, or if it does exiſt, it will be the inviduous ſpectacle of great Lords and their devouring ſtewards on one hand, and a miſerable dependent peaſantry on the other. If it is ſaid that the ſituation of France tempts a war, it is only ſaying that you hope ſucceſs—ſuppoſe the greateſt to be imagined—ſuppoſe more ſugar iſlands acquired in one hemiſphere, and richer fields, to fatten Nabobs, in another; are theſe compenſations to the conutry gentlemen for the loſs of their eſtates?—for thoſe who are at preſent in their coaches, to ſee their ſons in another age on the coach box, and their daughters the waiting-maids of the great? Would the bonfires and illumination of towns heal the wounds which poverty inflicts upon the country? of what difference to me when I pay the malt and beer duty to be told, that it produced victories and the acquiſition of Canada in 60; and when I pay for my horſes, houſe, and windows, that they produced defeats and the loſs of America in 80;—victory and defeat, conqueſt and loſs end exactly the ſame—in taxation.—Will the debility of France pay us for the miſeries of England? Will the madneſs of our neighbours convert our folly into ſenſe? Let the landed intereſt reflect on theſe events, and then aſk themſelves what can happen in Holland to reimburſe the miſchiefs of ſuch a ſituation?

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016